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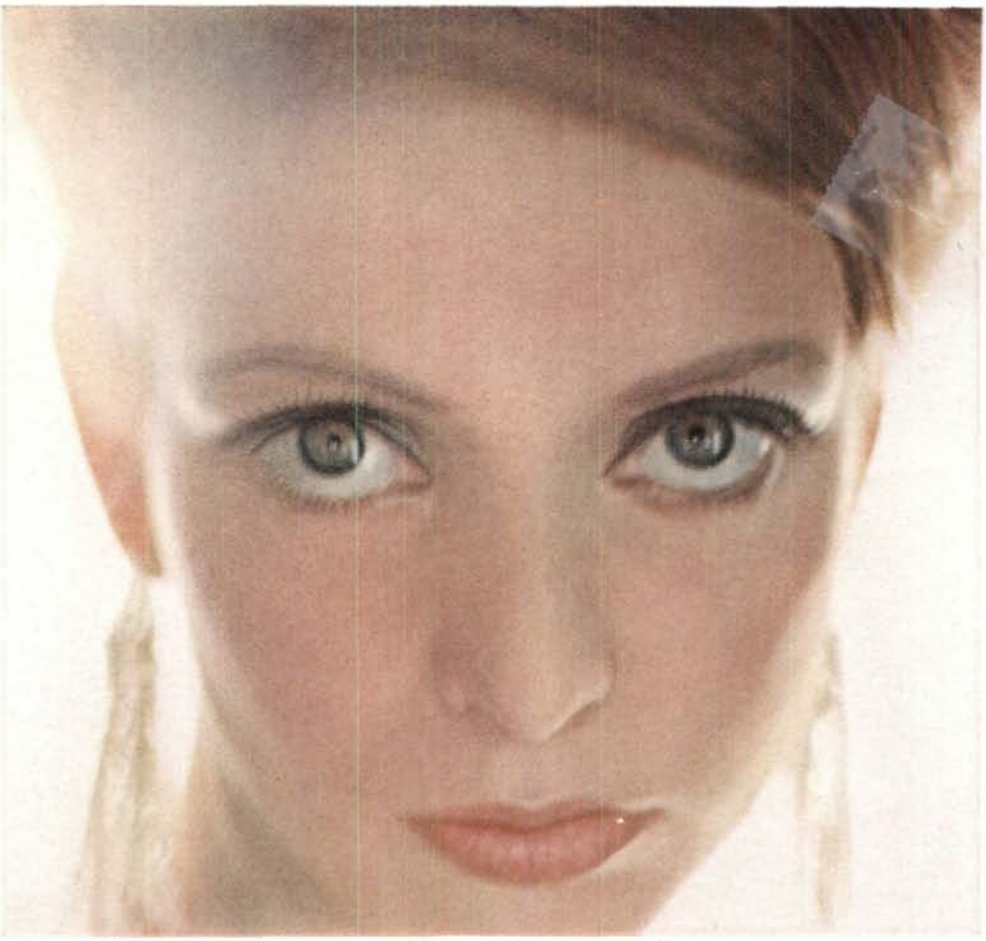

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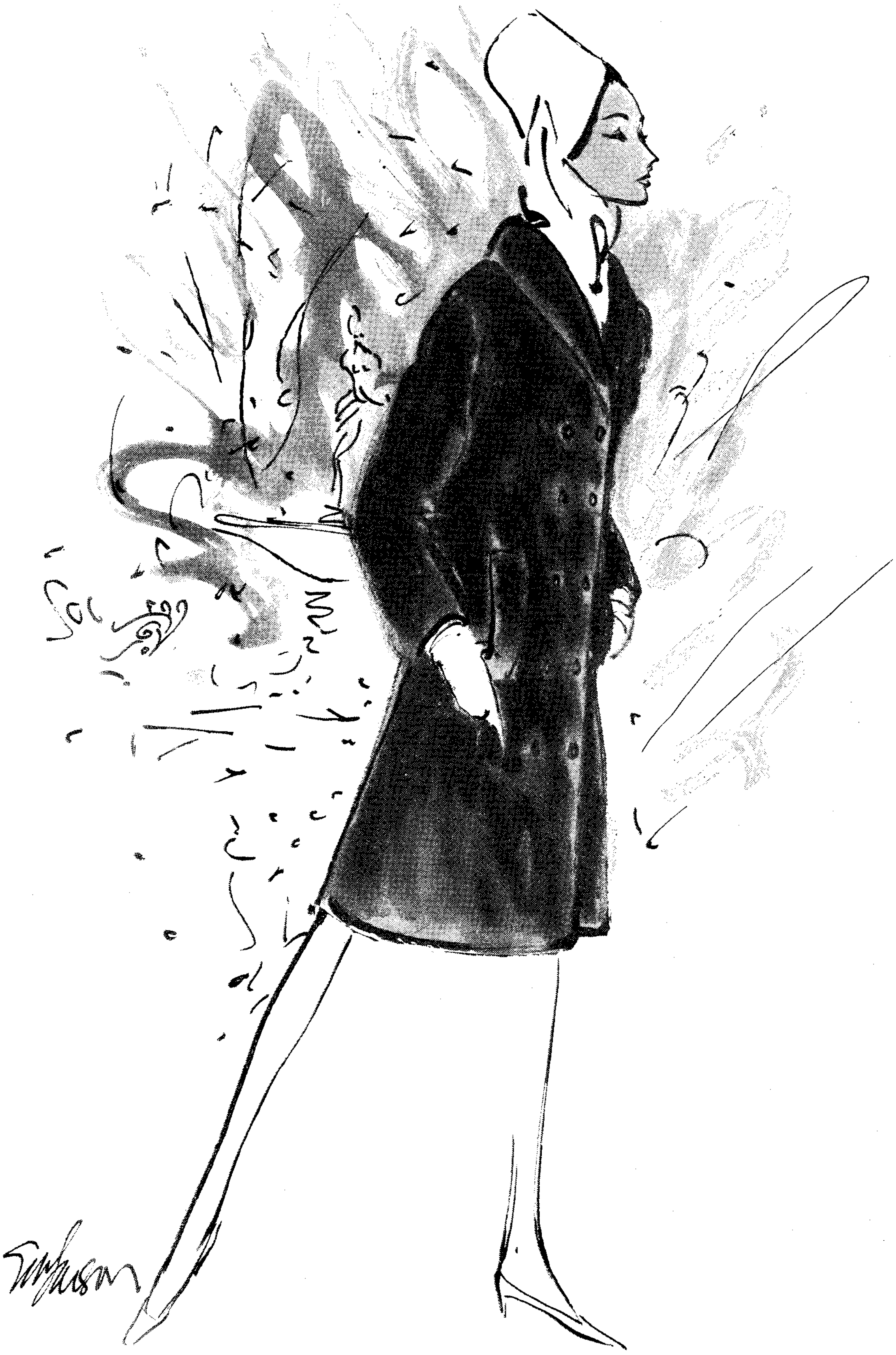

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Absence of a Cello—An eccentric professor who needs a job and his eccentric family try to persuade a corporation spy that they are utterly normal. An admirable company of players, led by Fred Clark, do very well by this comedy, which was written by Ira Wallach. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Any Wednesday—An invitation to laughter conceived by Muriel Resnik and advanced with great skill by Sandy Dennis, Rosemary Murphy, and Don Porter. It has to do with the ups and downs of the mistress of an industrial big shot who keeps the girl in residence in an executive suite. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Beekman Place—A comedy by Samuel Taylor that deals in a too contrived manner with an eminent violinist, his wife, a former sweetheart, and the sweetheart's unmarried but pregnant daughter. The play has the pleasant services of Fernand Gravet, Arlene Francis, Leora Dana, George Coulouris, Laurence Luckinbill, Mary Grace Canfield, and Carol Booth. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Committee—Eight enthusiastic performers, late come from San Francisco, who successfully (about half the time, anyway) project a series of vaudeville skits. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 6 and 9; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

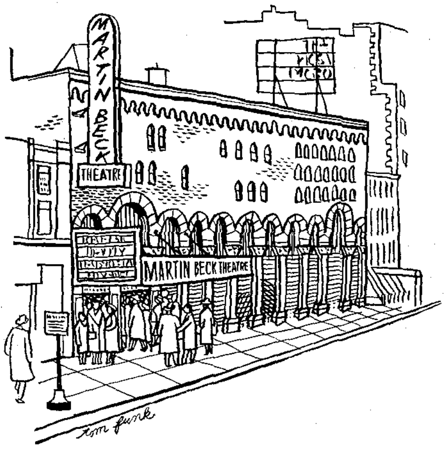
The Deputy—A compressed version—five acts have been reduced to two—of Rolf Hochhuth's drama in verse, which deals with the alleged silence of Pope Pius XII during the moral crisis brought on by the Nazis' extermination of Jews during the Second World War. The verse as rendered into English is no great shakes, but the play has a powerful impact. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. Circle 5-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Last Analysis—Shapeless, aimless, and feckless, this comedy by Saul Bellow meanders all over the landscape as it goes about reconstructing the life of a used-up comedian who is convinced that if he can do everything afresh through the magic of psychoanalysis, he'll wind up in a class with Charlie Chaplin. Sam Levene plays the comedian. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Subject Was Roses—About a clutch of middle-class Irish-Americans in the Bronx who spend most of their time bickering. With Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Winthrop Ames, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Traveller Without Luggage—A feeble Anouilh effort of 1937, dealing with the troubles of an amnesiac installed in a family that gives him the horrors. Ben Gazzara and Mildred Dunnock head the cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Oct. 24.)

Long Runs—**barefoot in the park:** Neil Simon's trifle about the adventures of a pair of newlyweds in a Manhattan walkup. The cast includes Robert Reed, Penny Fuller, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **mary, mary:** This comedy by Jean Kerr has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement. Mindy Carson, William Prince, and Howard Morton are in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. . . . **never too late:** A sixty-year-old gentleman is dismayed at the prospect of his wife's having a baby late in life. With Dennis O'Keefe, Martha Scott, Will Hutchins, and Fran Sharon. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Physicists—A comedy by Friedrich Dürrenmatt, adapted by James Kirkup, with Robert Shaw, Hume Cronyn, Jessica Tandy, and George Voskovec. Staged by Peter Brook and presented by Allen-Hodgdon and Stevens Productions. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Cambridge Circus—An English exercise in extemporaneous nonsense, in which a cast of seven (six male, one female) participate. Not up to the standard of Nichols and May or "Beyond the Fringe," both of which entertainments this show attempts to emulate. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Fade Out - Fade In—Carol Burnett and Jack Cassidy are splendid in this musical about Hollywood in the thirties, but the book, by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, and the music, by Jule Styne, are lesser efforts. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fiddler on the Roof—Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, garnished with music by Jerry Bock, lyrics by Sheldon Harnick, and choreography by Jerome Robbins, who also directed the enterprise. Although the material is rather too frail to sustain all the large production numbers, the cast, headed by the redoubtable Zero Mostel, is diverting. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Funny Girl—Barbra Streisand representing Fanny Brice in a musical that is loud and gaudy but not quite as good as you might hope. The book is by Isobel Lennart, the music and lyrics are by Jule Styne and Bob Merrill. Kay Medford and Sydney Chaplin give Miss Streisand sturdy support. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

High Spirits—Beatrice Lillie frisking through a musical interpretation of Noël Coward's "Blithe Spirit." Under the direction of the author, Miss Lillie and such associates as Tammy Grimes, Louise Troy, and Edward Woodward all move about most agilely. The book, music, and lyrics are by Hugh Martin and Timothy Gray, and their work is for the most part fairly bright. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Oh What A Lovely War—Joan Littlewood and a couple of collaborators have astutely assembled all kinds of compelling sidelights of the First World War for this revue, and the old songs of the period are still arresting. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

What Makes Sammy Run?—A dilatory musical having to do with a Hollywood striver who would be glad to throw his own mother into the snow if she didn't pull her weight on his sled. Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi are in it. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**hello, dolly!:** The Carol Channing commotion. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **how to succeed in business without really trying:** Ronnie Welsh has just replaced Darryl Hickman as a young man determined to be at the top of the business pile, and Rudy Vallée plays the president of something called World Wide Wickets, Inc. Mr. Vallée, who opened in this part as a Yale undergraduate, will be replaced by Jeff De Benning starting Monday, Oct. 19. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at

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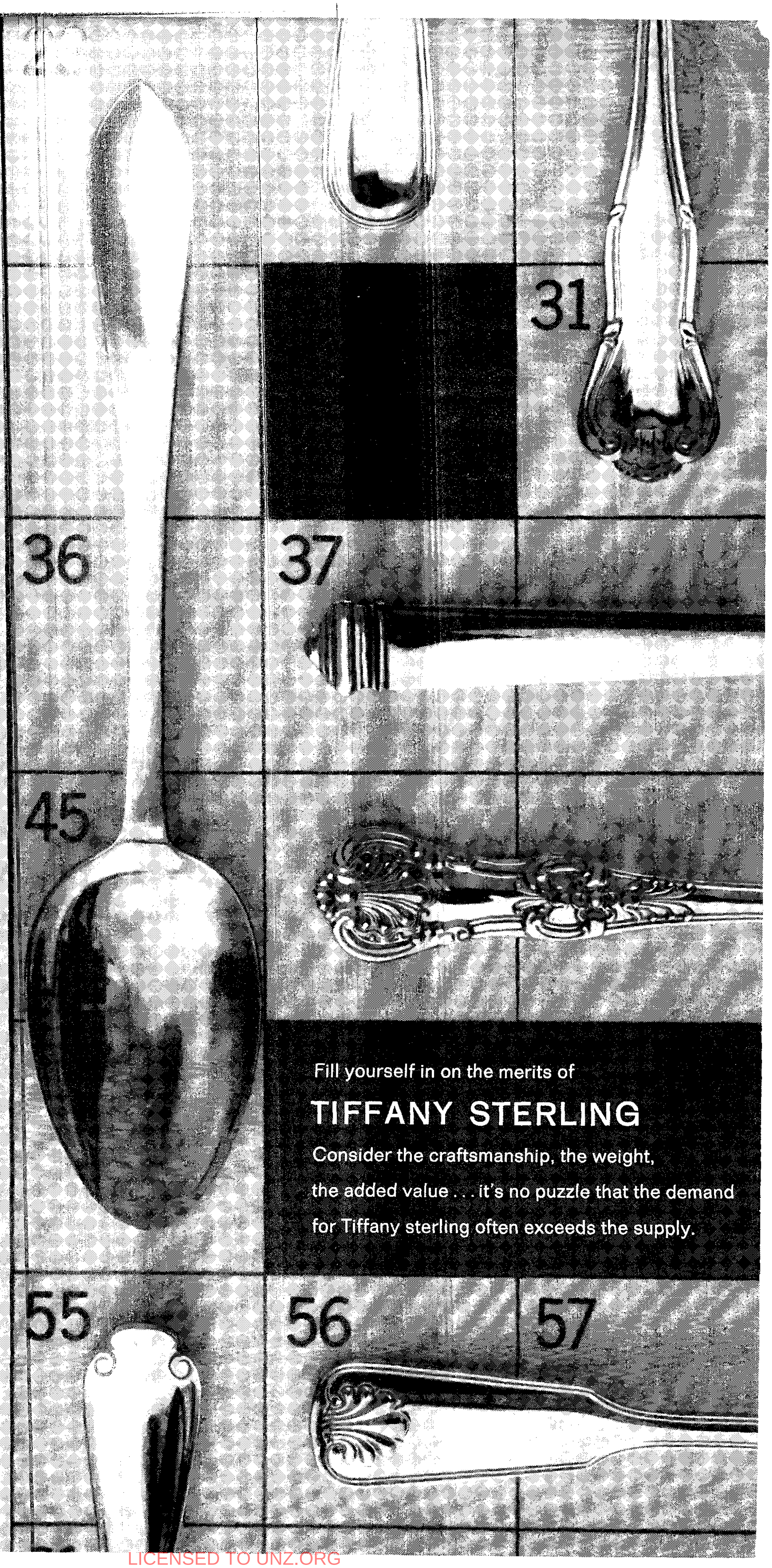

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **Oliver!**: The Artful Dodger, Bill Sikes, and all the rest. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5090. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window—A play by Lorraine Hansberry, with Rita Moreno, Gabriel Dell, and Alice Ghostley. Staged by Peter Kass and presented by Burt C. D'Lugoff, Robert Nemiroff, and J. I. Jahre. Opens Thursday, Oct. 15. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Boy—A musical with a book by Clifford Odets and William Gibson (based on Mr. Odets's play), starring Sammy Davis. Charles Strouse wrote the music and Lee Adams the lyrics. The director is Arthur Penn, the producer Hillard Elkins. Previews through Monday, Oct. 19. Opens officially on Tuesday, Oct. 20. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées the first week on Thursday at 2 and Saturday at 2:30; subsequently on Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Severed Head—Joan Fontaine, Robin Bailey, Elliott Reid, and Lee Grant in a British comedy adapted by Iris Murdoch and J. B. Priestley from Miss Murdoch's novel of the same name. Produced by David Merrick and Donald Albery, and directed by Val May. Opens Thursday, Oct. 22. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Lincoln Center Repertory—"The Changeling," the 1622 English melodrama by Thomas Middleton and William Rowley, will be the first in this season's series of four plays. Previews Tuesday through Saturday, Oct. 20-24, at 8:30. Opening on Thursday, Oct. 29. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600.)

The Alchemist—A quite creditable production of Ben Jonson's scorching farcical satire on human baseness and credulity. Under Stephen Porter's direction, the actors do well, and the breakneck action always makes sense. With John Heffernan, Roy R. Scheider, Ira Lewis, and Cynthia Bébout. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:15 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Amato Opera Company—Through Saturday, Oct. 17: "The Marriage of Figaro," in English. . . . ¶ Starting Friday, Oct. 23: "La Traviata." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Evenings at 8:15.)

Cindy—A cheerful little musical about a Miss Cindy Kreller, who works in a delicatessen and gets to go to a ball at the Plaza. Good singing and dancing by a refreshing young cast. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Doctor Faustus—A prankish and tiresome production of Marlowe's masterpiece. Except for James Ray's Mephistophilis, there are no performances worth mentioning. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Dutchman and **The American Dream**—"Dutchman" is a nightmare tragicomedy about the encounter of a respectable young Negro and a mad and maddening blonde in a subway car. The author is a promising dramatist named LeRoi Jones, whose language is as brutal as the occasion demands. As a companion piece, the management is reviving, for the fifth time, its production of "The American Dream," Edward Albee's sardonic family portrait. No one under eighteen admitted. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sunday, Oct. 18, at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In White America—Six actors, three of them colored and three white, splendidly perform and recite excerpts from official and unofficial documents that, taken together, trace the story of the Negro in America. The result, play or not, is certainly theatrical and certainly rewarding. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Kiss Mama—A volatile Italian family in New York is a source of innocent merriment in this comedy by George Panetta. Tom Pedi, Francine Beers, Val Bisoglio, and Julius La Rosa are most helpful as members of the second generation. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Knack—This English farce about seduction, which has been imported by the Establishment bunch and directed, with considerable ingenuity, by Mike Nichols, is sometimes funny, sometimes just strenuous. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Othello—James Earl Jones in the New York Shakespeare Festival's production. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—Ann Corio as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Trojan Women—A production of Euripides' tragedy of the bereft women of the Trojan War that is good to look at, always clear, and often moving. It does however, lack stature. Michael Cacoyannis is both director and choreographer. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Oct. 15: "Apollo," "Ballet Imperial" (company première), "The Cage," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 16: "Bugaku," "Interplay," "Piège de Lumière," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 17: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Interplay," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 17: "Raymonda Variations," "The Cage," "Ebony Concerto," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 18: "Donizetti Variations," "Irish Fantasy," "Agon," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 18: "Concerto Barocco," "Ivesiana," "Dim Lustre," and "Ballet Imperial." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 20: "Swan Lake," "Piège de Lumière," "Irish Fantasy," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 21: "Bugaku," "Pas de Deux," "Four Temperaments," and "Ballet Imperial." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 22: "Concerto Barocco," "Firebird," "Ivesiana," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 23: "Four Temperaments," "Dim Lustre," "The Cage," and "Clarinade." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 24: "Serenade," "Firebird," "Ivesiana," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 24: "Donizetti Variations," "Allegro Brillante," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Symphony in C." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:15. Through Sunday, Nov. 8. No seating at any performance after the curtain goes up.)

National Ballet—The company from Washington presenting "Swan Lake," "The Catalyst" (New York première), and "Four Temperaments." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Oct. 16, at 8:30.)

Mata and Hari—Satiric dancers. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Oct. 23, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Folies-Bergère—The Parisian revue, with a cast of seventy headed by Patachou, Georges Ulmer, and Liliane Montevecchi. Presented by Stephen W. Sharmat and produced by Arthur Lesser. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:10 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The dinner and supper trilling in the Royal Box is done by the high, sweet small voice of Anna Maria Alberghetti, a little objet d'art. John Bubbles, of the memorable and sure-footed Buck & Bubbles, does a turn, too. Dancing all evening. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The restaurant's wallflowers (in the mural sense) are vast enough to make anyone feel Lilliputian, but the music is just life-size. George Anaya's minute band, which is Latin and American, does it menu style from eight to ten and prancing style from then until one. No music on Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Unqualifiedly recommended to people who like life to be an open book—preferably one for hammock reading. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Freddie Jagels' dance orchestra perform for anyone who gets tired of extrovert literature. The veteran Freddie Fassler, who may have been second fiddle while Rome burned, is the music in the Champagne Room. Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—A gilt complex, and a red-plush one, too. On the veranda deck, Stan Rubin, his Tiger Town Five, and his Riverboat Ramblers do in-memoriam and up-to-the-minute music for dancing. Mondays through Thursdays from seven to twelve and Fridays

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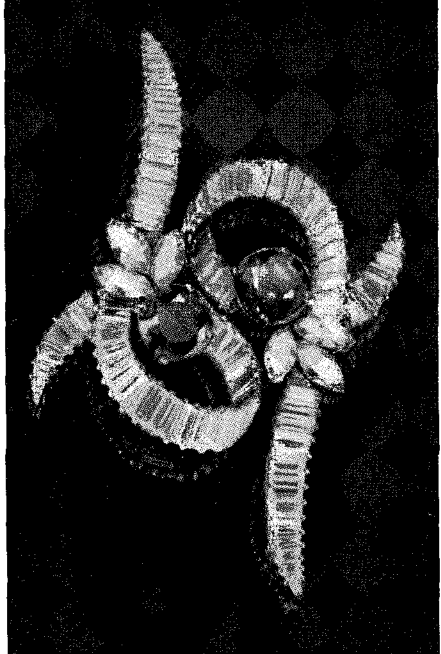

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New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—I Cavalieri di Roma, a wine-of-life little dance band, play on and on in the Seven Hills, one of the best residential quarters of the largest town on the Tiber. Eight to one is the scheme of things. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, a dignified duchy, a Ben Cutler band is in great good humor every night of the week. Alex Geraldo, who sings to his own guitar, vanishes every Monday.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Kay Starr, who inhabits the Persian Room at dinner and supper, is a fine sample of plainsbilly (she comes from the Oklahoma tundra), singing with charming verve about the Wabash Cannonball and other regional specialties. Her jubilee is supplemented throughout the evening by the big, rumbling band of Emil Coleman and the little picador band of Mark Monte. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin play watercress-sandwich music in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and *vin-rosé* music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. They're off duty Mondays. . . . ¶ At eight, heart-and-soul violin by Gunnar Hansen and the arrival of a thousand-calorie pastry cart transform the Palm Court into a nineteenth-century palace on the Danube, Como, or the Lake of Lucerne. It stays that way until one. Sunday nights are stilly nights.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—The tallest star in the fall firmament. Remote control brings the music of George Cort's quintet to the cocktail lounge (view south); the sound appears in person, from eight to one, in the dining room (view north and west), which has a small dance floor. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—That old *concours d'élégance* known as the Maisonette offers the roseate orchestra of Peter Duchin and Quintero's practically peerless Latins. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite goes grandiosely about its task of care and feeding, which are expedited by the outpourings of Walter Kay's piano and Jani Sarkozi's violin, on hand between eight and two. No Dancing. Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181)—Makeup courses for those who have fallen behind on the Frug, the Gawk, the Whamp, and the Swim during the summer are being held (distinctly *not* free of charge) by the Board of Education in this bower of the social graces every night from eight until four. The music is produced by the rubbing together of electronic tubes.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—Where God paints the scenery and only the fireflies are by Con Edison. Weatherman willing, there is dance music alongside the open-air pavilion every evening from eight or so to one or so; an inner pavilion operates when things get splashy or frostbitten. No music Mondays.

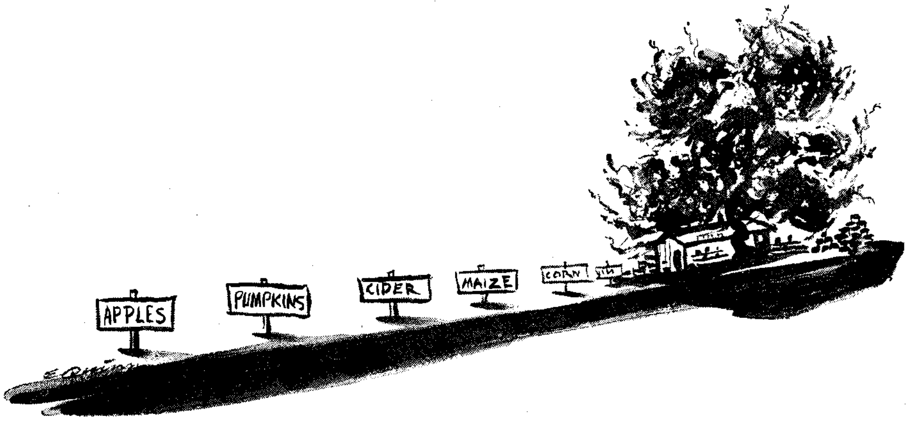
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—"Let me entertain you" is the motivation of the noticeably non-Method actors Gordon and Sheila MacRae, who are in the Empire Room at dinner and supper. Some of their parodies of fellow-workers take too long to make a given point and some are beginning to rust, but the large rest of the song-and-gallivant work is great fun. The noblest of all the Meyer Davis orchestras, run by Emery Davis, and the Horace Diaz group make the music. Closed Sundays.

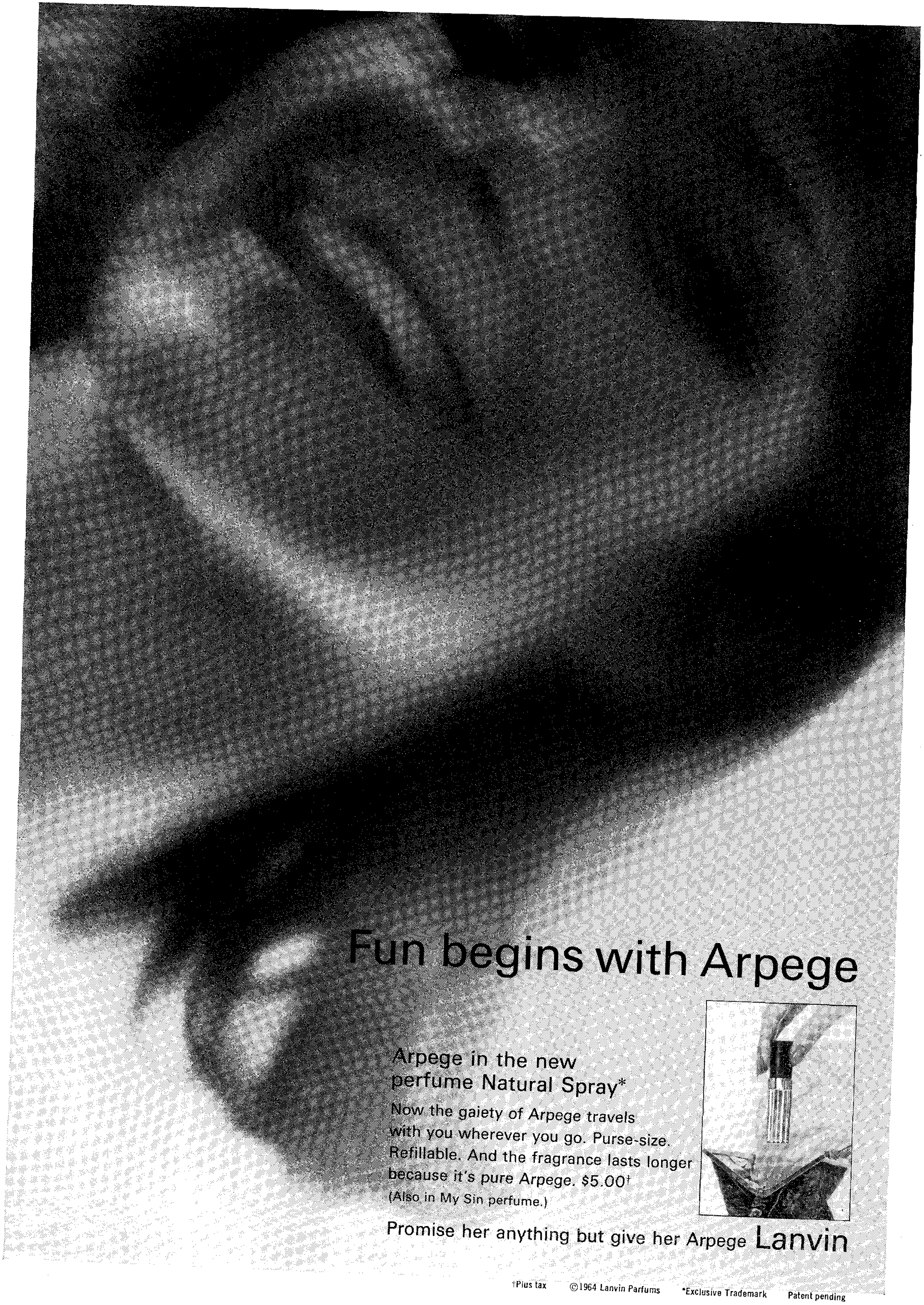
Note—roseland dance city, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—The wide-open spaces, half a city block long, are occupied by serious dancers who want (and get) room for their daring but still decorous choreographies, and are fringed by two ceaseless bands, one Norte and one Sud. They sound off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one, but Sundays they start off at three-thirty. For insatiables, there are Thursday and Saturday matinées, from about one to six, and a floor show at eleven-fifteen on Tuesdays. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

goldie's new york, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Open house, open forum for a whole lot of mutual friends. Another part of the sound department is as follows: Sam Hamilton is at the piano from five-thirty to eight; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders perform thereafter as soloists until suppertime, when they converge as upbeat, double-deck pianists. Closed Sundays. . . . **in boboli,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Tenors and sopranos willing to sing for their supper without benefit of microphones and other extra added detractions, tackle anything from Porter to Puccini. Right now it should, under the guidance of the sonorous Aldo Bruschi, be "La Bohème." Thursdays through Saturdays, there is also casual dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **le caprice,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Jet is the setting, and jet is the set. Bobby Short, to whom such surroundings are customary, plays flip piano and sings flip songs from ten-thirty until the smallest of hours. Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are his men-at-arms, and Otis Clements's solo piano fills in any blank spots. Jules Kuti opens the piano cover at five-thirty and plays until nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **drake room,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, the rightful heir to this evergreen kingdom, has ended his long sabbatical, and again his fingers play lighthearted tricks on a very willing Steinway. Six-thirty until one is the extent of his program. Closed Sundays. . . . **café ambassador,** in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): From seven to one, which is enough time for the most lackadaisical diner, Ray Hartley uses his piano to transpose the tunes of the day into an idiom that is his alone. This takes place every night but Sunday. . . . **downstairs at the upstairs,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Well-chosen words and music, sung without frippery of any sort, are the nocturnal diet of Mabel Mercer, one of the wisest and most compassionate women of the world. Sam Hamilton, her lifetime equerry, is her pianist. Tee-off time is ten-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **château henri iv,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The divine right of a king to play at being Royal Architectural Nonesuch has been fully exercised in this castle keep. Norbert Faconi tosses and turns a come-hither violin as he roams from table to table. No sound on Sundays. . . . **king henri iv,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The optical





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

illusion is that you have joined a royal Crusade to the Holy Land; it is *not* an illusion that the army involved travels on its stomach. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. No sound on Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco and fandango (Spanish, of course) go hand in hand, foot in foot, forever and ever. There's dancing for the customers as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The S.P.Q.R. are thinking of holding their annual conventions here. Already among the population is a round of dulcet wandering minstrels. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Traffic in all its hustle and bustle in the heart of the Via Veneto. Part of the traffic jam is brought about by a squadron of patrolling violinists. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): When one examines the décor, it's as if Parke-Bernet were auctioning off the glories of the nineteenth century. The music—the calm but poignant guitar of Gustavo Lopez—is largely a love letter to Spain. No music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): A personable brigade of young career girls and boys who belong to television and the adjacent arts find surcease from their travail in this *art-moderne* apartment. They also find a robust jazz trio through the week, a jazz duet on Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): You expect the real Henry James to stand up at any moment in this dining-in-state and dining-in-the-nineties restaurant. In the bar, there's piano from five to eight and nine-thirty to two, except for Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Rack Godwin, who has always had designs on a piano, is demonstrating the choicest of his collection on the instrument in the Regency Room cocktail lounge. He's there from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday. . . . **MICHELANGELO**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): This tribute to northern Italy and its cuisine leads a nice, easy life—Joe Candullo's cheery dance threesome from eight-thirty on. Fridays and Saturdays, voices are apt to join in. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): A complete cast of characters, from Shubert Alley to Sutton Place, is in stock. At the south end of the pavilion, Angelo's dance trio gets to work at nine every night, and there is singing-from-the-piano by Bobby Gosh. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A Budapest that was not built in a day is occupied by a hand-picked citizenry, such as Tibor Rakossy, who sings Hungarian sentimentalities, not to mention players of the fiddle and the zimbalon. Béla Babai's band does the dance tunes. Closed Mondays. . . . **NANDO'S MIRAMAR**, 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): One calm pianist after another from five-thirty until well into the next day. The chef keeps fairly late hours, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **PLACE LAUTREC**, in the New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): Small wonders are worked by Mario Peralta as he cows into submission a mile-wide bandonion, which is a giant, economy-size concertina of vast possibilities. He wanders about the dining tables from cocktails until ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERATON MOTOR INN**, Twelfth Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): The Hudson River, a next-door neighbor whom we rarely see, is plain as day from the windows of the Crown Restaurant, where Daphne Hellman lets down her golden hair and strums her golden harp from seven to nine. She will cease and desist on Thursday, Oct. 22; thereafter, Joyce Rosenfield will be *pulling strings*. . . . **LA FONDA DEL SOL**, 123 W. 50th St. (PL 7-8800): It's nip-and-tuck between the scenery and the musicians to see which are the livelier Latins. During the week, they come out even (sound effects from five-thirty to eleven), but the musicians, augmented by dancers, always win out on Sundays (sound effects from one to nine). . . . **PETROUSHKA**, 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): An establishment operating on Central Standard Chekhov time, which means no haste, no waste, a plenitude of sombre *chansons d'amour* (Marina Fedorovskaya attends handsomely to these), Slavic violin and piano, and occasional Volga-boatman chimings-in by the gentlemen in the audience. Seven-thirty until two every night but Monday is the house rule. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, whose manner of song swings between gypsy-caravan and wickedest-woman-in-Paris, chants at dinner through the week and at dinner and supper on Fridays and Saturdays. Kurt Maier's threesome provides for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Singing waiters, singing cigarette girls, singing salad chefs, singing bottle-washers, none of them in the least frustrated performers of Italian opera, work here with all stops out. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A Book-of-the-Month Club in which the *Social Register* is compulsory reading. George Feyer noodles through his *point-d'Alençon* piano readings from eight-thirty until one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Show tunes get a hearing from Al Valenti's guitar, which is front and center in this minute bar from nine-thirty until one every night but Monday. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): On the top deck of the Casino-on-the-Park, Steven Weltner keeps a cool head and a cool keyboard going on and on from five-thirty until midnight. No music Sundays. . . . **IL SOLE**, 48 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1060): This year's *pied-à-terre* for Ralph Strain, court pianist for the Hamptons set. His carefully sculpted music flows gently through every evening but Sunday.

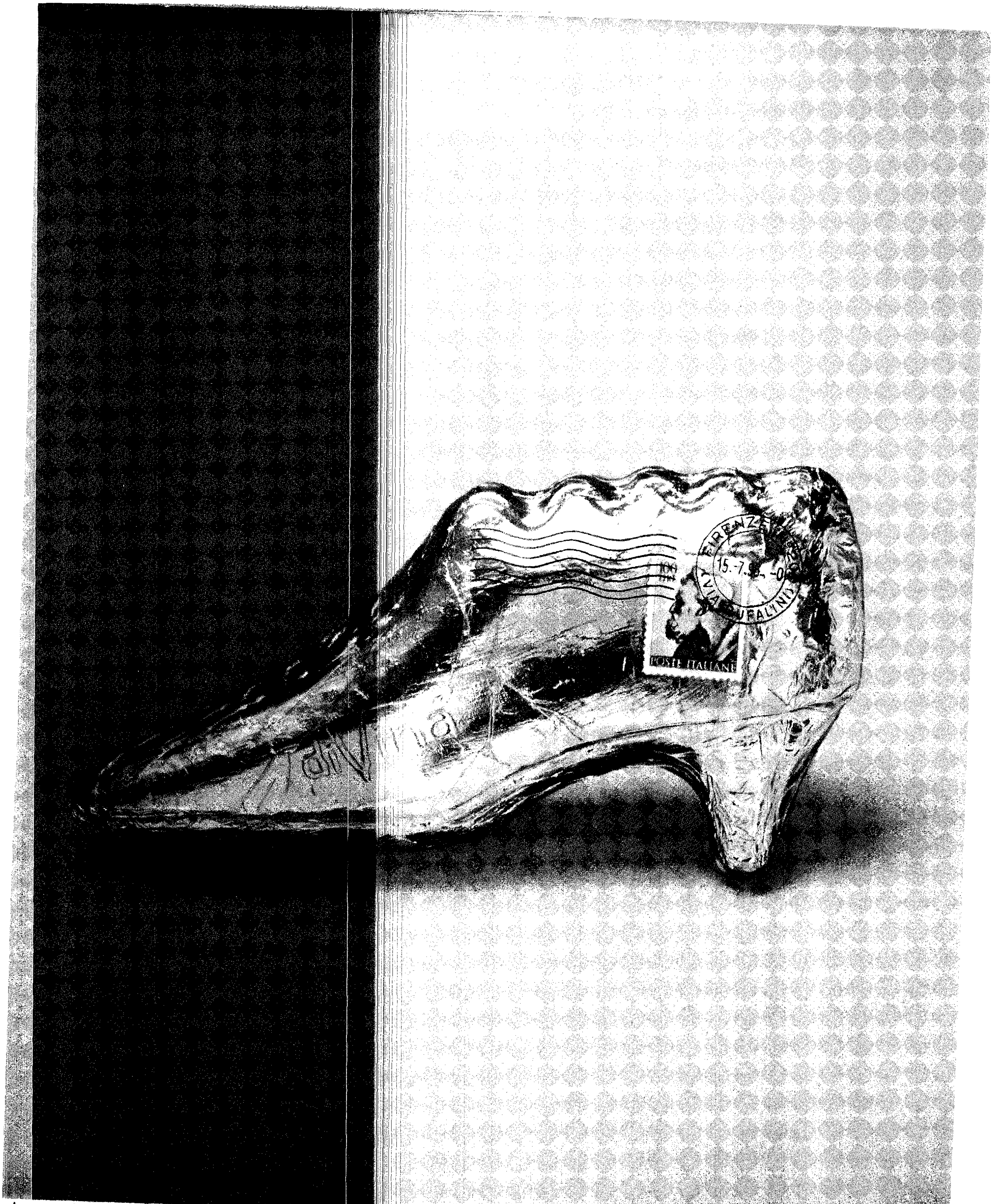
BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The flower of American (and other) womanhood, from fairly modest violets all the way to stupendous hollyhocks. These lovely creatures gallop up and down this recreation area as fast as their pretty legs will carry them. There are excellent interpolations by such mere males as the acrobatic Wazzans, a group of ICBMs, and Van Johnson, who has reverted from movies to his song-and-danceman days. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Eydie Gorme, the soubrette peak of the girls-girls-girls floor show, makes some of our mass-production ballads sound rather more stylish and a great deal sassier. She does, though, like to stay onstage a long, long time. She disappears on Wednesday, Oct. 21, to make way for Tony Bennett, who is good at the improving of ballads, too, and for Alan Drake, a spokesman whom you can take or leave. Dancing. . . . ¶ Up in the lounge, Erskine Hawkins' quartet carries on as if we were living back in the Roaring Forties. It stands to and delivers from ten to four every night of the week. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Buddy Greco, master of the art of artfully dodging through a song, is the main event; there is also a humorist named Shecky Greene, who gives you the feeling that you've heard him before even if you haven't. Closed Sundays. . . . **INTERNATIONAL**, Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): Burlesque by any other name (well, "Minsky's Follies of '65") smells sweeter, looks better, sounds funnier. The young ladies are in fine fettle and almost no feathers, the comics are Irving Benson and Jack Mann (a hard pair to beat), and there is a pantomime routine by George Carl that enthralls the eye.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): In romping rhetoric that is both contemporary and Congreve, the way of the world is cajoled, chivied, and contemned in a revue—Julius Monk's fourteenth, "Bits & Pieces, XIV"—that rises and shines above all other ventures into the medium. The swift completion of its merry-go-rounds is accomplished by Gerry Matthews, Barbara Cason, Jamie Ross, and Nagle Jackson, well-remembered faces from earlier Monk animadversions, and also by the new-coming Barbara Minkus, a tumultuous tomboy, and Nancy Myers, a little seraph. Frank Wagner staged the frabjous joy; William Roy, Robert Colston, Paul Trueblood, and



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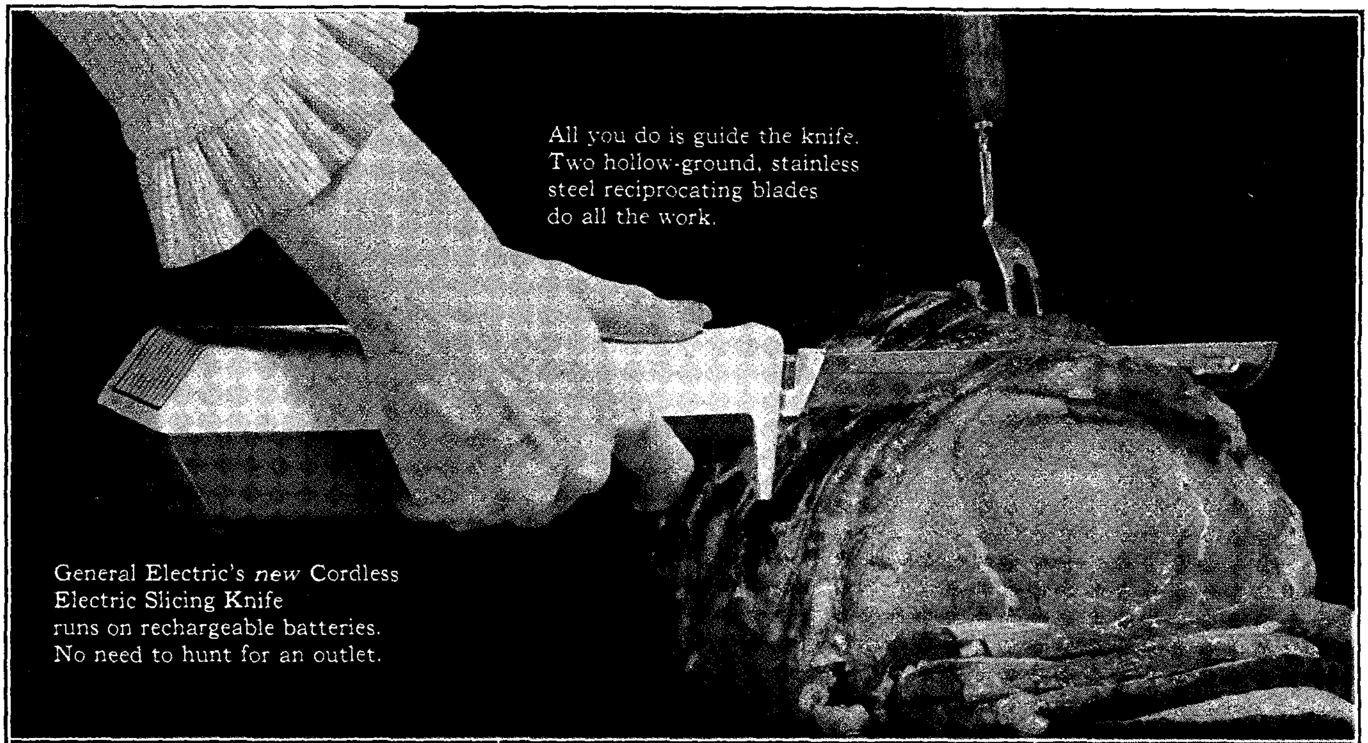
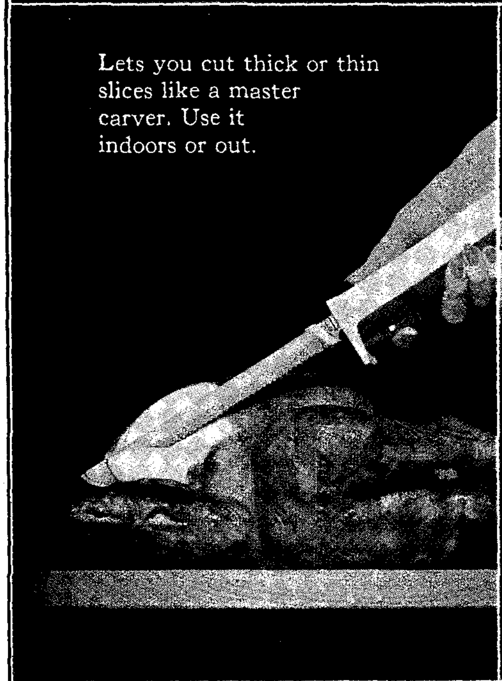
New from General Electric! An electric slicing knife without a cord. Use it anywhere. All you do is guide it.

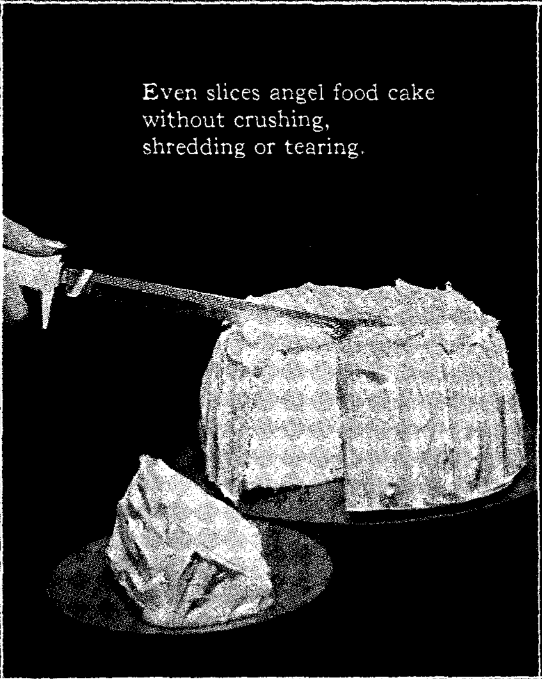


All you do is guide the knife.
Two hollow-ground, stainless
steel reciprocating blades
do all the work.

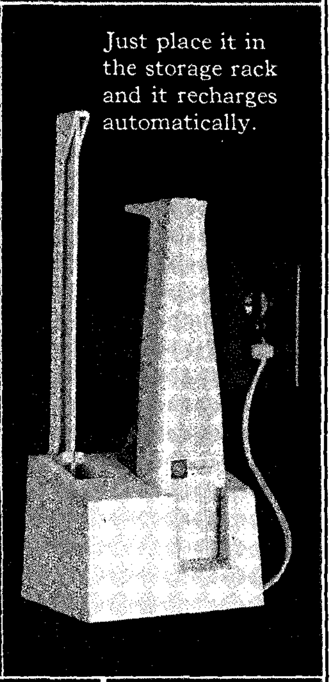
General Electric's *new* Cordless
Electric Slicing Knife
runs on rechargeable batteries.
No need to hunt for an outlet.



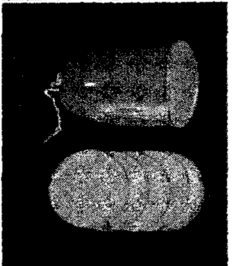
Lets you cut thick or thin
slices like a master
carver. Use it
indoors or out.



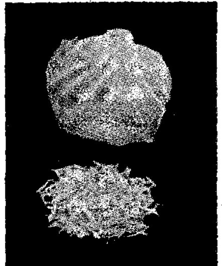
Even slices angel food cake
without crushing,
shredding or tearing.



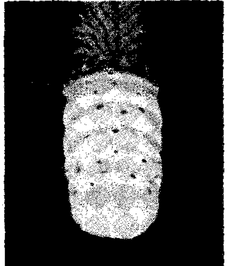
Just place it in
the storage rack
and it recharges
automatically.



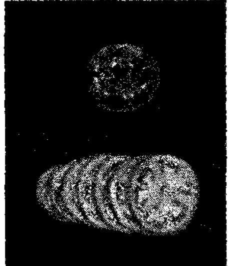
Slice meat



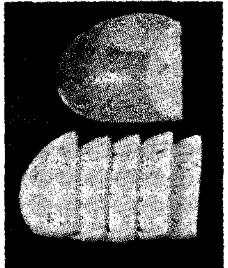
and cabbage



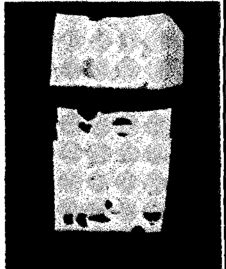
and fruit



and vegetables



and bread



and cheese.

General Electric Company, Housewares Division, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Carl Norman take double turns as the pianoforte orchestra. Nine and eleven-thirty every evening but Sunday. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): One of those rousing revues—singers, dancers, voyaging violinists, and even puppeteers—that generally make their home in the big Central and South American show places. Dinner and supper is the schedule. On Sundays there is tea dancing in the afternoon and a show at ten-thirty. . . . ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Juan de la Mata's *simpatico* guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Felicia Sanders calls this Village playground to order with her special collection of ringing phrases and vigorous chest tones. She and her compeers—Norene Tate and Warren Vaughn at their sentimental and euphoric pianos, the team of Stiller & Meara at their *un*sentimental togetherness skits—carry on every night but Monday. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): R. G. Brown, giving every line he reads a wonderful flavor of lunacy, is the prize of the tiny revue. "The Game Is Up," which also makes good use of Carol Morley and Marian Mercer. The revue itself has its peaks and its valleys. The runs begin at nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): Anthony Holland, Bob Heller, and Barbara Dana should be the principals of the current revue, "A View from Under the Bridge," whose contents (and occasionally whose cast) vary from night to night. When the contents are good, they are very good indeed. The action begins at eight-thirty. Closed Mondays. . . . **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Cuba Libre is the air and the diet. Diosa Costello is the leading lady, and the loudest Latin, of the hit-and-miss floor show that rolls onstage a couple of times a night. Dancing goes on and on in between, and even on Sunday afternoons, from two until seven. The Costello troupe stays home Mondays. . . . **STROLLERS CLUB**, 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): On the stage of this Charles Dickens tavern and grill, there is music every now and then by the lightly treading modernist threesome of Marian McPartland and, twice an evening, the wild and willful songs of Libby Morris, a girl with a strong mind, a strong voice, and a background that includes the London *boîte de nuit* called The Establishment. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Mose Allison, who always keeps right up-to-date, removes his trio on Wednesday, Oct. 21. Next evening, they will be succeeded by Max Roach's quintet, which is garnished with Abbey Lincoln's songs. On Sundays, there are four-thirty matinées as well as evening sessions. Closed Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Hugh Masekela plays a trumpet full of African jubilation and jump, which is the making of his interesting quartet, and Gloria Lynne reorganizes a number of melodic lines as she shouts down her microphone. They stay away Mondays, which are catch-as-catch-can events. Fridays and Saturdays, Gerry Mulligan's valiant foursome does a lot of blowing; Sundays, and again from Tuesday through Thursday each week, two young Britishers named Nick Ullett and Tony Hendra prove that there are always new ideas about humor just waiting to be gainfully employed. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The Village's leading coffee *finca*, and one that chooses folk singers with care. Danny Meehan, now the leading man, makes amusing production numbers out of his ballads; the folk music right now is soprano. The regulars are off duty Tuesdays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): You can't tell the players without the program, which is always a crash one. Late afternoons, the music issues not from templed hills and rocks and rills but from rocks and rolls; later on, Lionel Hampton's band and Red Allen's musketeers are the responsible parties. Sundays, other players have the use of the hall. The Hamptons will be replaced, on Monday, Oct. 19, by a crew of Dixiecrats for whom the stalwart Shorty Baker is the clean-up hitter. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The guest register gets out of date here with rapidity, but the expectation now is that Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers (bash) and Bud Powell's trio (brooding) are at work. On Tuesday, Oct. 20, it is rumored, the quintet of Miles Davis and the foursome of Terry Gibbs will replace them. Jam sessions Mondays, when the standing army is out of action. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Breaking new ground is the avowed purpose of this colony. The crops, nourished by latter-day chemicals, are odd but in general absorbing. Lucky Thompson, a rare sight, is removing his quartet (Hank Jones, Richard Davis, and Mel Lewis are involved) on Thursday, Oct. 15, so that the fivesome of Al Cohn and Zoot Sims can move back in next evening. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): So fleet (and furious) are the thoughts that propel the fingers of Charlie Mingus across his bass that something can be lost in the translation, but what comes through from him and his co-workers must be taken notice of. Easygoing, steadygoing Teddy Wilson, whose myriad years and notes still sit lightly, has a threesome going for him. On Mondays, a quartet headed by David Amram assumes command. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Peanuts Hucko's assemblage of ah, yesterday musicans—Cutty Cutshall, Johnny Windhurst, and Cliff Leeman among them—really enjoys turning time backward in its flight. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): All there is to know about playing jazz piano—all, that is, until Mary Lou Williams, the narrator, invents some more of it. Her threesome shares the podium with John Bunch, whose solo piano is likewise of intricate interest. Nine-fifteen is starting time; no music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ AU GO GO**, 152 Bleecker St. (SP 7-4530): Bill Evans, whose piano has its individual rhyme and reason, is running a triad. Oscar Brown, Jr., does songs that espouse egalitarianism as well as matters, like love life, that are a lot less trenchant. All hands depart on Sunday, Oct. 18. Next evening, a revue in which Vaughn Meader will be principal boy begins public rehearsals. Coffee (nothing but, here) is the next strongest attraction. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): During the week, Cliff Jackson holds down the piano in an enterprise designed to house displaced musicians from the midtown rifle ranges. Tony Parenti and Zutty Singleton are his snap-the-whip aides. No music Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The boys with the banjos on their knees (there are three on the stand here, and they call themselves the Banjokers) are leading their Susannahs not to the wild frontier but back to the primitive beginnings of American jazz. Their plunking, which runs from nine to three or four every night, is complemented by beer, peanuts, and not especially ancient come-as-you-are devotees. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): Another at-ease brewery, another set of junior citizens, another aggregation of clamorers (washboard, tubs, banjo, and such). On Sundays from four-thirty to eight-thirty there is a Dixieland jazz concert. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): Joe Mooney, weird, wild, and sort of wonderful, plays piano and organ, and sings, too, after ten o'clock. Closed Sundays. . . . **BROKEN DRUM**, 1544 Second Ave., at 80th St. (AG 9-9708): Wilbur de Paris and band (Sydney de Paris is in it) has settled in again in this period piece to make music that matches it. Monday is the band's night off.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6)

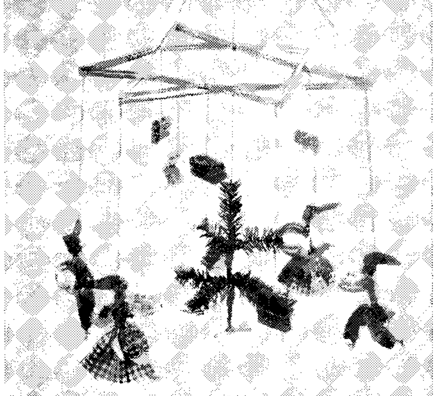
GALLERIES

JOSEF ALBERS—Paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 24. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

BEN-ZION—"Judges and Kings," a new set of eighteen etchings; through Saturday, Oct. 17. (FAR, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

ALBERT BIERSTADT (1830-1902)—"Man, Beast, and

Neiman-Marcus discovered that when the Danes...



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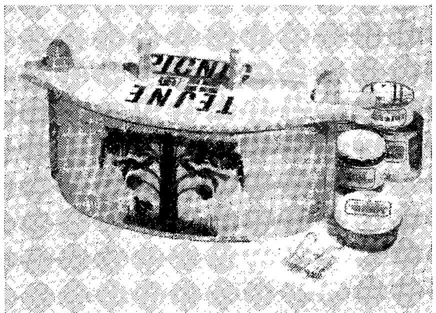

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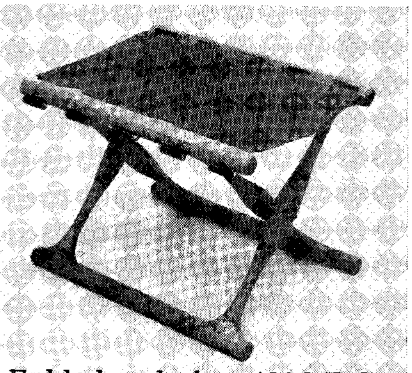

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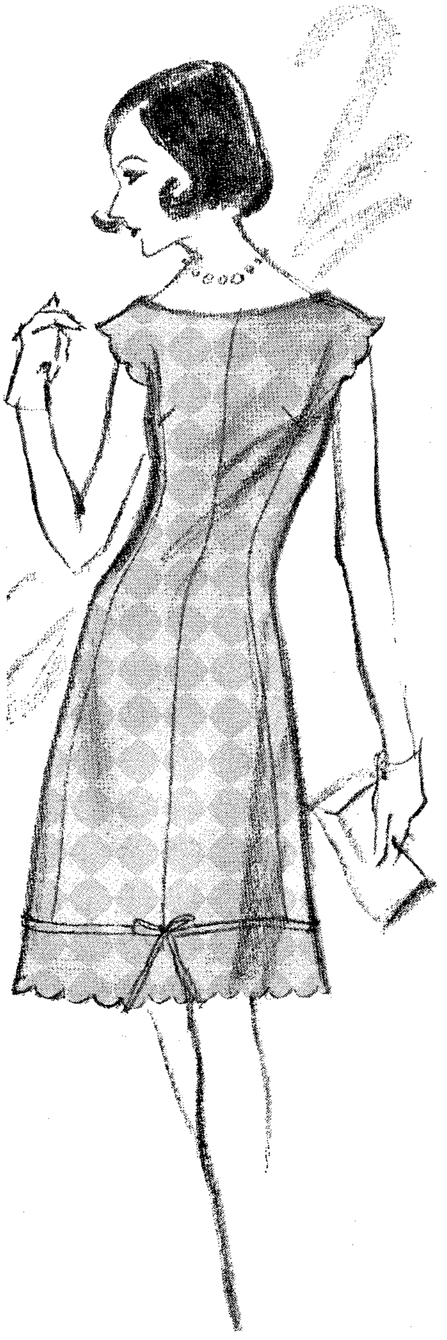

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Nature," a showing of oils and drawings; through Nov. 14. (Lewison, 35 E. 64th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bill Bomar—Semi-abstractions of nature; through Oct. 31. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

Harold Bruder—Paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 24. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

Alexander Calder—"Circus," a group of ink drawings (1931-32); through Nov. 14. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Francis Celentano, Bill Komodore, and Nathan Raisen—Paintings by the first two and constructions by the latter; through Saturday, Oct. 17. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

John Clymer—Paintings of the northwest country; through Saturday Oct. 24. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

John Fenton—Figure paintings; through Oct. 31. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Held, Jr.—Linoleum-block prints; through Nov. 1. (Northwest Lobby, New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St.)

David Hockney—Acrylic landscape and figure paintings by this English artist; through Saturday, Oct. 17. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)...¶A series of sixteen "Rake's Progress" etchings by Hockney, together with eight of Hogarth's engravings on the same subject; through Saturday, Oct. 17. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

Genichiro Inokuma—Paintings by a Japanese artist living in New York; through Saturday, Oct. 24. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Zubel Kachadoorian—Figurative oils; through Saturday, Oct. 17. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Wassily Kandinsky—Oils and watercolors (1903-42); through Saturday, Oct. 24. (Hahn, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Karl Knaths—Semi-abstract still-lifes and landscapes; through Nov. 7. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Frank Kupka—Paintings and gouaches (1909-47) by the Czech-born School of Paris abstractionist; through Saturday, Oct. 24. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

Alexander Liberman—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 24. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Lytle—Paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Oct. 24. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Conrad Marca-Relli—Metal relief sculptures; through Saturday, Oct. 17. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Peter Todd Mitchell—Oil paintings based on D. H. Lawrence's book "Sea and Sardinia;" through Oct. 31. (Griffin, 32 E. 58th St.)

Gaetano Pompa and Gustavo Foppiani—Paintings by two Italian artists; through Saturday, Oct. 24. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Hélène Sardeau—Terra-cotta and bronze sculptures; through Saturday, Oct. 17. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Peter Saul—Paintings; through Oct. 31. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

John Sennhauser—Semi-abstract collages; through Oct. 31. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St.)

David Smith—Stainless-steel and painted-steel constructions, bronze planes, and lost-wax bronzes; through Nov. 14. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Syd Solomon—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Nov. 7. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Stella—Drawings; through Oct. 31. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Maurice de Vlaminck—Thirty gouache illustrations done in 1945-46 for Marcel Aymé's novel "La Table aux Crevés;" through Saturday, Oct. 24. (Findlay, 11 E. 57th St.)

Édouard Vuillard (1868-1940)—A benefit loan exhibition of sixty paintings by this French artist; starting Friday, Oct. 16. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Abraham Walkowitz—"Improvisations of New York," a show of paintings and drawings from the early part of the century; through Oct. 31. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

Wayne Williams—Welded-metal figures and animal sculptures; through Saturday, Oct. 24. (Walker, 117 E. 57th St.)

Manoucher Yektai—Landscapes, still-lifes, and figures; through Oct. 31. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

African Art—"Magic and Religion in African Art," an exhibition of masks, statues, and various implements in wood, ivory, and cast bronze; through Oct. 31. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **bianchini**, 16 E. 78th St.: Among the exhibitors in a show of pop art called "American Supermarket" are Jasper Johns, Bob Watts, and Andy Warhol; through Nov. 7. . . . **downtown**, 32 E. 51st St.: Paintings and sculptures by George L. K. Morris, Isami Doi, John Storrs, and other artists on the gallery's roster; through Oct. 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **grand central**, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: The annual Founders Exhibition, made up of oils and watercolors by a hundred and twenty artist-members, among them Robert Brackman, William R. Leigh, and Robert Philipp; through Wednesday, Oct. 21. . . . **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings by five artists who live and work in Maine—William Thon, Edward Betts, Jason Schoener, Hans Moller, and Waldo Peirce; through Oct. 31. . . . **milch**, 21 E. 67th St.: Oils and watercolors by nineteenth- and twentieth-century painters, including Childe Hassam, Ogden Pleissner, and Adolf Dehn; through Oct. 31. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **deitsch**, 24 E. 81st St.: "Black on White," a selection of original prints, from Goya to the present, is the first offering in the gallery's new quarters; through Oct. 31. . . . **elkon**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Works by Magritte, Matta, Joseph Cornell, and others; through Saturday, Oct. 17.

Europeans: Group Shows—At the **thaw**, 50 E. 78th St.: Drawings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century masters, among them Daumier, Gauguin, and Gris; through Saturday, Oct. 24. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **time & life exhibition center**, Rockefeller Center: A travelling loan exhibition of fifty facsimilies of Byzantine frescoes (Biblical scenes, legends, and secular compositions) from Yugoslav churches; through Sunday, Oct. 18. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 7.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Ancient Peruvian Ceramics," an exhibition of pre-Columbian pottery from the Nathan Cummings Collection. . . . ¶"Aesop, Five Centuries of Illustrated Fables," a display of illustrations ranging from anonymous fifteenth-century woodcuts to prints by Antonio Frasconi. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings, drawings, prints, and posters by the French modernist Pierre Bonnard; through Nov. 29. . . . ¶Four aluminum sculptures and a selection of silk-screen prints by the British artist Eduardo Paolozzi; through Nov. 10. . . . ¶"Contemporary Painters and Sculptors As Printmakers," a survey of works done since 1950 in all graphic mediums by a hundred artists from twenty countries; through Oct. 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Post-Impressionist paintings and sculptures (by Renoir, Modigliani, Lipchitz, and others) from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman; through Oct. 25. . . . ¶A hundred and fifty woodcuts and lithographs and a dozen illustrated books from the past twenty years by Antonio Frasconi; through Nov. 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Masters of the Japanese Print: Moronobu to Utamaro," a showing of a hundred woodcuts, dating mostly from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; through Dec. 13. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A painting or sculpture apiece by more than twenty contemporary artists (Robert Motherwell, Ben Shahn, and Theodore Roszak among them), each of whom has also selected for this show one work by a younger artist; through Dec. 15. . . . ¶ "Genoese Painters from Cambiaso to Magnasco," a show covering the period 1550 to 1750; through Jan. 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—A retrospective of more than three hundred and fifty paintings, drawings, and prints by the German artist Lovis Corinth (1858-1925); through Nov. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings by the French abstractionist Albert Gleizes (1881-1953); through Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Drawings done within the past twenty years by American artists, including Arshile Gorky, Jackson Pollock, and Mark Tobey; through Friday, Oct. 23. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Recent American sculptures by John Chamberlain, Lee Bontecou, Richard Stankiewicz, and others; through Nov. 29. (Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 5; Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Hours of Catherine of Cleves," a two-part fifteenth-century Dutch illuminated manuscript, with color transparencies of its hundred and fifty-seven miniatures; through Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Selections from the Library's collections; namely, cylinder seals, papyri, illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, illustrated books, autograph manuscripts, and master drawings; through Nov. 7. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Recent Venetian art glass from ten Muranese factories, plus contemporary Czechoslovak glass; through Nov. 8. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—"The American Image," an exhibition composed chiefly of folk sculptures—the Presidents, the American eagle, Uncle Sam, the flag, and so on; through Dec. 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Masterpieces from the Americas," comprising pre-Columbian jewelry and other objects of gold, Eskimo masks, Mexican stone sculptures and ceramics, South American textiles, and the like; through Nov. 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—"West Side Artists—New York City," a display of eighty paintings and sculptures by as many artists, among them John Koch, Theodoros Stamos, and Herbert Ferber; through Nov. 8. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective of realist paintings by Edward Hopper; through Nov. 29. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

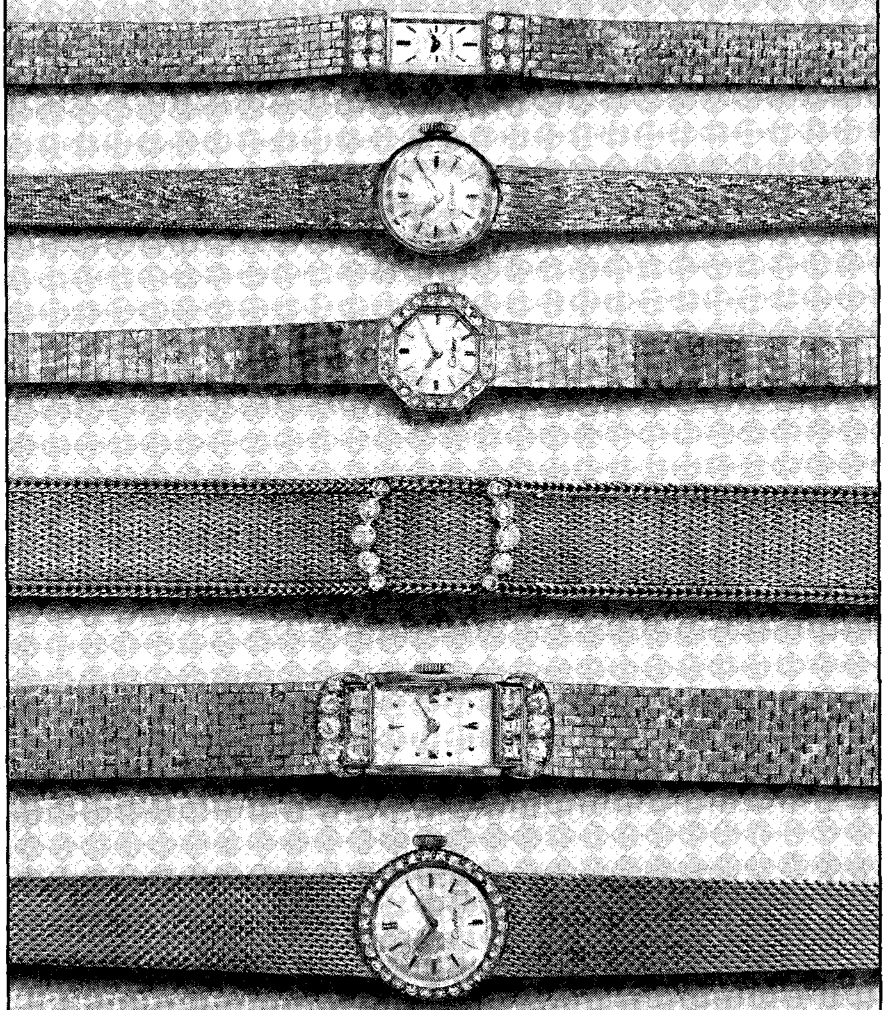
MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Oct. 15, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Gabriella Tucci, Mildred Miller, George Shirley, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 16, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Joan Sutherland, Sándor Kónya, Robert Merrill, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8: A new production of Saint-Saëns' "Samson et Dalila," with Rita Gorr, Jess Thomas, Gabriel Bacquier, Justino Diaz, and Robert Goodloe. . . . ¶ Monday, Oct. 19, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Nedda Casei, Nicolae Herlea, Carlo Bergonzi, and Justino Diaz. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 20, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Gabriella Tucci, Mildred Miller, George Shirley,

Cartier



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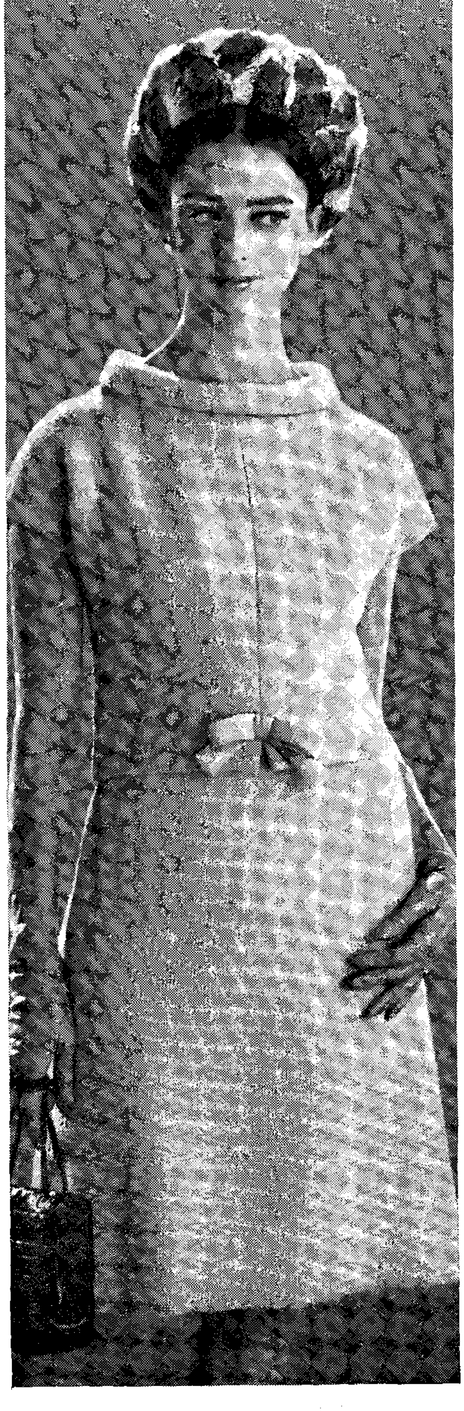


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 21, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Ingrid Bjoner, Gladys Kriese, Sándor Kónya, Otto Edelmann, and Karl Dönch. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 22, at 8: "Samson et Dalila," with Rita Gorr, Jess Thomas, Gabriel Bacquier, and Justino Diaz. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 23, at 8: "Tosca," with Leonie Rysanek, Flaviano Labò, Robert Merrill, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 24, at 2: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Joan Sutherland, Sándor Kónya, Mario Sereni, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Lisa Della Casa, Anneliese Rothenberger, and Otto Edelmann.

New York City Opera Company—Thursday evening, Oct. 15: "Boris Godunov," in English. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 16: "Die Fledermaus," in English. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 17: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 17: "La Traviata." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 18: "The Merry Widow." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 18: "Faust." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 22: "Salome." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 23: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 24: "Faust." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 24: "The Marriage of Figaro," in English. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Nov. 15.)

Brooklyn Opera Company—Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8:30: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8:30: "La Forza del Destino." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Josef Krips conducting—A Bach-Bruckner program on Thursday, Oct. 15, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 16, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 18, at 3 (all with Yehudi Menuhin, violin); and a varied program on Thursday, Oct. 22, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 23, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 25, at 3 (all with Lorne Munroe, cello).

London Symphony Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall—Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 17-18: Georg Solti conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 20: Georg Solti conducting, with Geza Anda, piano. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 21: Pablo Casals and Leopold Stokowski directing a benefit program in memory of Pierre Monteux, with Rudolf Serkin and Isaac Stern, violin; Maureen Forrester, contralto; and the Rutgers University Choir. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 23: Colin Davis conducting, with Gervase de Peyer, clarinet. (Evenings at 8:30.)

Boston Symphony—Erich Leinsdorf conducting the opening performances of the season here. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 21, at 8:30, and Friday, Oct. 23, at 8:30, both with Lili Chookasian, mezzo-soprano, and George London, bass-baritone. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Oct. 22, at 8:30; no soloists.)

Festival Orchestra of New York—Thomas Dunn conducting a Purcell-Stravinsky program, with Beverly Wolff, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; Donald Gramm, bass-baritone; Albert Fuller, harpsichord; and the Festival Chorus. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Oct. 16, at 8:30.)

Società Corelli—Italian string orchestra. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

RECITALS

Wilhelm Kempff—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Oct. 15, at 8:30.)

Leonid Kogan—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 16, at 8:30.)

Zara Nelsova—Cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Oct. 16, at 8:30.)

Festival Winds—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Rudolf Serkin, Alexander Schneider, and Leslie Parnas—Piano, violin, and cello, in the second in a series of three programs presenting Haydn's piano trios. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Sunday, Oct. 18, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Joseph Schuster—Cello. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Tuesday, Oct. 20, at 8:30.)

Richard Ellsasser—Organ. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 20, at 8:30.)

Salvatore Accardo—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Ilana Vered—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concerts—Dave Brubeck's quartet and Count Basie's Orchestra. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Oct. 18, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ The Swingle Singers, from Paris, and Oscar Peterson's trio. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Oct. 17: Knicks vs. Los Angeles. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 24: Knicks vs. Detroit. (Games begin at 8:30.)

Boxing—Dick Tiger vs. Joey Archer, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Oct. 16. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 17: Dartmouth vs. Brown, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Cornell, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Rutgers, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Columbia, at New Haven, at 2. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 24: Army vs. Duke, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Boston College vs. Air Force Academy, at Chestnut Hill, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Colgate vs. Kings Point, at Shea Stadium, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Rutgers, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Yale, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Princeton, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Amherst, at Middletown, at 2.

Professional Football—Jets vs. Houston Oilers. (Shea Stadium. Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8.) . . . ¶ Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Oct. 18, at 2:05.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Oct. 18: Rangers vs. Toronto. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 21: Rangers vs. Detroit. (Games begin at 7:30.)

Horse Show—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 17, through Saturday, Oct. 24.)

Hunt Racing—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 17.) . . . ¶ Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 24.)

Racing—BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30. The Champagne, Saturday, Oct. 17; the Grand National Steeplechase, Tuesday, Oct. 20; the Interborough Handicap, Wednesday, Oct. 21; and the Man o' War, Saturday, Oct. 24. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Nov. 14. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays, except Tuesday, Oct. 20, at 1, from Friday, Oct. 16, through Thursday, Nov. 12. The Selima, Saturday, Oct. 24.

Sports-Car Racing—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, Oct. 17, and Saturday, Oct. 24, both at 10 A.M.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 12.

FOR CHILDREN

Opera—Operas-in-Brief, presented by the Amato Opera Company—"Hansel and Gretel." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319

Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Saturday, Oct. 17, at 2:30.) . . . ¶ "The Barber of Seville." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Oct. 18, at 1:30.) . . . ¶ "Aïda." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Oct. 24, at 2:30.)

Concerts—By the **NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC:** Leonard Bernstein conducting the opening children's concerts of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Oct. 17, at noon and 2:30.) . . . **CONCERTS FOR CHILDREN:** "Music for the Dance," the first in a series of six offerings, with Boris Goldovsky narrating and playing the piano and with assisting artists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Oct. 17, at 3.)

Stage Shows—By the **NANCY COLE PUPPETS:** "An Adventure of Edmund Mouse." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Saturday, Oct. 24, at 1:30. For information about tickets, call LE 4-1672. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE:** "Red Shoes." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Oct. 24, at 11.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Cinderella," a marionette show, Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays at 2:30. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Three Musketeers." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:50 and 3:30.) . . . **NICOLO MARIONETTES:** "Hiawatha." (Lincoln Square Theatre, West Side Y.M.C.A., 5 W. 63rd St. SU 7-4400. Sunday, Oct. 18, at 1 and 3.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Group Soup." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance.) . . . **STAGE 73:** "The Absent-Minded Dragon." (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **UNICORN PRODUCTIONS:** "Aladdin." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Oct. 24, at 2:30.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

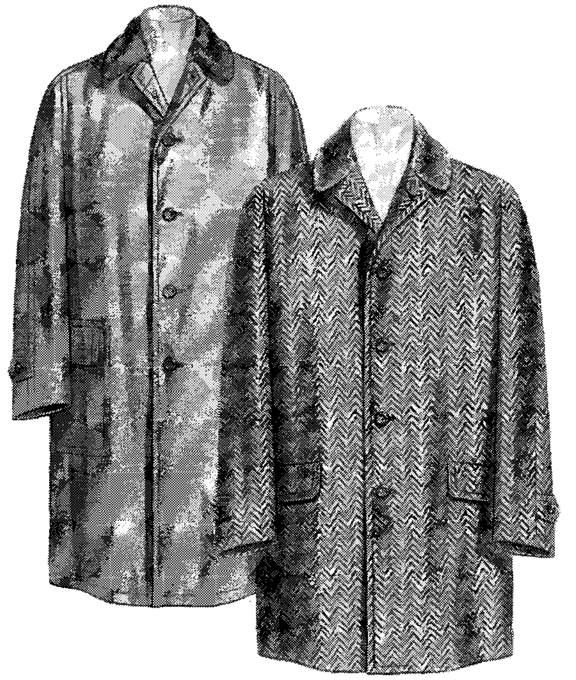
Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Messages from Space." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

New York Antiques Fair—A half-million objects to woo the collector, including New England corner cupboards, a Cape Cod sea chest, decoys, trade signs, patchwork quilts, iron toys, weather vanes, and paperweights. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 15-16, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, Oct. 17, from 1 to 6.)

Auctions—at the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Oct. 16-17, at 1:45: English and American furniture and decorations, Staffordshire salt glaze eighteenth-century pottery, and a small group of Royal Worcester porcelain bird statuettes modelled by Dorothy Doughty; the property of Ralph Carpenter II and others. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 21, at 8: Modern paintings and sculptures by such artists as Picasso, Vuillard, Degas, and Lipchitz; from the collection of Mrs. Walter Ross and the late Mr. Ross. Admission by card only; for information, call TR 9-8300.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Babo 73—A short, raw, very funny assault on practically every sacred cow in sight. Written and directed by Robert Downey. (Nickelodeon, 152 Bleecker, SP 7-3810. Daily at 7 P.M. and 12:30 A.M.)

Becket—Unlikely as it sounds, this is a highly colored spectacular with wit and charm. Taken from Anouilh's famous reworking of history and starring Richard Burton and Peter O'Toole. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

The Chalk Garden—A story as sentimental as "Little Lord Fauntleroy," but with much brighter dialogue. Dame Edith Evans, Hayley Mills, Deborah Kerr, John Mills, and Felix Aylmer. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Oct. 20, tentative.)

Cleopatra—The famous epic, which looks like "Aïda" raised to the tenth power and would be better off if it sounded like it. Still, you might as well go. Starring, of course, Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Rex Harrison, Roddy McDowall, etc., etc. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626; and R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577.)

Fail Safe—A grand thriller, which had better be based on a false premise. With Henry Fonda, Frank Overton, and Walter Matthau, and directed by Sidney Lumet. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. . . . ¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; through Oct. 20.)

The Fall of the Roman Empire—A Western in classical dress, with Stephen Boyd, Christopher Plummer, Sophia Loren, and Alec Guinness. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; through Oct. 20. . . . ¶ Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting Oct. 21.)

From Russia with Love—The indestructible James Bond (Sean Connery) fighting off a rare assortment of villains and making love to the usual living dolls. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Oct. 20.)

Girl with Green Eyes—A sad and funny tale of love and the pain of growing up, with Rita Tushingham as the heroine and Dublin as the setting. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Good Neighbor Sam—A two-hour stretch of merry and not so merry pranks, in which the impeccable Jack Lemmon plays an advertising man who is forced to pose as the husband of a woman living next door. Romy Schneider is delightful as the woman. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Oct. 20.)

A Hard Day's Night—Yeh, yeh, yeh! (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through Oct. 21, tentative.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World—The first Cinerama comedy, bursting with actors and scary camera stunts but far too long and too flat. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2, and Saturdays at 1 and 4:45. Reserved seats only.)

Let's Talk About Women—A multiple-episode Italian comedy with an accurate title, made extremely funny by Vittorio Gassman. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

The Luck of Ginger Coffey—An Irish braggart on the make in Montreal. Faultlessly acted by Robert Shaw and Mary Ure. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Mafioso—A perfect tragicomedy about a Milan factory worker who, returning to his native Sicily on vacation, becomes involved in some Mafia business. Immeasurably aided by Alberto Sordi in the leading role; Alberto Lattuada, the director, is due the rest of the credit. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Oct. 20.)

Mary Poppins—This should have been called Mary Marzipan. With Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

The Night Watch—Jacques Becker has directed a gifted group of non-professional actors in a thrilling account of an attempted escape from a French prison. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 16.)

One Potato, Two Potato—This movie, about the courtship and marriage of a young Negro and a white divorcée with a child, is almost spoiled by a weak, sentimental script, but it has its appealing moments all the same. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

The Servant—Dirk Bogarde is brilliant as the wicked man of all work in the home of an upper-class young man who begins as a master and ends as a slave. Also in the cast are James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

A Shot in the Dark—Peter Sellers splendidly inept as a French policeman determined to keep a pretty doxy from having her head chopped off for killing her lover, a chauffeur. Blake Edwards, who collaborated on the script and directed the film, deserves high honors. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; through Oct. 20.)

Topkapi—A Jules Dassin thriller, with Melina Mercouri, Peter Ustinov, Maximilian Schell, Robert Morley, Istanbul, and too many reached-for jokes. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow—A three-part comedy designed to show off the acting skills of Marcello Mastroianni and Sophia Loren. The settings pretend to be Naples, Milan, and Rome. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Oct. 21, tentative.)

REVIVALS

The Balcony (1963)—Taken from the savage comedy by Jean Genet and acted by Peter Falk, Shelley Winters, and Lee Grant. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; starting Oct. 20.)

The Bridge on the River Kwai (1957)—A description of life among a group of British soldiers captured by the Japanese during the Second World War. Alec Guinness, William Holden, Jack Hawkins, and Sessue Hayakawa. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; Oct. 16-18.)

Divorce—Italian Style (1962)—A farce, set in Sicily and featuring Marcello Mastroianni as a bored husband bent on murdering his tiresome wife. Pietro Germi is the director. (In Italian at the Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 15. . . . ¶ In English at the 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Oct. 21, tentative.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—A French film, directed by François Truffaut, that reviews the short, unhappy life of a twelve-year-old boy. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 16-19.)

Henry V (1946)—Laurence Olivier in Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; through Oct. 19.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. An English film. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through Oct. 21, tentative.)

The Hustler (1961)—A life-and-death struggle between pool sharks. Paul Newman, Jackie Gleason, George C. Scott, and Piper Laurie. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Oct. 18-20.)

I Am a Camera (1955)—Julie Harris as a madcap English girl on the loose in Berlin in 1931. A British film. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 15.)

The Island (1962)—Life on a farm circumscribed by the Inland Sea of Japan. Written and directed by Kaneto Shindo and photographed by Kiyoshi Kuroda. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Oct. 16-17.)

Julius Caesar (1953)—A collaboration between Joseph Mankiewicz and William Shakespeare, with James Mason, John Gielgud, and Edmond O'Brien. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Oct. 15. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; starting Oct. 20.)

Lolita (1962)—A comedy centering on a middle-aged professor and a sexy adolescent. James Mason, Peter Sellers, Shelley Winters, and Sue Lyon. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Oct. 21.)

Lust for Life (1956)—A review of the career of Vincent van Gogh. With Kirk Douglas and Anthony Quinn. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; Oct. 15.)

The Man in the White Suit (1952)—Alec Guinness as the inventor of a fabulous fabric. An English film, with Cecil Parker and Joan Greenwood. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; Oct. 19.)

Monsieur Verdoux (1947)—Charlie Chaplin's interpretation of M. Landru, the French Bluebeard. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189.)

Sanjuro (1963)—Toshiro Mifune as the fastest sword in the East, in a mocking melodrama directed by Akira Kurosawa. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Oct. 20.)

Sons and Lovers (1960)—D. H. Lawrence's 1913 tale about the silver-cord tangle between a Nottingham miner's wife and her artistically gifted son. An English-American production, with Trevor Howard, Wendy Hiller, and Dean Stockwell. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Oct. 21.)

Viridiana (1962)—Luis Buñuel's examination of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. A Spanish picture. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Oct. 20.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Oct. 17: "Jeanne d'Arc" (1928), a silent French film, with English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 18-21: "Vampyr" (1932), a German film, with Danish subtitles. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, except Thursday, Oct. 15, when there will be just one showing, at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				15	16	17
18	19	20	21			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
TOPKAPI.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
Through Oct. 20: Theatre closed.
From Oct. 21, at 8:30: "My Fair Lady," Audrey Hepburn, Rex Harrison. (Opening night will be a benefit performance.)

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Outrage," Paul Newman, Claire Bloom.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through Oct. 20: **THE FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.**
From Oct. 21: "The Unsinkable Molly Brown," Debbie Reynolds, Harve Presnell.

Loew's Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Circus World," John Wayne, Claudia Cardinale. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
MARY POPPINS.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
CLEOPATRA.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through Oct. 20: "Four Days in November," a documentary film dealing with the assassination of President Kennedy.
From Oct. 21: "The Visit," Ingrid Bergman, Anthony Quinn.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
FAIL SAFE.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
"Saga of the Vagabonds" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Lilith," Warren Beatty, Jean Seberg.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Nothing but the Best," Alan Bates, Denholm Elliott.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
"All These Women" (in Swedish), Jarl Kulle.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Oct. 20: "The Lively Set," James Darren, Pamela Tiffin; and "McHale's Navy," Ernest Borgnine.
From Oct. 21: "The Cool World," Hampton Clanton; and "The Quick and the Dead," Larry Mann.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 20: **MAFIOSO** (in Italian); and "The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.
From Oct. 21: "Weekend" (in Danish); and "A House Is Not a Home," Shelley Winters, Robert Taylor.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Oct. 20 (tentative): **THE CHALK GARDEN**; and "Bedtime Story," Marlon Brando, David Niven.
From Oct. 21 (tentative): "Of Human Bondage," Kim Novak, Laurence Harvey; and "The Prize," revival, Paul Newman, Edward G. Robinson.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through Oct. 20: **A SHOT IN THE DARK**; and "The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers.
From Oct. 21: "The Visit," Ingrid Bergman, Anthony Quinn.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian).

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Lili," revival, Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Outrage," Paul Newman, Claire Bloom.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
TOPKAPI.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
CLEOPATRA.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
GIRL WITH GREEN EYES.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Nutty, Naughty Château" (in French), Monica Vitti, Curt Jurgens.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE LUCK OF GINGER COFFEY.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
"Lilith," Warren Beatty, Jean Seberg.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Murder Ahoy," Margaret Rutherford, Lionel Jeffries.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Four Days in November," a documentary film dealing with the assassination of President Kennedy.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-4130)
Oct. 15: **LUST FOR LIFE**, revival; and "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea," revival, Kirk Douglas, James Mason.
Oct. 16-18: **THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI**, revival.
Oct. 19: **THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT**, revival; and "The Promoter," revival, Alec Guinness, Glynis Johns.
From Oct. 20: **THE BALCONY**, revival; and "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?," revival, Jayne Mansfield, Tony Randall.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
BECKET.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Night of the Iguana," Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 20 (tentative): "Der Rosenkavalier," revival, a Salzburg Festival performance, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Anneliese Rothenberger.
From Oct. 21 (tentative): **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW**; and **DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE**, revival.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"That Man from Rio," Jean-Paul Belmondo.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Oct. 20: "The Lively Set," James Darren, Pamela Tiffin; and "McHale's Navy," Ernest Borgnine.
From Oct. 21: "Robin and the 7 Hoods," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin; and "Dead Ringer," Bette Davis, Karl Malden.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Oct. 20: **FAIL SAFE.**
From Oct. 21: "The Unsinkable Molly Brown," Debbie Reynolds, Harve Presnell.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Oct. 15: **DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE** (in Italian), revival; and **I AM A CAMERA**, revival.
Oct. 16-19: **THE 400 BLOWS** (in French), revival; and "Yojimbo" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.
From Oct. 20: **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish), revival; and **SANJURO** (in Japanese), revival.

Nickelodeon, 152 Bleecker. (SP 7-3810)
BABO 73.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Oct. 15: **JULIUS CAESAR**, revival; and "The Sky Above—The Mud Below," revival, a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration.
Oct. 16-17: **THE ISLAND** (a Japanese film without dialogue), revival; and "The Lovers of Teruel" (in French), revival, Ludmila Tcherina.
Oct. 18-20: **THE HUSTLER**, revival; and "Lonely Are the Brave," revival, Kirk Douglas, Gena Rowlands.
From Oct. 21: "Splendor in the Grass," revival, Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty; and "Women of the World," revival, a documentary film.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Oct. 20: "A House Is Not a Home," Shelley Winters, Robert Taylor; and "Irma la Douce," revival, Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.
From Oct. 21: **LOLITA**, revival; and "Of Human Bondage," Kim Novak, Laurence Harvey.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Only One New York," a documentary film.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Oct. 20: "Behold a Pale Horse," Gregory Peck, Anthony Quinn; and "The Third Secret," Stephen Boyd, Richard Attenborough.
From Oct. 21: **THE FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.**

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Oct. 20: **MAFIOSO** (in Italian); and "The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.
From Oct. 21: To be announced.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Oct. 20: "The Lively Set," James Darren, Pamela Tiffin; and "McHale's Navy," Ernest Borgnine.
From Oct. 21: "The Empty Canvas," Bette Davis, Horst Buchholz; and "Auntie Mame," revival, Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Oct. 21 (tentative): **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**; and **THE HORSE'S MOUTH**, revival.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Oct. 20: **GOOD NEIGHBOR SAM**; and "Man in a Cocked Hat," revival, Peter Sellers, Terry-Thomas.
From Oct. 21: To be announced.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
LET'S TALK ABOUT WOMEN (in Italian).

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE SERVANT.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Oct. 19: **HENRY V**, revival.
From Oct. 20: **JULIUS CAESAR**, revival.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through Oct. 21 (tentative): "Only One New York," a documentary film.

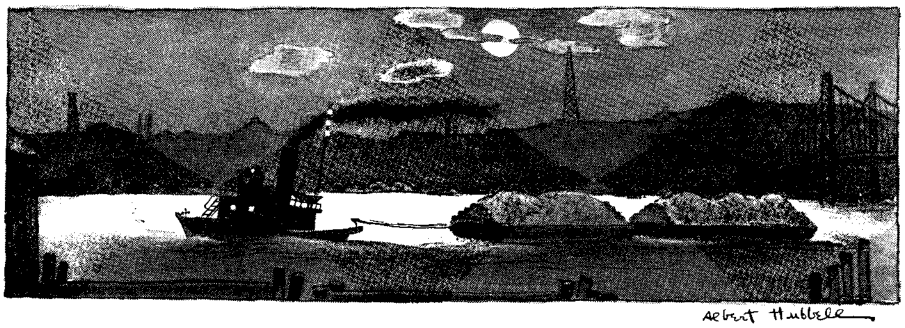
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"The Soft Skin" (in French), Jean Desailly.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
MONSIEUR VERDOUX, revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 20: **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE**; and "Two for the Seesaw," revival, Shirley MacLaine, Robert Mitchum.
From Oct. 21: **SONS AND LOVERS**, revival; and "Woman of Straw," Gina Lollobrigida, Sean Connery.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Oct. 15: "The Doll" (in Swedish), revival; and "The Law" (in French; formerly called "Where the Hot Wind Blows"), revival, Gina Lollobrigida, Yves Montand.
From Oct. 16: **THE NIGHT WATCH** (in French); and "Dimka" (in Russian).

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Oct. 20: **MAFIOSO** (in Italian); and "The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.
From Oct. 21: To be announced.



Albert Hubbell

THE WORLD'S FAIR

GENERAL INFORMATION

Hours—Fair closes for the season Sunday, Oct. 18.

Admission—Adults $2, children (2-12) $1.

Children—Up to eight years old may be left in the Protestant and Orthodox Center's Children's Center ($1 per hour, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.); up to twelve years old in the Danish Pavilion's Tivoli Garden Playground (twenty-five cents an hour; fifty cents minimum).

Advice—Fewer people are going to the Fair these days, but the popular exhibits are still crowded, though the crowds are smaller after 7 P.M. Industrial exhibits such as General Motors, Ford, General Electric, Johnson's Wax, and I.B.M. are free, vary in quality, and are usually impossible to get into except at dinnertime, when the Fair's *good* restaurants are impossible to get into. The exhibits in the Amusement Area are always possible to get into, but they cost money and are the least interesting at the Fair.

The best plan is to go to only one impossible exhibit a day, between six and nine in the evening. If that is impractical, arrive at eight-thirty in the morning in order to have a good place in line by the time the exhibit opens, at about 10.

Most of the restaurants are relatively expensive. Some accept reservations, but otherwise the best time to try to get lunch is before twelve or after two, and dinner after nine.

A particularly good way to get to the Fair is on the Long Island Rail Road.

There isn't any good reason for going to the Fair on a Saturday.

Children like everything at the Fair.

TRANSPORTATION

Automobile—There are three Fair parking lots, with room for twenty thousand cars; $1.50 a day, with free bus shuttle to nearest Fair gate.

Trains—L.I.R.R. trains from Pennsylvania Station direct to Fair, 9 A.M. to 2 A.M. daily, leaving as soon as they're full (five to fifteen minutes) from Tracks 15 and 16. Twelve-minute trip; fifty cents each way.

Subways—Only the I.R.T. Flushing line goes directly to the Fair; frequent express trains from Times Square, Fifth Avenue, and Grand Central Station.

Buses—Gray Line buses direct to the Fair every fifteen minutes between 8:45 A.M. and 9 P.M.: from the Fair (Gate 4), on the half hour between 11 A.M. and 2 A.M. They leave from 42nd Street and Tenth Avenue; 40th Street and Eleventh Avenue; Gimbels, 32nd Street, west of Sixth Avenue; Hotel Manhattan, 45th Street and Eighth Avenue; parking lot, 50th Street between Broadway and Eighth Avenue; and Hotel Lexington, 48th Street and Lexington. $1 each way.

Boats—Hydrofoils leave from the dock at the foot of East 26th Street every twenty minutes between 9 A.M. and 9 P.M. Fare $6 round trip; the run takes about twenty-five minutes, and a fifteen-cent bus ride to the Fairgrounds is necessary.

At the Fair—Motorized lounge chairs, driven by guides, seat four. Fares are $9 an hour for two people, $10 for three, $11 for four; minimum, $3 for twenty minutes. There is also a *special deal: $70 for eight hours*. . . ¶ Baby strollers $2 a day. Wheelchairs $4.50 a day. . . . ¶ Helicopters taking off from the Port Authority Heliport provide six-minute sightseeing tours of the Fair, adults $6.50, children $3.50.

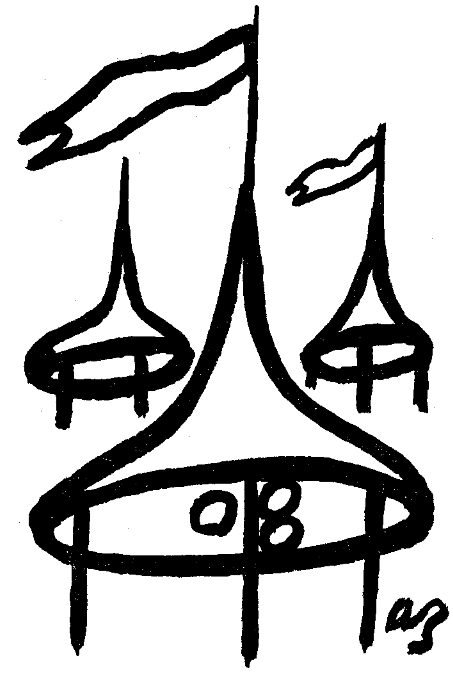
ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(Some aspects of a few of the Fair's more than a hundred exhibits.)

CULTURE AND ENLIGHTENMENT

Automobile Companies—Both Ford and General Motors provide free rides into the future, and the Chrysler exhibits include a show about a talking carburetor, which children might enjoy.

Bell System—The Bell Pavilion features a ride past a display concerned with the development of communication between people; a set of picture phones, with a line of people waiting to use them; and a machine against which one can play tictactoe, and, at best, come out even.



Continental Insurance—The American Revolution is the subject of paintings, dioramas, and an animated cartoon. The exhibit seems to have been designed for children.

Hall of Free Enterprise—There are many ants imprisoned in glass cases in the Hall of Free Enterprise, forced into symbolizing strong, intelligent, industrious inhabitants of a "perfectly planned economy" who lack, however, the ability to make and use tools. "Forty million years of no progress," a sign says. "Do you believe in free enterprise, or would you rather be an ant?" There are other informative exhibits, too.

I.B.M.—The I.B.M. Pavilion is the most beautiful structure at the Fair, and the two puppet shows in the center of the main plaza, which illustrate the nature of computers, are among the best shows at the Fair.

Japan—The Japanese Pavilion is filled with industrial exhibits, including large numbers of miniature television sets. There is also a model space ship that can be sat in, with controls that can be maneuvered.

Johnson Wax—A short non-commercial film called "To Be Alive!" is shown every half hour or so in the Golden Rondelle theatre, and is an excellent reason to go to the Fair.

Jordan—The displays include archeological objects, a model of the Old City of Jerusalem, and fragments of Dead Sea scrolls.

National Cash Register—The pavilion is filled with machines. One of the computers, when asked, will provide the favorite recipe of some Hilton Hotel, and another answers scientific questions, such as "How much ice is there in the Antarctic icecap?" The exhibits include a one-eighth-inch-square television screen, which is hard to see if you are nearsighted.

New York City Building—It costs ten cents to ride in a vehicle equipped with helicopter sound effects around a highly detailed model of New York City while the voice of Lowell Thomas describes the city in suitably dramatic tones. The building also contains samples of the exhibits of city museums.

Thailand—The pavilion itself is a replica of an eighteenth-century Buddhist shrine, and the exhibit includes artistic and agricultural displays and Thai musical instruments.

PERHAPS LESS ENLIGHTENING

Pepsi-Cola-UNICEF Small World—A delightful boat ride past Disney-animated dolls dressed in native costumes who sing, dance, and play musical instruments. Adults ninety-five cents; children sixty cents.

Poupées de Paris—An elaborate puppet show, but the barker luring the customers in at the top of his voice prefers never to use the word "puppet." Shows at 3:30, 5, 6:30, 8, and 10:30. Adults two dollars, children one dollar.

Santa Maria—An authentic replica of Columbus's flagship, which shows, among other things, how much shorter people were in those days. Adults one dollar, children between 6 and 18 fifty cents.

RESTAURANTS

(Most of the foreign pavilions and several of the state exhibits include at least one eating place of some kind. There are some outdoor cafés in the Amusement Area that are not necessarily good but are often not crowded.)

African Pavilion—The Tree House Restaurant is a delightful place to have dinner, especially at a table overlooking the courtyard, where the Royal Watusi dancers and drummers of Burundi perform four times a night, starting at about 7:40 P.M. For reservations, call AR 1-3440.

Central America and Panama—Although only coffee and buns are available, there are few pleasanter places at the Fair than the small outdoor café at this pavilion.

Danish Pavilion—The Kattegat Inn serves open-face sandwiches or any one of almost thirty other entrées for about three dollars. The Restaurant of Denmark serves a $6.50 "grand cold table," and also has a large à-la-carte menu. The service is excellent.

Festival of Gas—A good, expensive restaurant run by Restaurant Associates. For reservations, call AR 1-5070.

Republic of Guinea—A medium-priced restaurant serving lamb, chicken, and shrimp dishes, and not doing as much business as it deserves. It is therefore a good place to go for a meal and a stage show featuring Guinean music and dancing.

Indian Pavilion—Good, fairly expensive Indian food for lunch and dinner. Call AR 1-4123 for reservations.

Indonesian Pavilion—An Indonesian lunch costs about $5, dinner about $7.75. There are shows featuring Balinese and Sumatran music and/or dancing at 12:30, 2:30, 7, and 9:30. The restaurant closes at 10 P.M. For reservations, call AR 1-8106-7-8-9.

Lebanese Pavilion—In the courtyard is a café serving interesting, inexpensive food.

Malaysian Pavilion—A small restaurant with a limited menu, moderate prices, good food, and imperfect service. Some outdoor tables.

Mexican Pavilion—The Focolare restaurant serves expensive Mexican food in luxurious surroundings, and the Café Alameda serves moderately priced Mexican dishes in less luxurious surroundings. There is also an attractive, comfortable bar. For reservations, call AR 1-0022 and AR 1-0023, respectively.

Minnesota Pavilion—The restaurant serves an extensive but unexciting smörgåsbord for $3.75. More exciting dishes may be added for more money.

Moroccan Pavilion—The entrance to the restaurant is hidden in a corner of the outdoor bazaar. Prices are moderate, and there are accompanying Moroccan night-club acts.

Pakistan—The food is plentiful, delicious, and fairly expensive, and the best tables are outdoors, overlooking the Avenue of the United Nations.

7-Up—This outdoor restaurant serves various international combinations of four small, pretty good sandwiches for $1.55, and all the 7-Up you can drink.

Spanish Pavilion—The Granada serves good, fairly expensive Spanish food; no reservations. The Toledo serves good, more expensive French and Spanish food; for reservations, call 888-7320. The service at both is efficient, and the dinner conversation is about the prices.

Swedish Pavilion—A delicious and abundant smörgåsbord is available for six dollars at both lunch and dinner. Reservations taken for lunch only (until 4 P.M.). AR 1-5303.

Gilt Complex? Try Tigress.

SYMPTOMS: lips shimmer with **Gold Lip Glacé** over bonfiery new **Tigress Lipstick**...nails glitter with **Gilded Ceramic Glaze over Tigress Nail Glacé**...eyes sparkle with **Antique Gold Eye Colour.** You... throb to the uninhibited jungle beat of tantalizing **Tigress Parfum Extraordinaire,** made in France by

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Only from the chalky soil of this tiny corner of France comes the rarest champagne in the world. Taittinger Blanc de Blancs.

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Selection by Epluchage in France's Côte des Blancs.

The white Chardonnay lends to champagne an exquisite light dryness and delicacy of bouquet that no other grape can give.

This is why *only* the white Chardonnay—the aristocrat of champagne grapes—is used in the making of Taittinger Blanc de Blancs Champagne.

This, too, is why Taittinger Blanc de Blancs is so superior and so unlike other champagnes—most of which are made with a preponderance of dark grapes.

The white Chardonnay grows *best* in the chalky soil of France's Côte des Blancs, which is but a small portion of the total Champagne District. Grown elsewhere, in other soil, the white Chardonnay loses its distinctive ability to impart delicacy and lightness.

Taittinger is assured of a good supply of the Chardonnay because of their extensive holdings in the vineyards of the Côte des Blancs.

Within these great vineyards, Taittinger regularly engages in the *épluchage*—the meticulous selection which assures that only perfect grapes are chosen for pressing.

For their Blanc de Blancs, Taittinger uses only the first pressing of these perfect grapes and only those of great vintage years.

The extraordinary quality of this Blanc de Blancs Champagne has proved to be more than worth the extra time and careful attention that go into its creation.

From *épluchage* to the early 18th century style bottle, Taittinger Comtes de Champagne, Blanc de Blancs, Brut is truly a very special champagne. It has often been described as "probably the greatest champagne in the world". This may be an understatement.

Taittinger
Blanc de Blancs
Champagne

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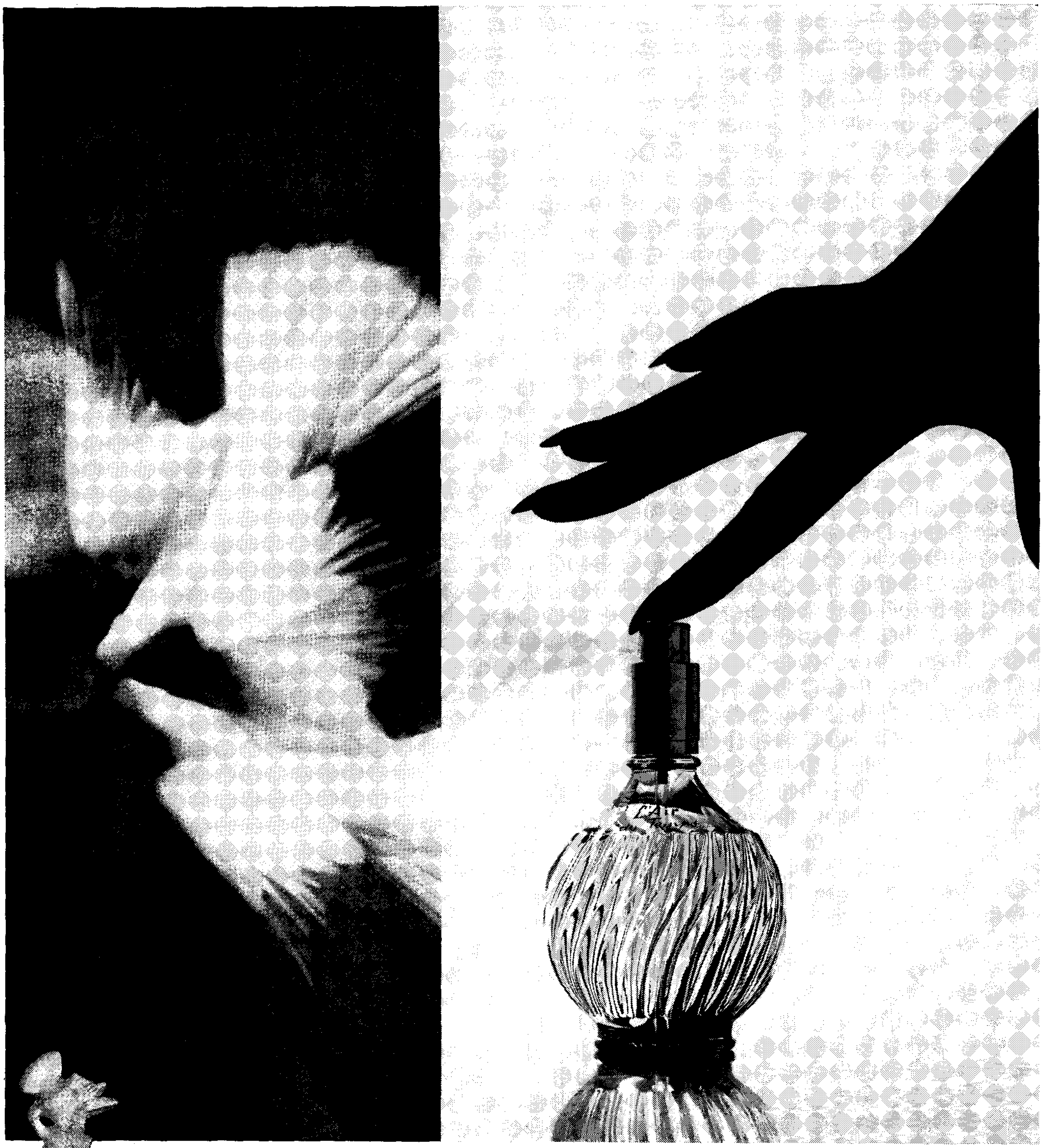
EPLUCHAGE
Taittinger
COMTES DE CHAMPAGNE
BRUT



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Love it this new way... L'Air du Temps

Airomatique by Nina Ricci

PARIS

Dawn of a new day in spray...the Airomatique! An original Lalique flacon with a very special atomizer, created in Paris by Marcel Franck. Just a touch of your finger releases a fine mist of L'Air du Temps Eau de Toilette. It's all fragrance. And all in all the most beautiful addition to your boudoir since sprays were first invented. Easily refilled, leak-proof and spill-proof.

Eau de Toilette 2½ ozs., $6.50
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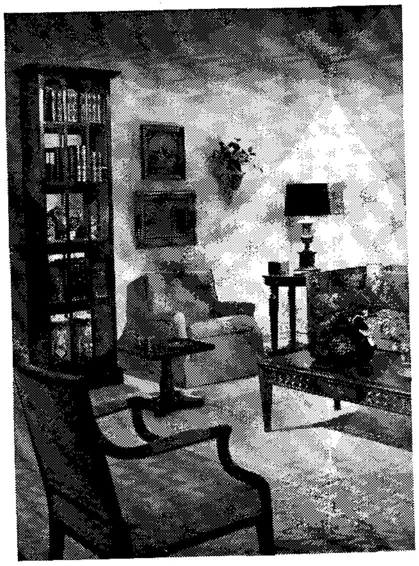
The One-of-a-Kind Look



A "collector's choice" of the best of Europe's designs and effects in one collection. No two pieces are alike. No two finishes are alike. And almost any personal preference can be provided for in finish, color-on-color blendings, interior appointments and exterior ornamentation. The ultimate in individuality—for those who appreciate the finest.

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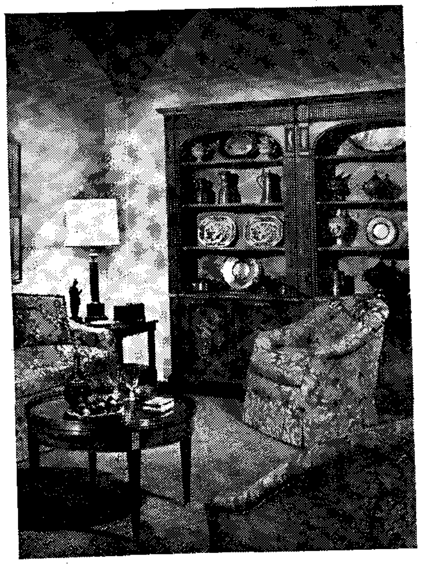

DISPLAYS MAY BE SEEN IN: NEW YORK • PHILADELPHIA • CHICAGO • DALLAS • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • ATLANTA • ST. LOUIS • PITTSBURGH • GRAND RAPIDS

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$1.75 (Suggested retail price)

Saint's Satin Wax

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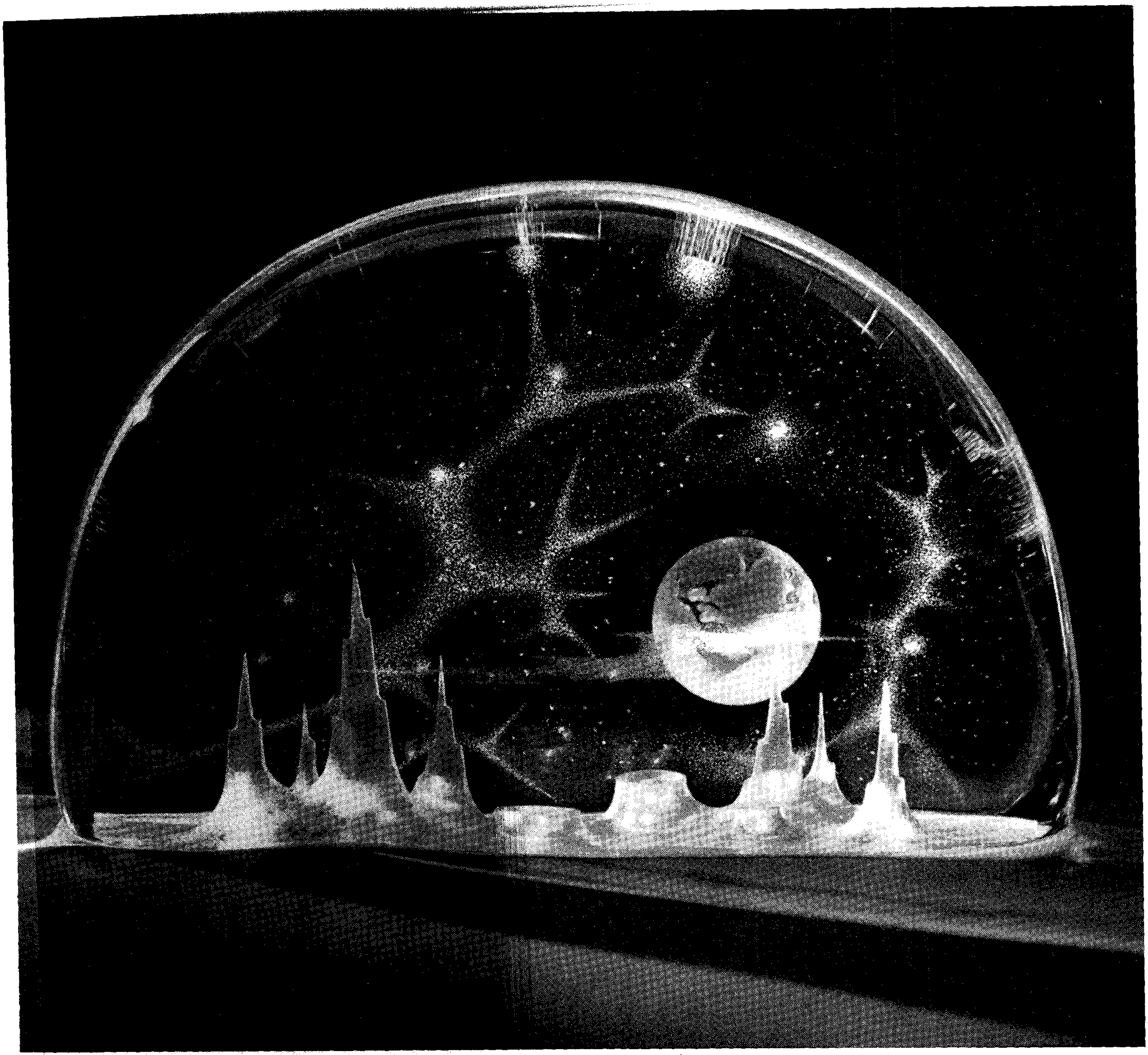
This most unusual wax is made in England, expressly for Baker Furniture. It is easy to use and leaves a pleasant fragrance on the furniture. It s closely guarded formula, containing natural beeswax, was developed particularly for the care of choice antiques and fine reproductions. Saint's Satin Wax also beautifies and preserves leather. Protects and polishes marble. Available at many fine stores.



Mountains of the Moon • *Designed by George Thompson* • *Height 5½ inches* • *Length 9 inches* • *$2,500*

Mountains of the Moon

HERE IS Steuben's impression, in crystal, of the *earth* as seen from the *moon.*

This engraved piece has some of the mystery and vastness of the universe itself. Whirling galaxies puncture the night. Shooting stars break free from their constellations and plunge to extinction. Cosmic nebulae dance in the light of distant stars.

Thousands of miles away, the earth spins across the sky. North America and South America are faintly discernible through the atmosphere.

On the surface of the moon, peaks and craters rise within the crystal. They stand immutable, as if to repel inquisitive strangers.

How long before this lunar landscape is actually seen by man? The answer lies with man's ingenuity.

Meanwhile, you are invited to examine this moon's eye view of the earth at Steuben Glass.

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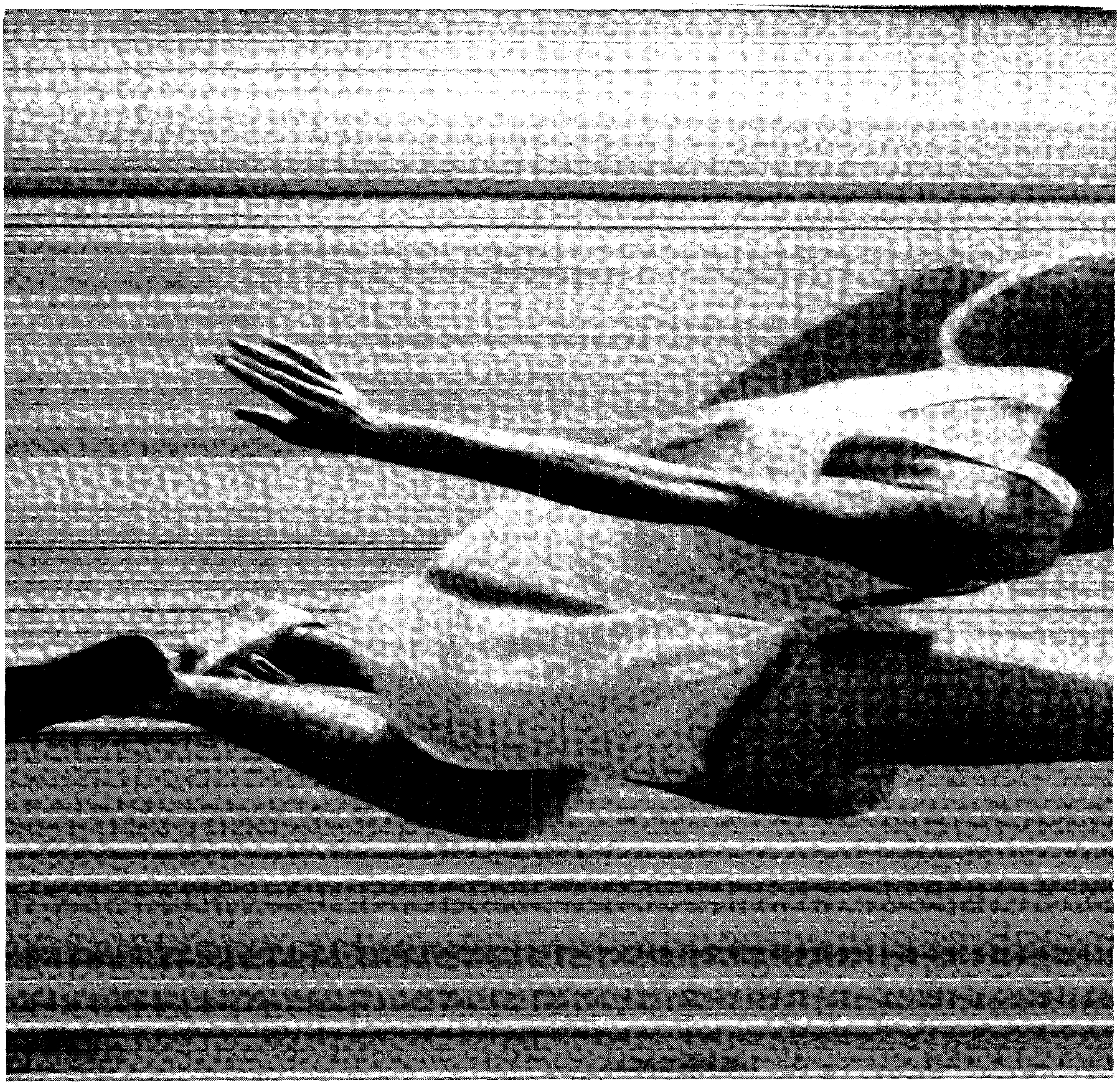
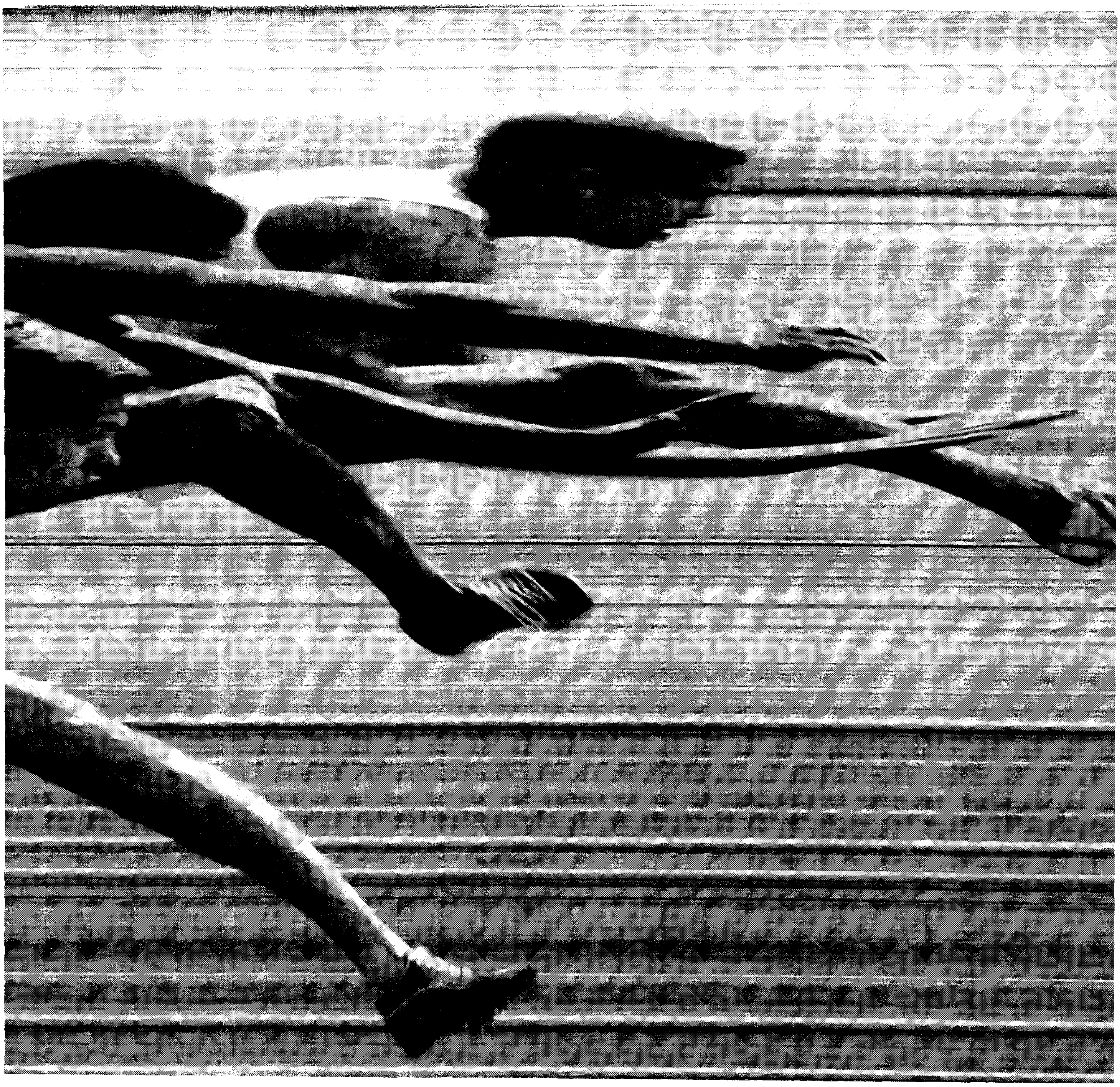


Photofinish camera snaps hurdlers in practice. IBM computers help bring you Olympic results faster.

Speed!

Seconds after each dash, leap and splash, IBM computers help you get Olympic scores



TOKYO—1964. It's the biggest, busiest, most complicated Olympic competition in history. There are nearly 7000 athletes from 98 different nations. They are competing in 4000 *different* contests, supervised by some 5000 judges and officials.

As many as 25 different competitions will be taking place *at the same time*—at sites as far as 94 miles from Tokyo.

How in the world can anyone keep up with them all? It's being done at electronic speed with an IBM Tele-processing system.

IBM computers flash the news

Each second, this computer network flashes news *as it is happening* to reporters at 32 Olympic sites. In minutes, the official scores are on worldwide news networks.

Stored in these computers are rosters of every event and every athlete, along with an encyclopedia of Olympic sports information.

The capacity and speed of computers enable them to carry on hundreds of different tasks at the same time. They enable you to keep up with yacht races at Enoshima, 37 miles south of Tokyo, *and* equestrian matches 94 miles north.

Judging is simplified with computers. In gymnastic and diving competitions, computers record the points each judge awards, then calculate all the final scores *in seconds*.

As the Olympic games end, the computers will have completed a full statistical record of all events—in three languages. In previous Olympics, this same job took *months*.

Computers don't think, but they speedily correlate thousands of facts to bring you the fastest, smoothest Olympic scoring in history.

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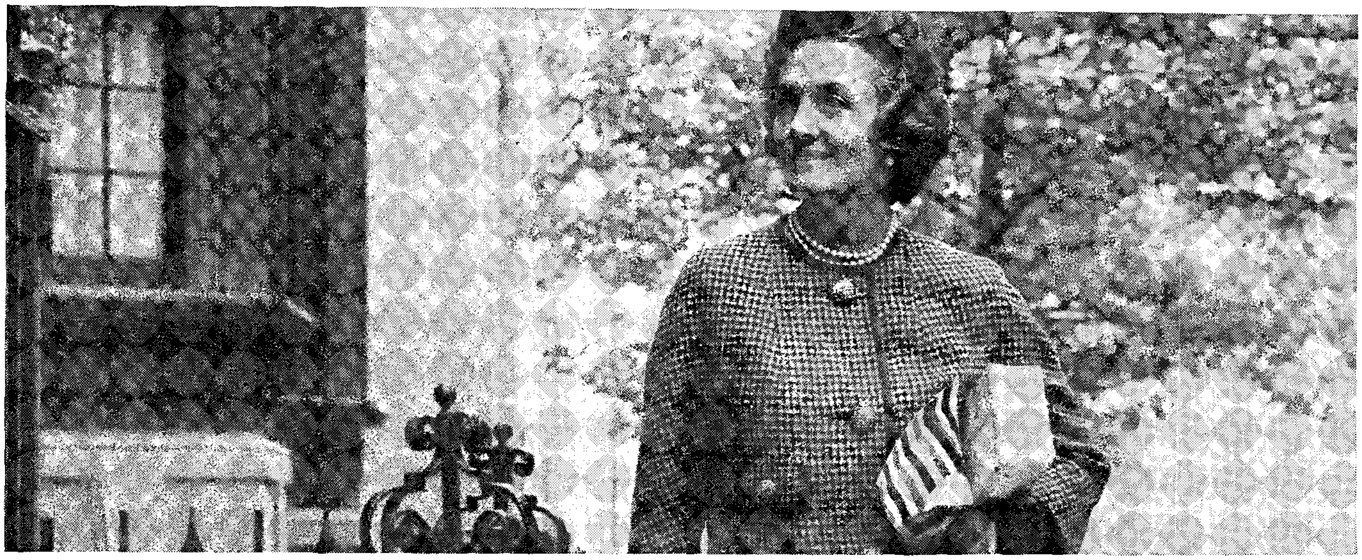
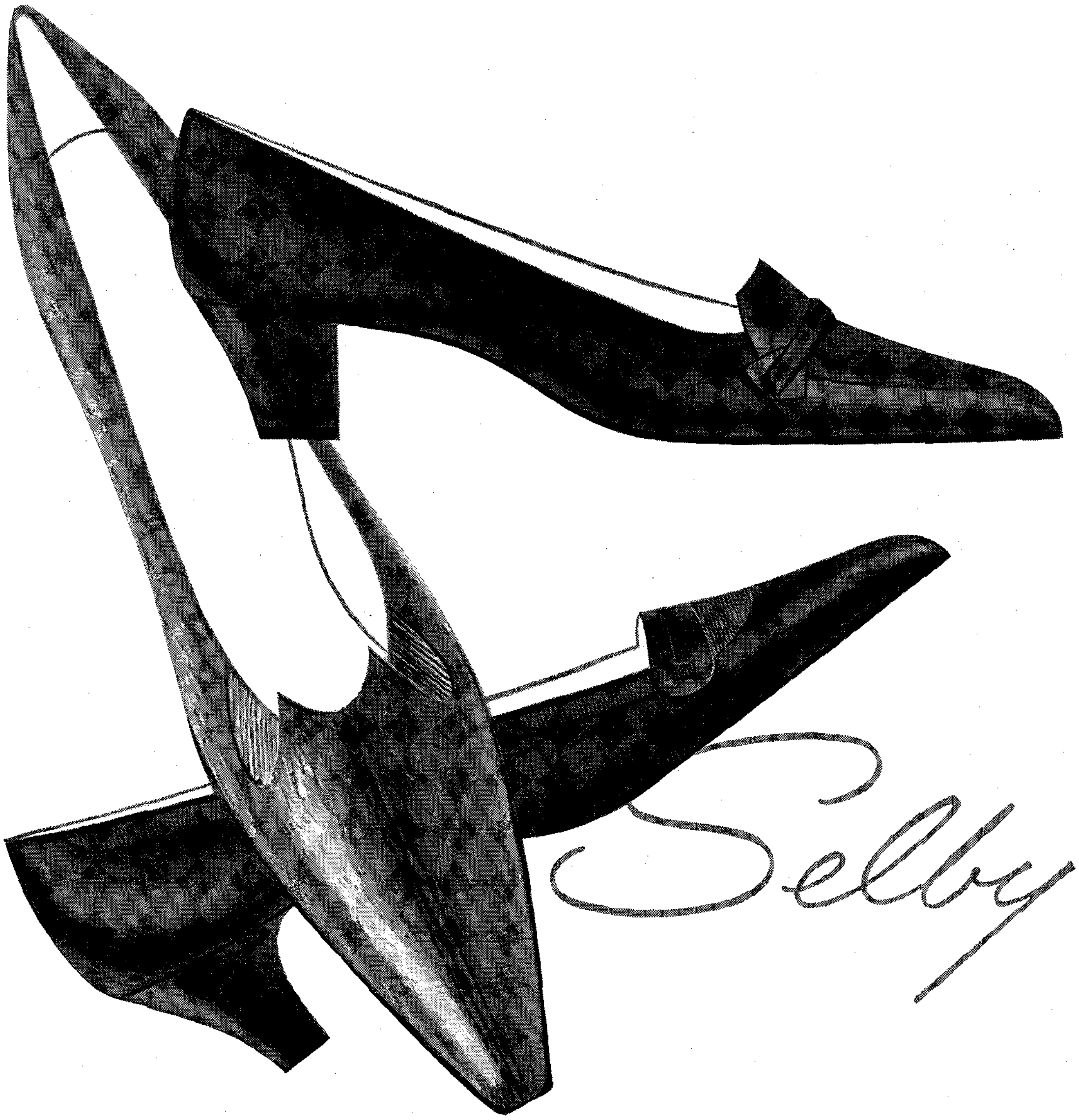


You'll be glad you chose a Selby... instead of just wishing you had

Who can put a price on the difference between a fashion that is unquestionably right and one that is less so? Particularly where the subtle distinctions of finer craftsmanship mean more meticulous detailing . . . the luxurious softness of truly elegant leathers. And then, there's Selby's incomparable ease. It's simply priceless.



A brisk city walk is all smooth, clinging comfort in these gently elasticized Selbys. They mold to your foot beautifully. Support tirelessly. *And they look so flattering on their confident Lo-Way heels.* Top, Midtown. Center, Times Square. Bottom, Rapture. About $18 to $19. Slightly higher in the West. For name of nearest retailer, write Dept. NY-104-S, Selby Division of The United States Shoe Corp., Cincinnati, Ohio 45207

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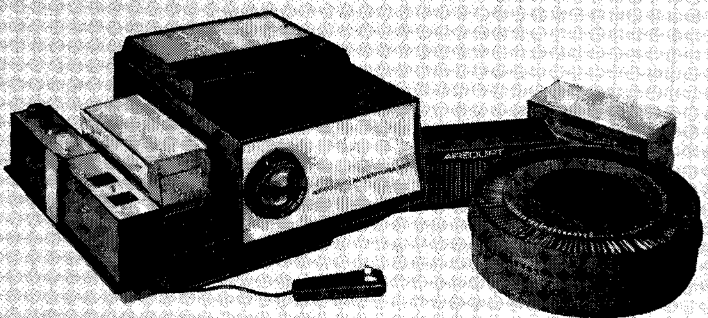

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You are if you can appreciate the brilliance of an f2.8 lens. You are if you want magazines that do more than just hold slides... like Airequipt Metal Magazines that protect slides in metal frames... Vari-Mount Magazines that take slides in different mounts... and new Airequipt Circular Magazines that show 100 slides continuously. You're ready for the Avventura if you want a projector with a startling beauty of its own. A projector with every conceivable feature... from fully automatic remote control to a retractable lens cover. You're ready for the Airequipt Avventura if you must have the ultimate in slide viewing, handling and protection.

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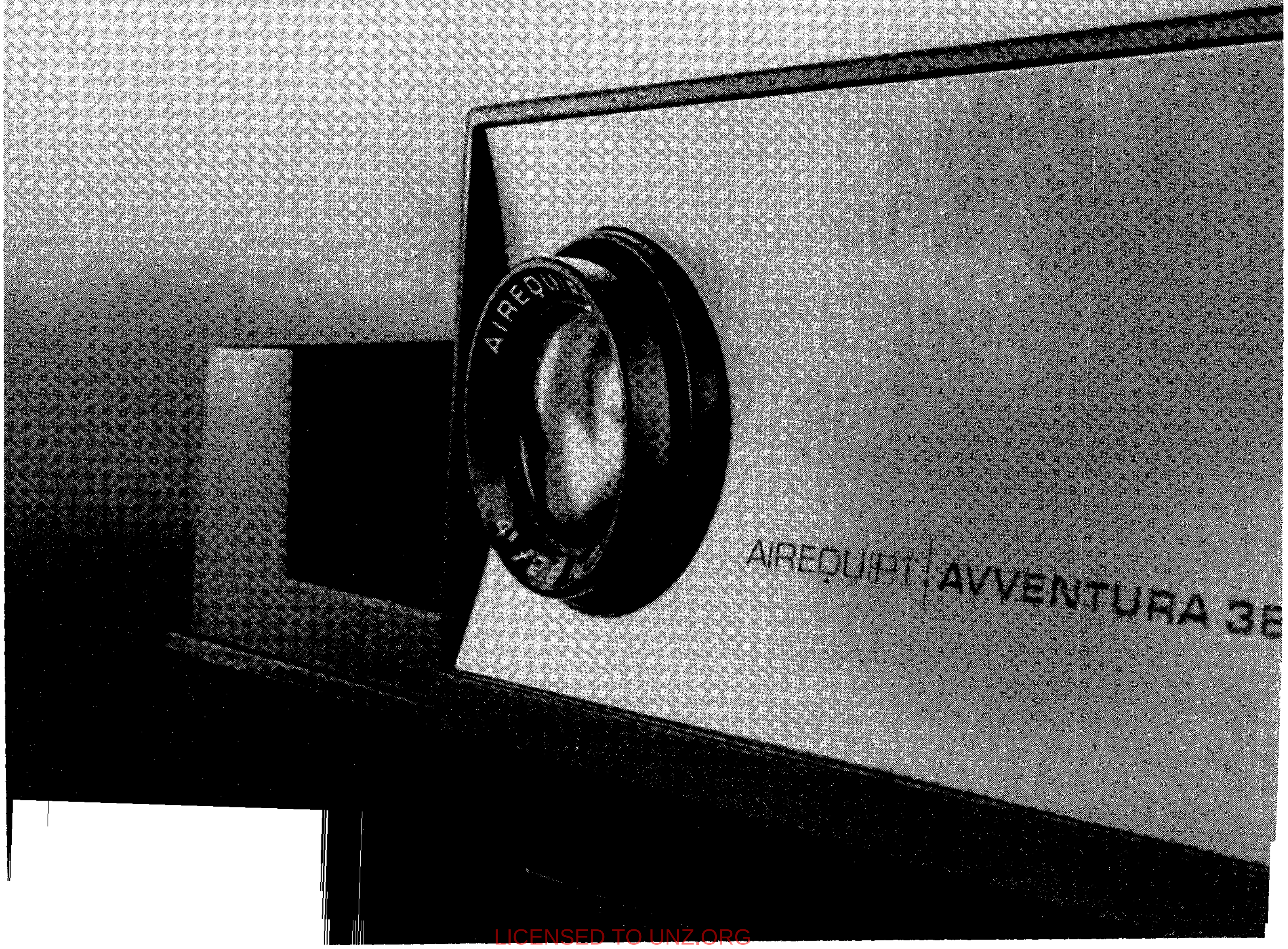
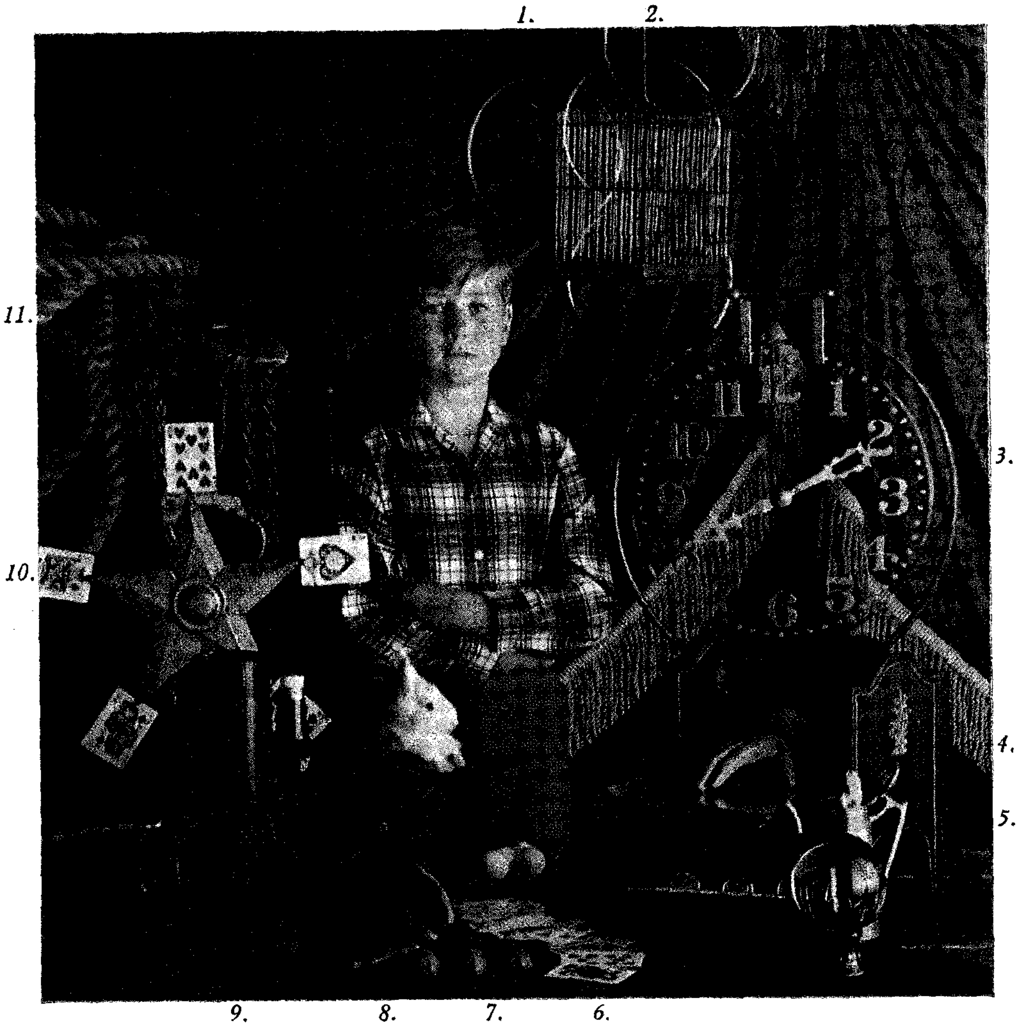




Rob Roy

(and his world of hocus-pocus)

What's the secret of the spirit clock? How did magic get its name? Which shell is the pea really under? Rob Roy is a wizard who knows all the answers. Here he works wonders and wears a shirt that's a wonder, too. It's Viyella®, a fabric famous around the world for luxury and durability. Woven in Scotland of 55% lamb's wool, 45% extra-long staple cotton, it's washable and wearable, lightweight and warm. It comes in this handsome Victoria Tartan, sizes 6 to 12, 11.00; sizes 14 to 20, 13.00; at fine stores.

1. **Metal rings** are used for one of magic's oldest tricks. How they are linked has puzzled people ever since the trick was first performed (probably in China) centuries ago.

2. **The appearing bird cage** first appears with a real canary inside. The bird is released. Then, faster than you can say "abracadabra," it reappears back in the cage. Tricks that use animals, large props or people are called "illusions;" others, using coins, cards or sleight of hand, are called simply "magic tricks."

3. **This spirit clock** is a real old-timer. When the audience calls a number, the magician spins the pointer, walks away, and the hand stops precisely on the number called. (A clock-like mechanism does the trick. It can be preset and controlled by the magician.)

4. **The rapping hand** answers audience questions—with one rap for "yes," two for "no," and any number for numbers. This one is an original Hornmann hand. Hornmann was the first to create a hand that could be passed to the audience for examination. (How is the trick pulled off? By an unseen assistant who pulls an "invisible" string.)

5. **This magic teapot** isn't everybody's cup of tea. Pour from the pot, open the top, and out pops a mouse! (The secret? A top-secret compartment.)

6. **Card tricks** are countless so always have an ace up your sleeve if the audience's attention starts to wander.

7. **The three shells.** Never bet on which one the pea is under. You may end up shelling out your entire allowance.

8. **Top hat tricks** still top them all. One of the most popular tricks in any magician's bag, pulling a rabbit out of the hat always pulls applause.

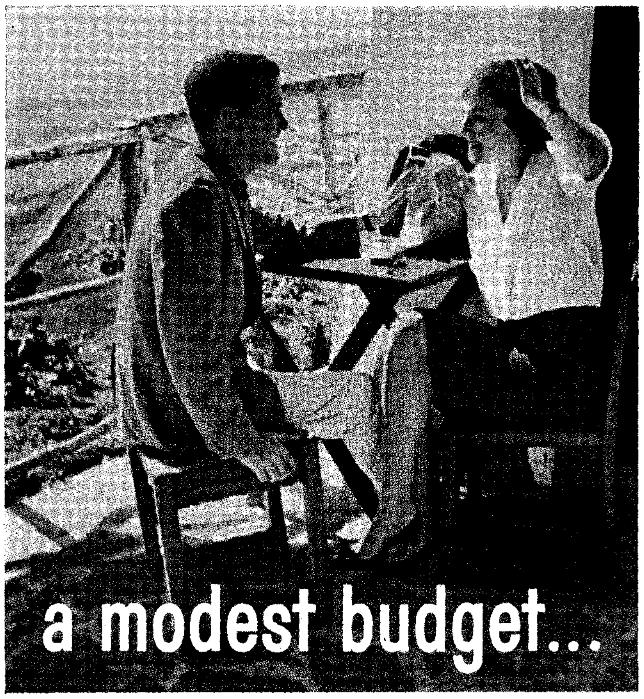
9. **Passe bottles.** The red cylinders are proved empty, then one is put over the goblet, the other over the bottle. Lifted off immediately, the glass is where the bottle should be, the bottle where the glass should be! (Think twice and you may learn the secret.)

10. **The great card star.** Everybody gets a bang out of this. Five cards are selected by the audience, torn to bits by the magician and put in a blunderbuss. He aims at the empty star and, quick as a shot, the cards reappear on its points. (The star gives a clue to how magic got its name—from ancient astrologer-wise men called Magi.)

11. **Classic escape act equipment.** The great Houdini was probably the most famous magician and escape artist of modern times. He could free himself in moments from handcuffs and astonished police and public throughout the world with his sensational escapes from "escape-proof" prisons. How he did it remains a mystery. Certainly his great physical strength helped (and so did some specially designed equipment), but the real secrets are locked in the past.

VIYELLA® TAILORED BY
ROB ROY SHIRTS FOR BOYS

Things to take to Spain:


a modest budget...

great expectations...

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Truly, Spain is Europe's most beautiful travel bargain. You can live there happily for $10 a day–you can live like a king for very little more.

How to get there? Iberia. The courtesy and cuisine are in the classic tradition of Spain itself; the modern jetliners are the finest, newest and best-maintained in the world. In fact, only Iberia flies daily from New York to Madrid with *extra-power fan jets* on every flight.

Fly to Spain in comfort and confidence aboard Iberia. You'll come back with money in your pocket and memories to last a lifetime.

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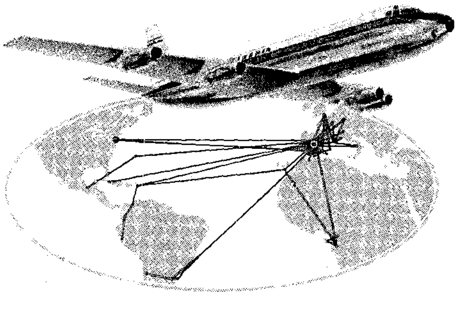

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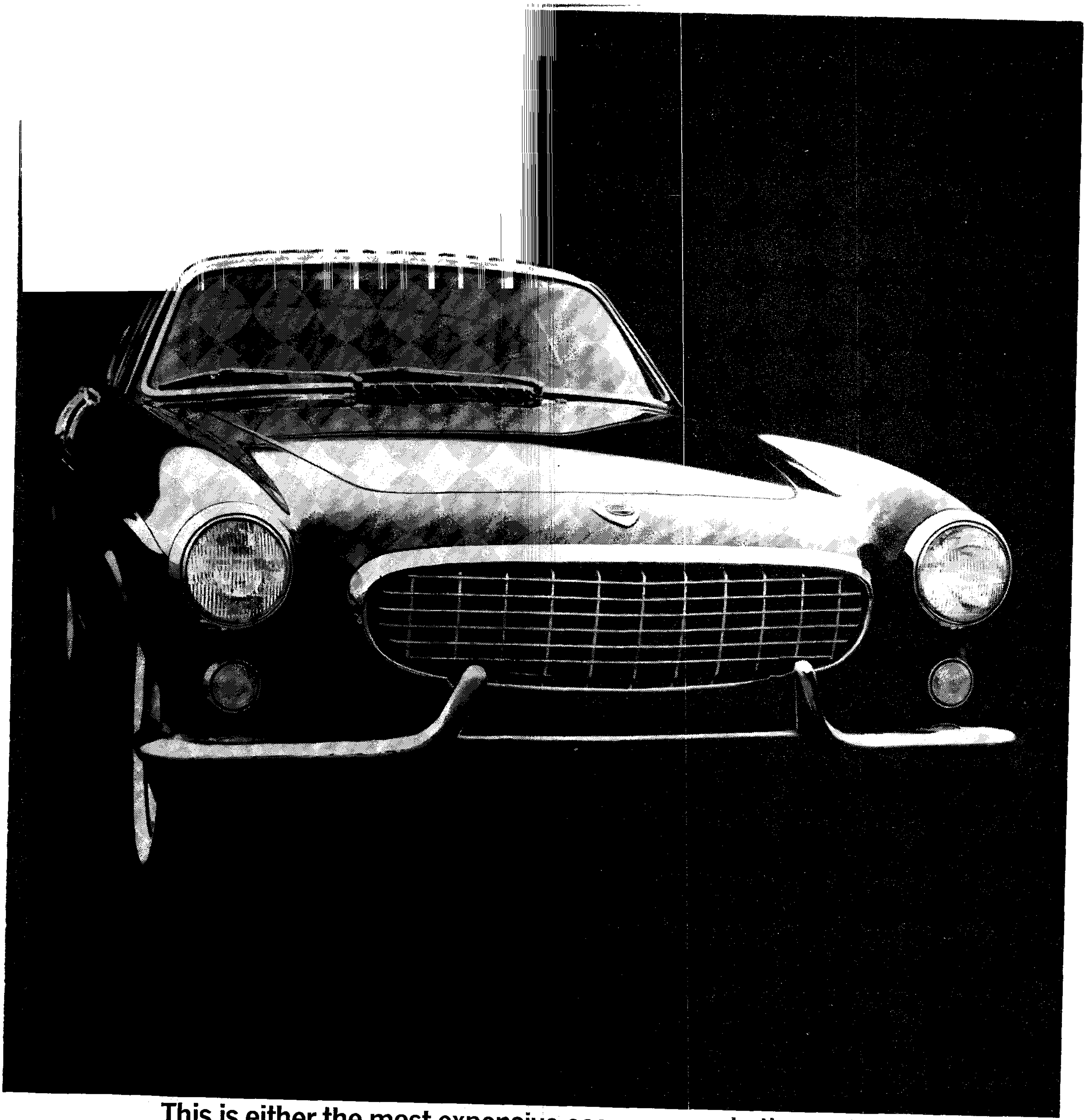
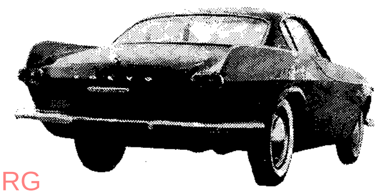


This is either the most expensive economy car in the world, or the least expensive Gran Turismo car in the world. We'll sell you either one.

Loafing at 70 mph, the Volvo 1800 S gets 29 miles to the gallon*—better gas mileage than the leading economy car gets at the same speed. Yet Road & Track magazine calls the 1800 S "a very civilized touring car for people who want to travel rapidly in style, a Gran Turismo car of the type much in the news these days—but at a price that many people who cannot afford a Ferrari ($12,900) or an Aston Martin ($12,500) will be able to pay." So which is it? You decide. If a tinge of guilt over self-indulgence has been keeping you from owning an 1800 S, repeat to yourself, "It's an economy car, an economy car, an economy car..." If Gran Turismo prices have been keeping you from owning an 1800 S, repeat to yourself, "$3995, $3995, $3995†..." *With overdrive

†Manufacturer's suggested retail price East and Gulf Coast POE. West Coast POE slightly higher. Overseas delivery available. See the Yellow Pages for the dealer nearest you.

VOLVO



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MODEL: MICHELANGELO'S DAVID

IFI translates weather wear into sophistication for the urbane gentleman from Rome to New York. Shown here is a selection from the distinguished new *Italian Rainaissance Collection.* A masterpiece of meticulous detail, created with pride by the artisan craftsmen of Italy. Each coat boasts the miraculous IFI-Dura flouro-chemical water repellent finish (the finest known to science). Fifty to one-hundred and five dollars at distinguished stores. IFI ITALIAN FASHION IMPORTS, MILANO AND 1290 AVE. OF THE AMERICAS, N.Y.C.

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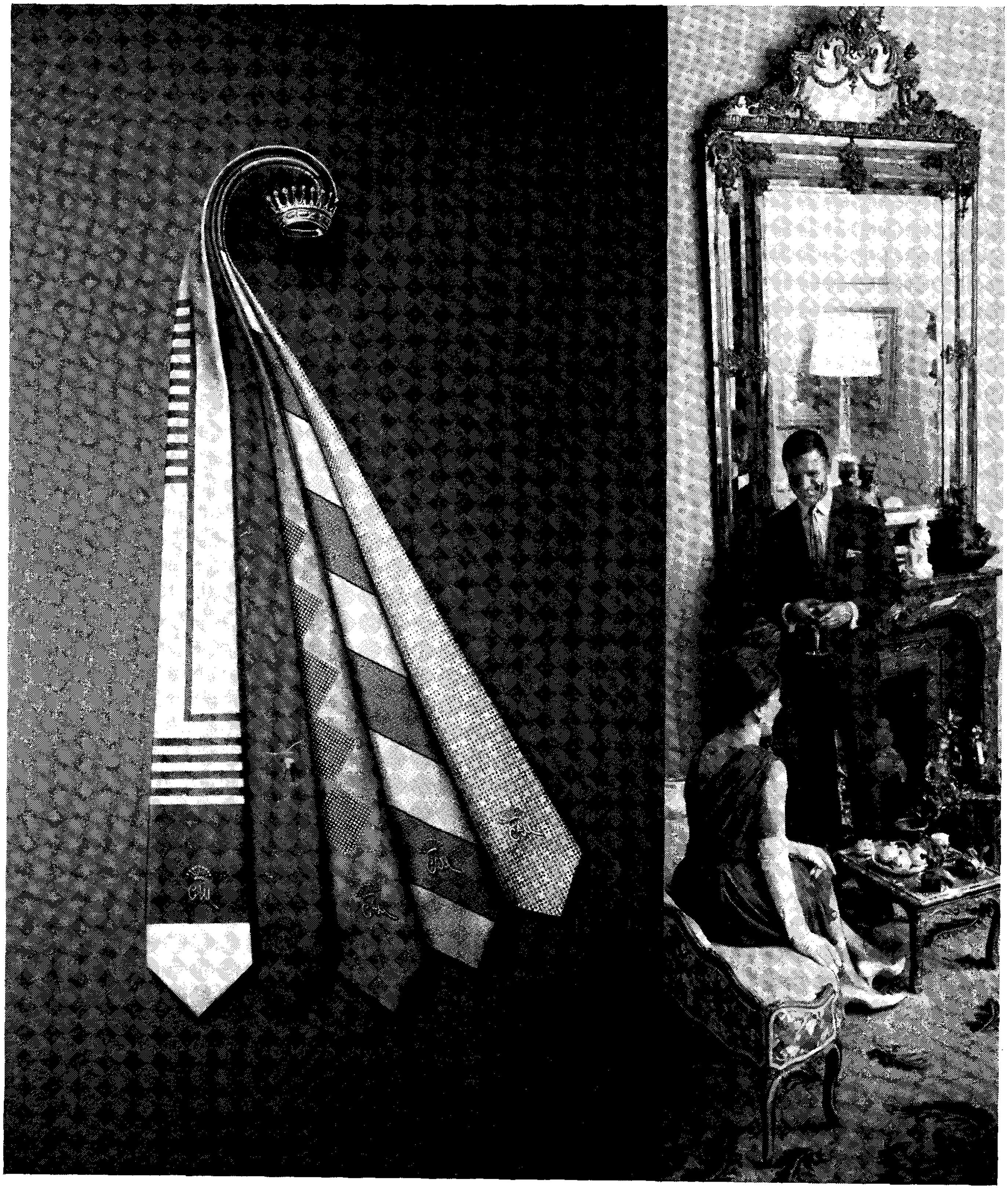
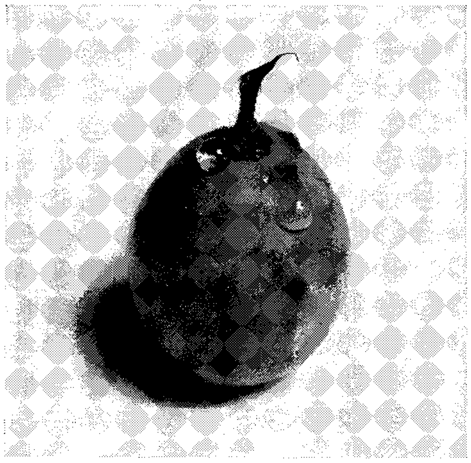


Countess Mara designs for one man in a million

Each devotee of Countess Mara has his own individual approach toward his collection of these ties. Some can reel off the names of every pattern, texture and color variation of every Countess Mara tie they own. Others are content merely to enjoy their possessions. From any viewpoint, Countess Mara designs offer endless pleasure. And endless variety, in ties ranging in price from $7.50 to a few as high as $100 . . . all with the same famous embroidered monogram. Countess Mara, 110 East 57th Street at Park Avenue, New York

25 YEARS OF CRAVAT FASHION Countess Mara

Enter the Great Grape



It came from the Grands Crus or Premier Crus Vineyards of the Champagne District near Paris. It makes the difference between just champagne and a great French Champagne.

The grapes make the difference. Starting from the ground up the production of great champagne hinges on the most extreme selectivity. French law allows only 33,000 acres of the entire Champagne District to be cultivated for champagne grapes. Only half of these qualify as Premiers or Grands Crus Vineyards...the "Great Vineyards" designation, where soil and sun combine to bring the grape to its fullest splendor. Bollinger has owned vineyards in these small, restricted sectors since 1829. Bollinger uses grapes *only* from these sectors. Vineyards are rated between 70% and 100% according to quality (slope of hillsides, chalkiness of soil, etc. vary); grapes used by Bollinger average a quality rating of 97%. That is one of the highest accorded any champagne maker.

Get the best of the Grands Crus. Luscious Black Pinots for body and bouquet; White Chardonnays for delicacy. Educated hands prevent a single imperfect grape from going to press. By now nature has passed her perfect grapes on to man and Bollinger's precise and wonderful art of champagne-making takes over.

Use only the first two pressings. French law permits three pressings of the grapes, but Bollinger uses only the juice from the first two. Over the years, Bollinger has found that this is the surest way to extract the true greatness from the grape.

Small oak casks for first fermentation. Bollinger's small oak casks allow superior quality control and permit the wines to develop their individual characteristics.

Make the cuvee or blend. Wines from different areas in the District have different characteristics. They must be properly married to produce a properly balanced champagne. A sensitive task indeed. It calls for a lifetime of working with the grape — and an extraordinary gift for tasting to judge how new wines will taste five years hence. Mme. Jacques Bollinger, head of this old family firm since the death of her husband in 1941, continues the family tradition of personally supervising the making of the cuvee.

Be patient. In France, law decrees Vintage Champagne must age at least three years. Bollinger keeps their Vintage wines in their cellars at least five years before shipping.

This year BOLLINGER BRUT 1959 completes its long, gentle journey to your wine merchant. "59" is acclaimed as a champagne year to remember. BOLLINGER BRUT 1959 is the epitome of this great vintage year.

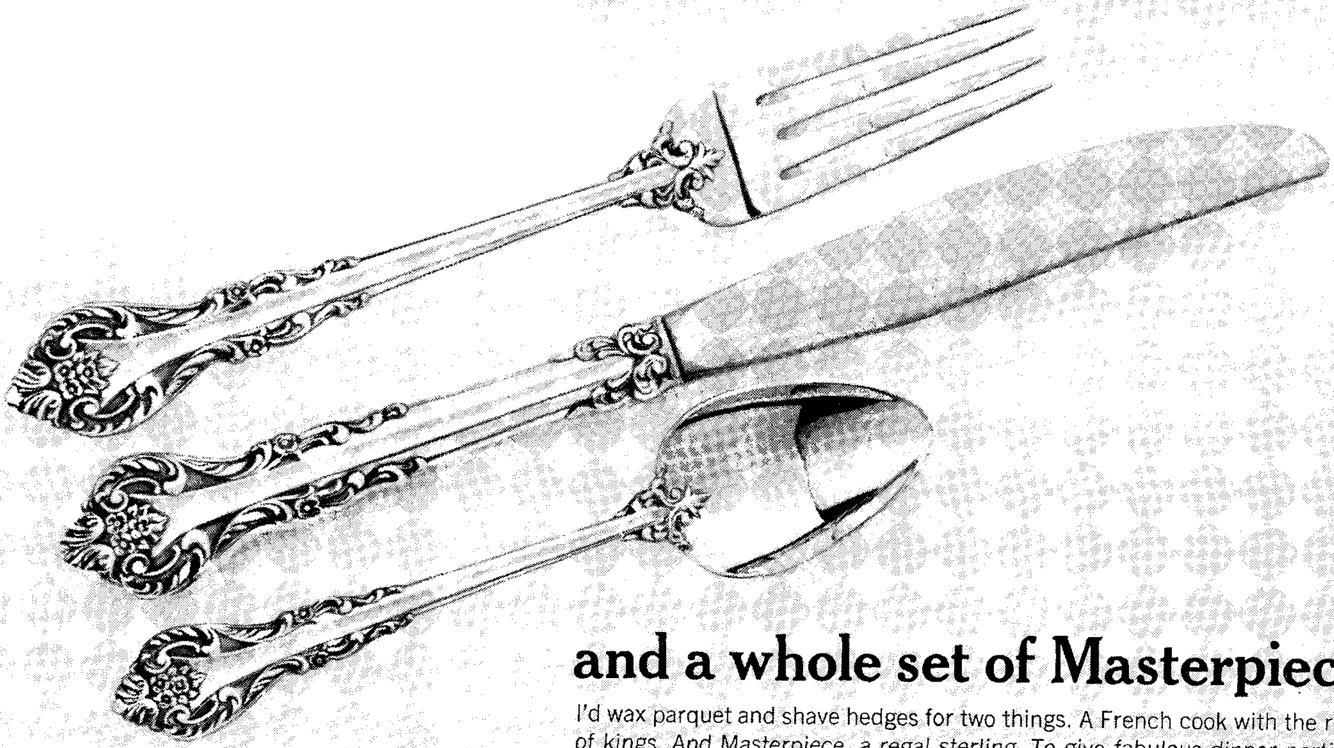
1959
BOLLINGER
Extra Quality
BRUT
Vintage

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY.
QUEEN ELIZABETH II
PURVEYORS OF CHAMPAGNE. J. BOLLINGER

BOLLINGER
BRUT
The Aristocrat of French Champagne

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC.
NEW YORK

I want a French cook



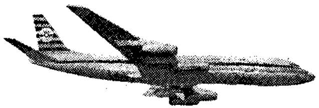
and a whole set of Masterpiece

I'd wax parquet and shave hedges for two things. A French cook with the recipes of kings. And Masterpiece, a regal sterling. To give fabulous dinner parties ten nights in a row if I want! (We can't supply a cook. We can offer Masterpiece, sterling inspired by fantasy gardens of Versailles. Scrolls, flowers, royal shell: Masterpiece inherits the opulence of Louis XIV.) 3-piece setting, 29.50. Bride's Set, 44-piece service for 8 with chest, 386.00. (Open stock is 451.00. Save 65.00.)

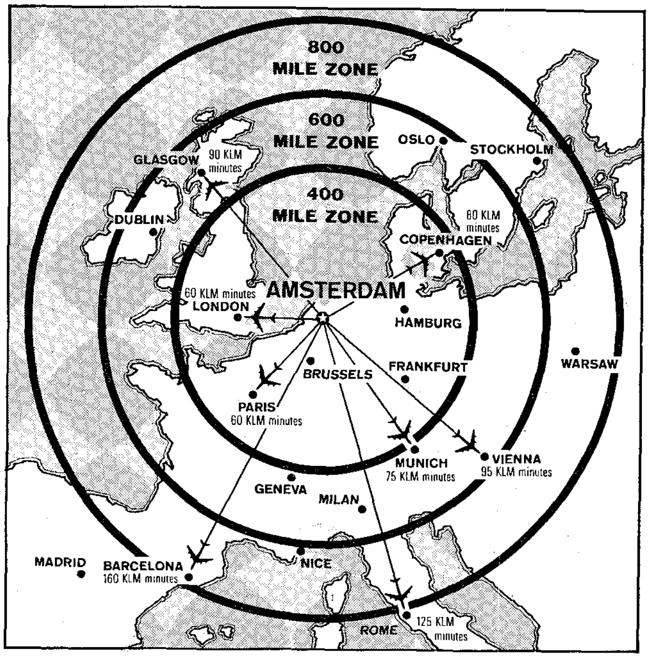
International Sterling

Made by The International Silver Company, Meriden, Conn. Prices incl. Fed. Tax

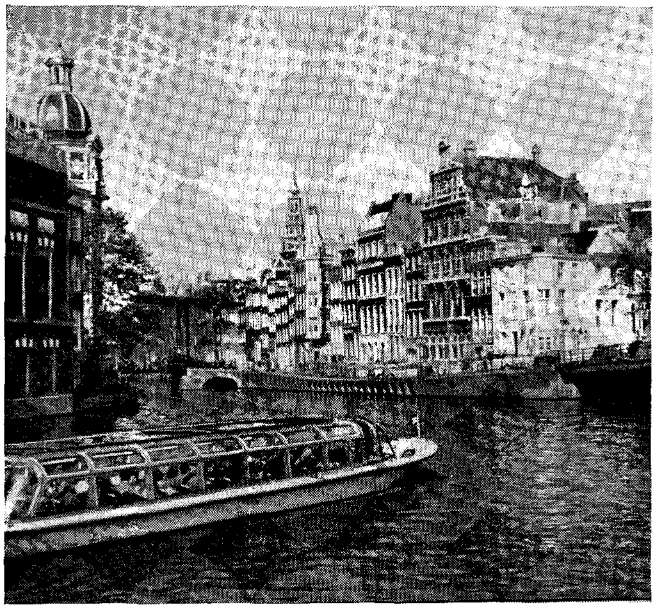
Surprise Guide to Amsterdam



Reliable KLM will fly you to any of 40 cities in Europe. But sophisticated travelers *start* in Amsterdam, the city of 22 surprises. Here are 8 of them. Clip coupon for *more* surprises.

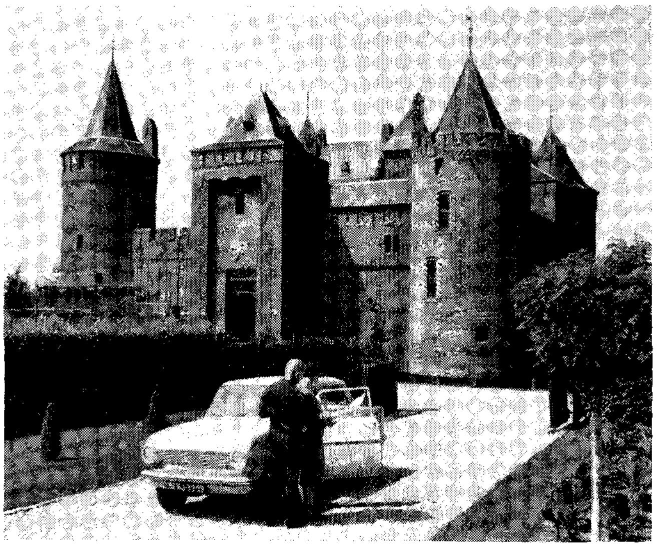

800
MILE ZONE
600
MILE ZONE
400
MILE ZONE
OSLO
STOCKHOLM
GLASGOW
90 KLM minutes
DUBLIN
80 KLM minutes
COPENHAGEN
60 KLM minutes
LONDON
AMSTERDAM
HAMBURG
BRUSSELS
FRANKFURT
WARSAW
PARIS
60 KLM minutes
MUNICH
75 KLM minutes
VIENNA
95 KLM minutes
GENEVA
MILAN
MADRID
BARCELONA
160 KLM minutes
NICE
ROME
125 KLM minutes

Surprising location. Amsterdam is Europe's travel center. There are 14 capitals within the 800-mile circle above (note KLM flight times). And 30 express trains depart daily.

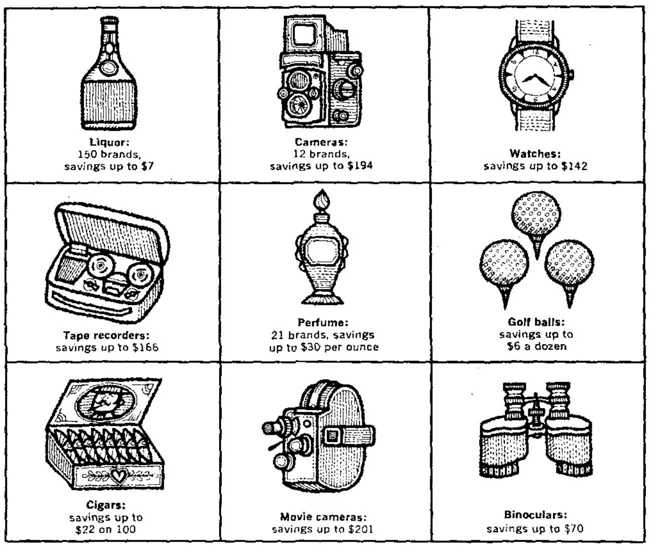


Surprising canals. Legend says a fall into the Gentlemen's Canal brings riches. If you'd rather be dry than rich, see the canal from a sightseeing boat. A 75-minute tour: 60 cents.

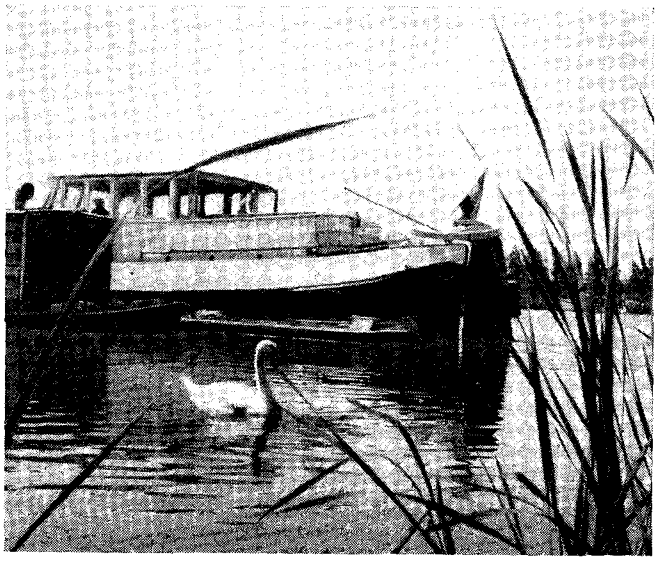
Surprising food. Amsterdammers love good food—and plenty of it. This 30-dish *rijsttafel* costs about $3.50. And the biggest *broodjeswinkel* (sandwich) you ever ate is 15 cents.



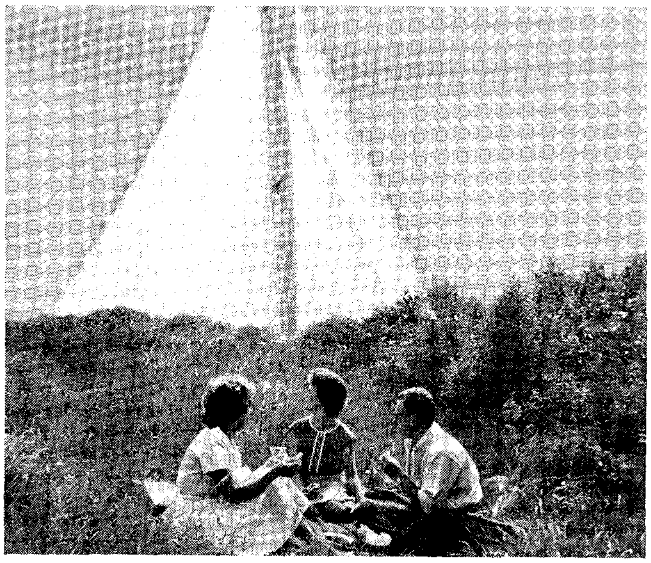
Surprising castles. *Muiderslot* is one of 12 old castles within an hour's drive of Amsterdam. Some have spooky taverns. Others have elegant guest rooms. Cost: from $4 a night.


Liquor:
150 brands,
savings up to $7
Cameras:
12 brands,
savings up to $194
Watches:
savings up to $142
Tape recorders:
savings up to $166
Perfume:
21 brands, savings
up to $30 per ounce
Golf balls:
savings up to
$6 a dozen
Cigars:
savings up to
$22 on 100
Movie cameras:
savings up to $201
Binoculars:
savings up to $70

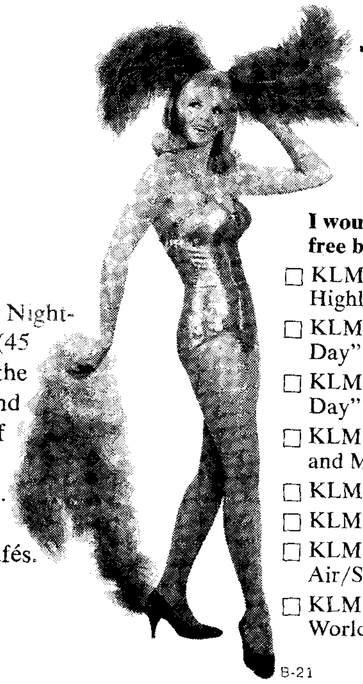
Surprising bargains. Amsterdam Airport has Europe's largest tax-free shopping center. You can save up to $142 on watches, $194 on cameras, $30 on perfumes and $7 on liquor.



Surprising tours. A rented boat, complete with skipper, costs 6 people about $4.75 daily per person. You can see most of Holland *by water.* It has 4,400 miles of navigable waterways.



Surprising sights. As you picnic in a meadow, a ship may sail by *above you.* It's not an illusion. There's a canal *on top* of the dike—one of the hundreds that protect Holland.



Surprising night life. Nightclubs are *numerous* (45 of them); *lively* (see the ecdysiast at right); and *reasonable* (a glass of Dutch jenever gin costs about 30 cents). Amsterdam also has over 200 sidewalk cafés.

Clip coupon for free 16-page brochure.

☐ **Please send me "KLM Guidebook to Travel—Fall and Winter 1964-1965" containing travel tips, money-saving ideas and more facts about Surprising Amsterdam.**

I would also like free brochures on:

- ☐ KLM's Mediterranean Highlights Air/Sea Cruises
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- ☐ KLM's Around-the-World Tour

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State ______________ Zip Code ______________

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(My travel agent is)

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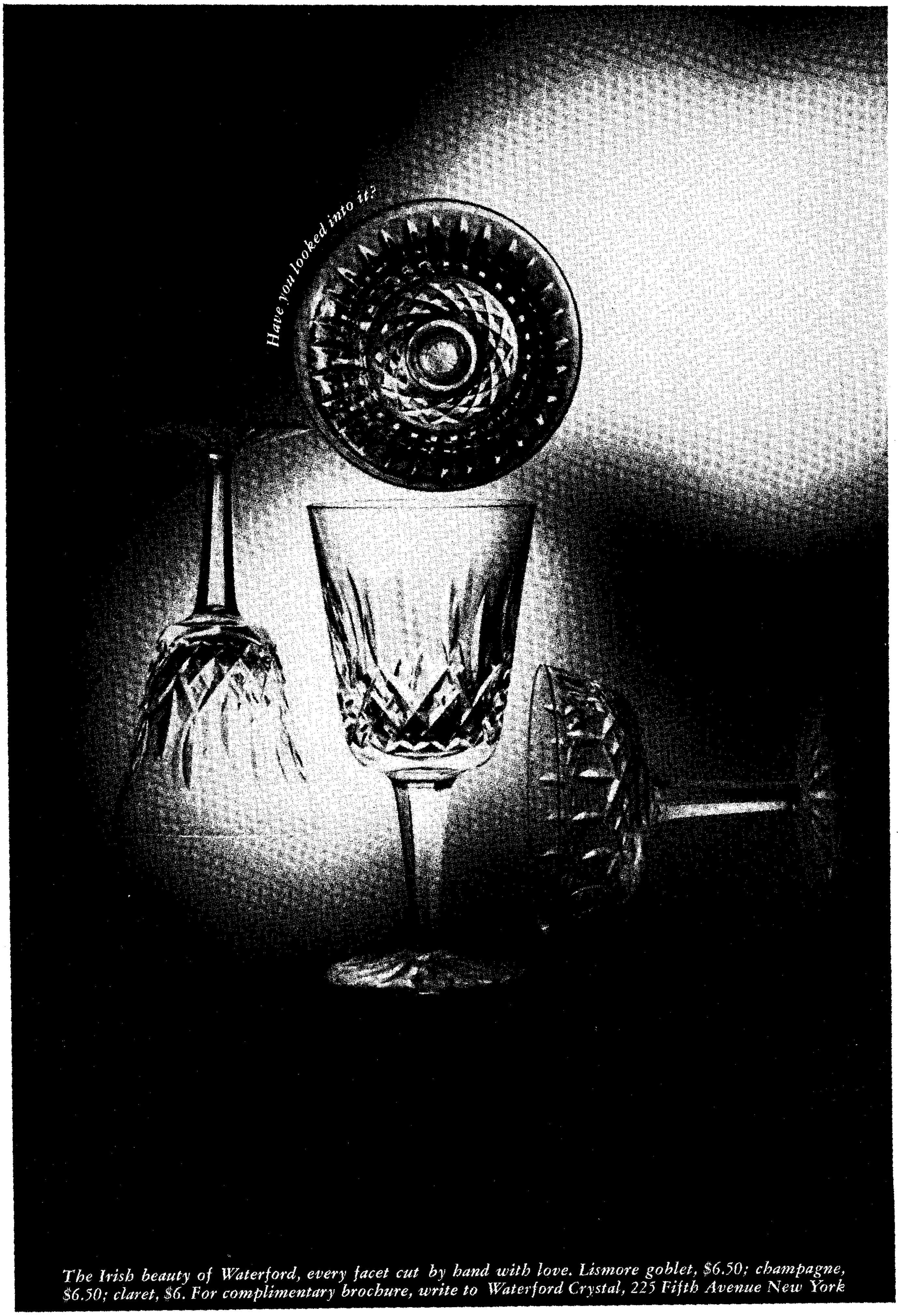
New York, N.Y. 10017

KLM

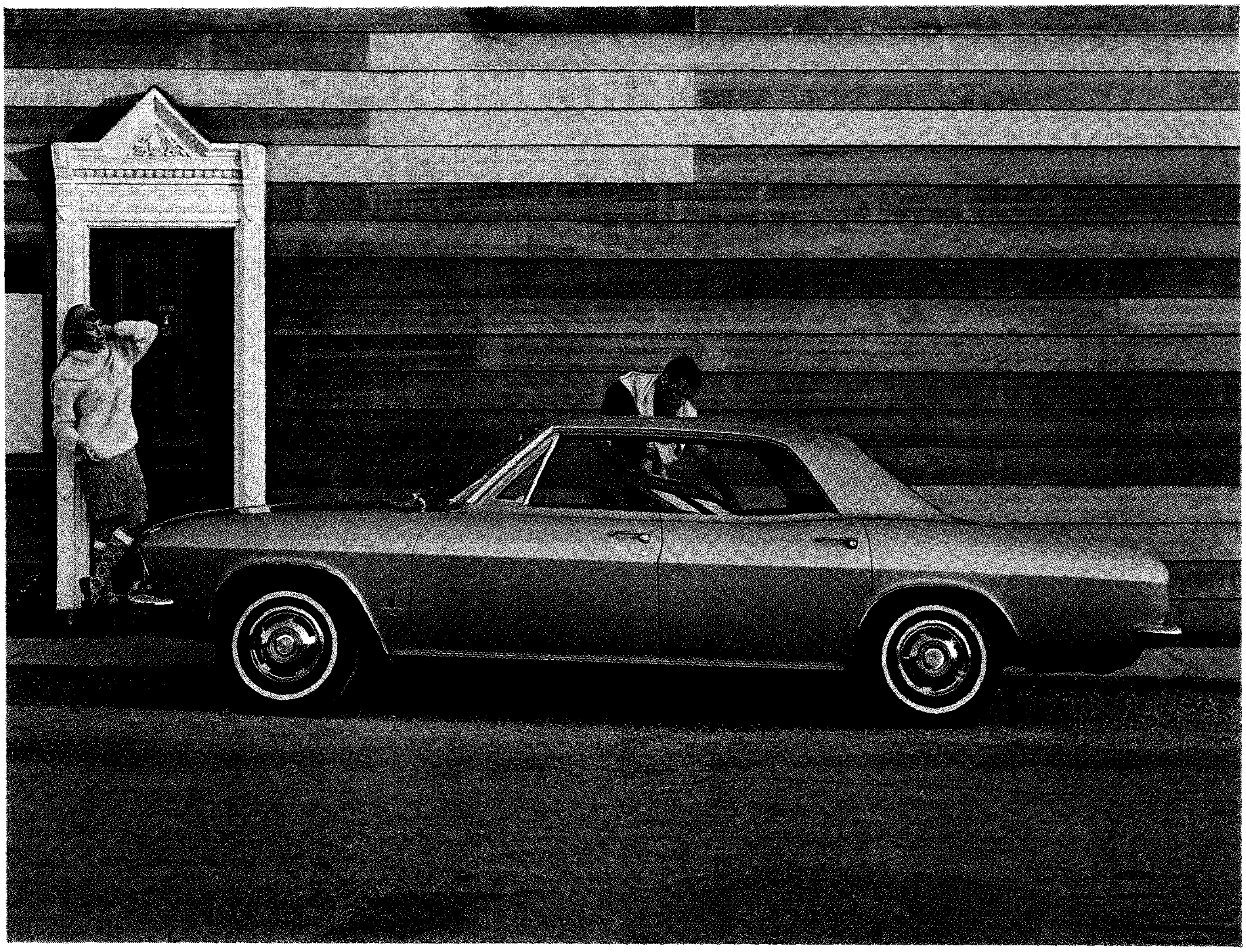
ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES

B-21


Have you looked into it?

The Irish beauty of Waterford, every facet cut by hand with love. Lismore goblet, $6.50; champagne, $6.50; claret, $6. For complimentary brochure, write to Waterford Crystal, 225 Fifth Avenue New York

New Corvair Monza Sport Sedan, one of 7 new hardtops and convertibles for '65.



This year, all the coupes and sedans have hardtop styling—even the lowest priced ones

'65 CORVAIR by Chevrolet

There's no pillar between the side windows to come between you and the view. All Corvair coupes and sedans are that way for '65—on top of everything else.

Corvair for '65 is freshly new from the roof line on down. You get smart hardtop styling on every series — the new Corvair Corsa, Monza, even the lowest priced Corvair 500. On both Sport Coupes *and* Sport Sedans.

That all-new Body by Fisher is as sporty as anything you'll see on either side of the Atlantic. It's longer, wider, roomier. Easier to get in and out of. And those smart curved side windows allow extra shoulder room.

There's power to spare, too! You can order the Corvair Corsa with a new 180-hp Turbo-Charged engine instead of its standard 140-hp Turbo-Air job. Other air-cooled rear engines include the standard 95-hp for the Corvair Monza and 500 series plus a 110-hp and 140-hp available for them on request.

Even down where the rubber meets the road, Corvair's all new. It has a new wider tread, front and rear. Bigger brakes. New 4-wheel independent suspension system and crisper steering for a more stable ride plus even nimbler cornering and easier handling.

So come in. Get acquainted with the '65 Corvair. It's sure to be a lasting friendship.

Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

CHEVROLET

HENREDON FURNITURE IS SOLD IN SELECTED STORES ACROSS THE COUNTRY.

ROBE BY ODETTE BARSA.

"SCOTCHGARD" Repeller is a product of
3M COMPANY

live dangerously...with Henredon!

(the fabric's protected by "SCOTCHGARD" Repeller)

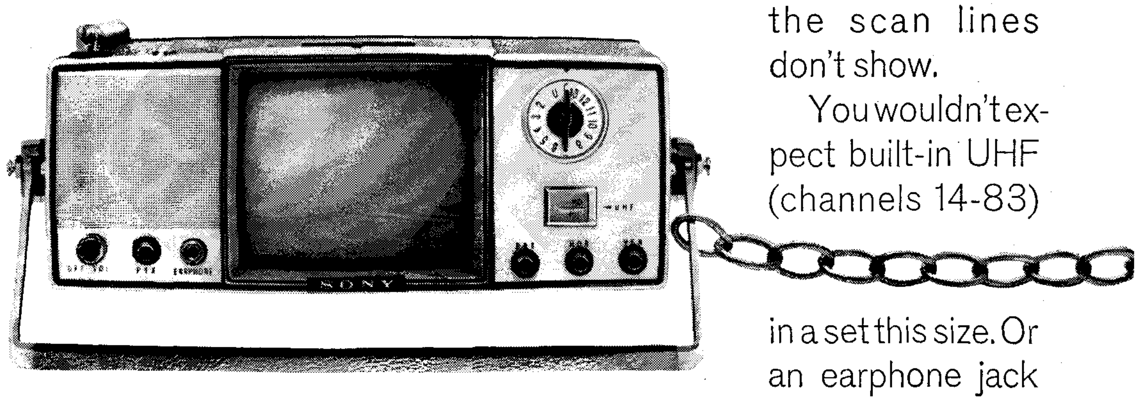
What's the compatibility quotient of babies and upholstery? Extraordinarily high, *if* the fabric has been treated with "SCOTCHGARD" Brand Stain Repeller. That's why Henredon specified this unique fabric treatment. "SCOTCHGARD" Repeller takes the worry out of spills. Liquids (even oily ones) accidentally splashed on treated fabric remain surfaced and can be readily blotted up. Stains forced into fabric spot-clean, seldom leave a ring. Live happily ever after with baby. Insist on Henredon furniture—Henredon furniture protected by Scotchgard STAIN REPELLER

©SONY CORP. OF AMERICA

The new 4 inch Sony is so portable the stores have to keep them chained down.

"I have been shoplifting for 20 years," read an unsigned note we received recently. "But I never thought the day would come when I could stuff a whole TV in my purse and walk out with it."

Most of our dealers never thought the day would come either, but we kept warning them. "When a portable is only 3⅛ inches high and 8½ inches wide and 6½ inches deep and weighs less than 6 pounds," we said, "anybody could lift it." They finally realized that this was one TV set that had to be watched.



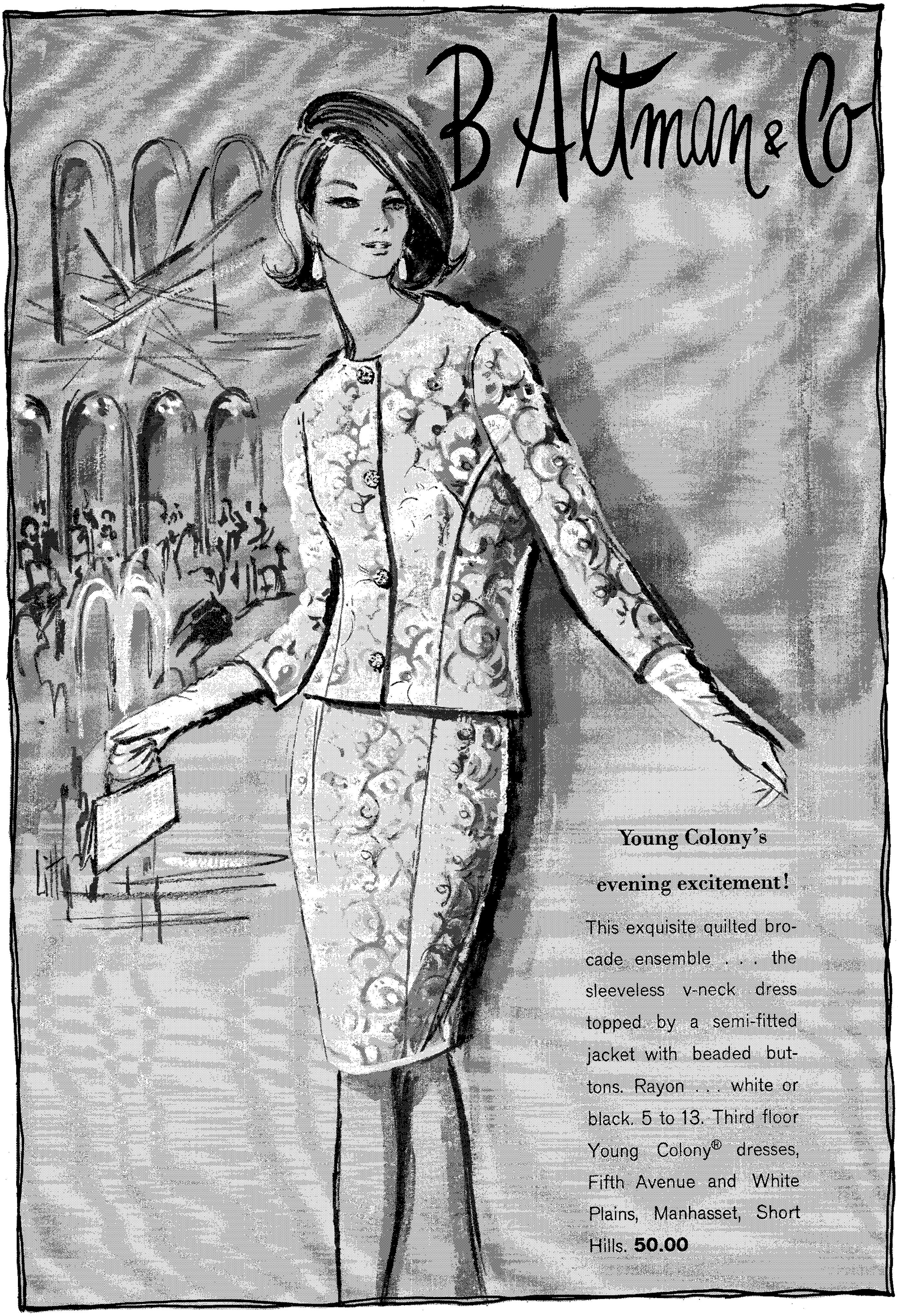
Actually when you think of what you get, the 4 inch Sony is a steal, even if you pay for it. Take the batteries, for instance. They're built right into the chassis. You don't carry a separate battery pack. Just slip the case over your shoulder like a pair of binoculars, and you're off.

We didn't get our set this small by taking a big one and shrinking it. Every part was specially designed. Like the 32 Sony transistors that give heat-free operation for longer playing life with less servicing. They're so good that we give a 5 year warranty on them. So you know that wherever our set goes, it goes.

The picture comes on almost before your fingers leave the switch. And it's the sharpest picture you've ever seen because the scan lines don't show.

You wouldn't expect built-in UHF (channels 14-83) in a set this size. Or an earphone jack for private listening. But you get them. And with the Sony telescopic antenna, you also get reception as strong as you would from the roof-top kind. That may be hard to believe, but it's easy to see.

Maybe you think it's wrong to keep such a portable portable in chains. Want to strike a blow for freedom? Bring your dollars to a TV dealer. Liberate a Sony.®



Young Colony's evening excitement!

This exquisite quilted brocade ensemble . . . the sleeveless v-neck dress topped by a semi-fitted jacket with beaded buttons. Rayon . . . white or black. 5 to 13. Third floor Young Colony® dresses, Fifth Avenue and White Plains, Manhasset, Short Hills. **50.00**

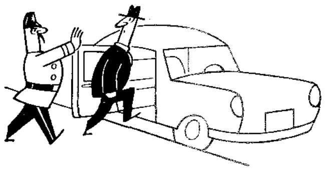
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WITH all possible tact and deference, we would like to call the attention of William S. Hults, the New York State Commissioner of Motor Vehicles, to an article called "Alien's Return," in the September issue of the English magazine *Encounter*. The article is an account by the émigré wit and writer George Mikes of a recent visit to his native Budapest, and it contains a number of shrewd observations on the Hungarian Communist regime. In discussing the proliferation of bureaucracy, Mr. Mikes argues that its excesses are "inherent in the system," and continues thus:

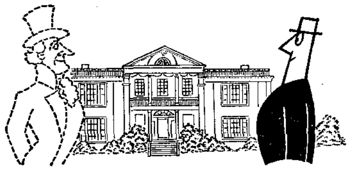
> The great tyranny has disappeared; the small tyranny still strangles life. Let's suppose a man passes his driving test. He is told so and then he is forbidden to drive his car home. He must not drive as an L-driver (a T-driver in Hungary) because he is no longer a learner; on the other hand, he must not drive as a licensed driver either because no one may drive without his license in his pocket (he may be arrested if he does) and obviously he has not yet got the document. So he must wait a few days, possibly a whole week. Passing the test has resulted in his losing his right to drive. A minor anomaly, you may say. Of course it is. But it is symptomatic and life is full of similar idiocies.



Commissioner Hults will doubtless be interested to observe that the Hungarian procedure, whose lunacy is supposedly inherent in the Communist system, is an exact duplicate of the method employed by New York State, except that our applicants are not even told on the spot whether they have passed or failed the test. We scarcely know what to make of this strange parallel. Although Mr. Mikes' argument has a certain plausibility, we cannot bring ourself to believe that the Department of Motor Vehicles is a hotbed of Bolshevism; on the contrary, we are aware that the Department maintains the right to revoke the licenses of Communists, thereby making the state's highways safe for democracy, if not necessarily for drivers. Nevertheless, we are strongly tempted to insist upon the Hungarian parallel, in the belief that a sensitive public agency will be much more likely to act to clear itself of any imputation of Communism, however ludicrous, than to change a bureaucratic procedure because it is merely stupid.

Toy

WE'VE been up to Boscobel, the Palladian villa that sits, shining and self-enchanted, in a high green meadow on a bend of the Hudson, near what is said to be the town of Garrison and might just as easily be Cloud-Cuckooland. On the occasion of our visit—toward sundown on a burnished and fragrant autumn afternoon—the house and its setting seemed of a freshness altogether at odds with time (Boscobel was begun in 1804; one finds it impossible to believe that it has weathered a hundred and sixty years) and even, mischievously, with space, for such was the skill of its unknown architect that its scale deceived our eye. Though a mansion of many rooms, high-ceilinged and with windows tall enough to walk through, it looked at first glance like a princess's painted wooden doll's house, set down on a velvet carpet among sponge-and-paper trees. As we circled the house, we saw to the south a great brown marsh and a sheet of river water stretching, in dinted ruffles, to the sullen battlements of West Point; to the west lay a rose garden, on its brick walks a few fallen maple leaves, and to the north an apple orchard, its intricately pruned branches sagging under the weight of their profuse, unblemished fruit. To the east we saw State Highway 9-D snaking its coarse, concrete way past the front gate of the property, but we put the blame for this anomaly on the usual impertinence of geography. Boscobel remained aloof, imprisoned in the crisp fall air like a dream inside a dream, and not the faintest sound of traffic reached our ears.



Architectural historians consider Boscobel one of the most beautiful houses in the country, and its beauty is of a kind—delicate and playful, with swags of carved wooden drapery over the second-story portico, and Adam-style ornament on its lamps and chimneypieces—that takes most people by surprise, because when Boscobel was built, America was still a comparatively newfound land. How did its owner dare to erect such a charming, impractical toy in what had been so recently a wilderness and, it must have been assumed, would always be a hard-worked and thinly populated farmland? No matter—the toy stands, and we can be grateful to the owner for his courage and perhaps folly in devoting a fortune to the creation of a fashionable rural retreat. The owner's name was States Morris Dyckman; born in 1755 and the scion of an influential New York family, he was a Loyalist during the Revolution, serving in the Quartermaster's Department of His Majesty's Army. Whatever financial rewards he may have deserved (or, at any rate, claimed) took years of incessant haggling with His Majesty's public servants to secure, and it wasn't until 1803, after a long stay in England, that he returned home with plenty of pounds, shillings, and pence; eleven trunks of books; twenty cases of goblets, silverware, chinaware, and other household effects; the floor plans for his house; and its name, which he appears to have borrowed from a well-known country seat in Shropshire, and which comes from the Italian for "beautiful woods." Dyckman had chosen as the site of his retreat Montrose Point, overlooking the Hudson in what is now the town of Crugers, and in 1804 the first materials for its construction were ordered—three hundred logs, seventy-six planks, and twenty thousand shingles.

In 1806, before Boscobel was finished, Dyckman suddenly died. The following year, his widow and young son moved into the house, and descendants of the family remained in residence, though in steadily worsening circumstances, until 1920, when the estate, much diminished, became a public park. Unoccupied and untended for long periods, the house gradually decayed, and in 1955, when the Veterans Administration took over the park as the site of a hospital, it was sold to a housewrecking contractor for thirty-five dollars. At this critical moment, Mrs. DeWitt Wallace, of the *Reader's Digest*, and the writer Carl Carmer, along with some other students and admirers of Hudson River Valley history and architecture, formed a corporation called the Boscobel Restoration, which succeeded in raising the money to purchase the house, to acquire thirty-six acres of highly desirable and miraculously unbuilt-upon land some fifteen miles farther up the Hudson, to move the dismantled house from Crugers to Garrison, to restore it inside and out, to fill it with appropriately elegant furnishings, some of which, like the dining-room sideboard, had been made for Boscobel and had to be retrieved for it at great cost, and to throw it open, at a small charge, to the public. To date, something like three million dollars has been spent on Boscobel, and well spent. As we strolled about the house and grounds the other afternoon, we thought of how pleased the fastidious ghost of States Dyckman must be, haunting his house by night, when the last tourist has shuffled away. This is the rural retreat that he didn't live to finish—the Boscobel that he meant it to be, sunny and welcoming in all weathers.

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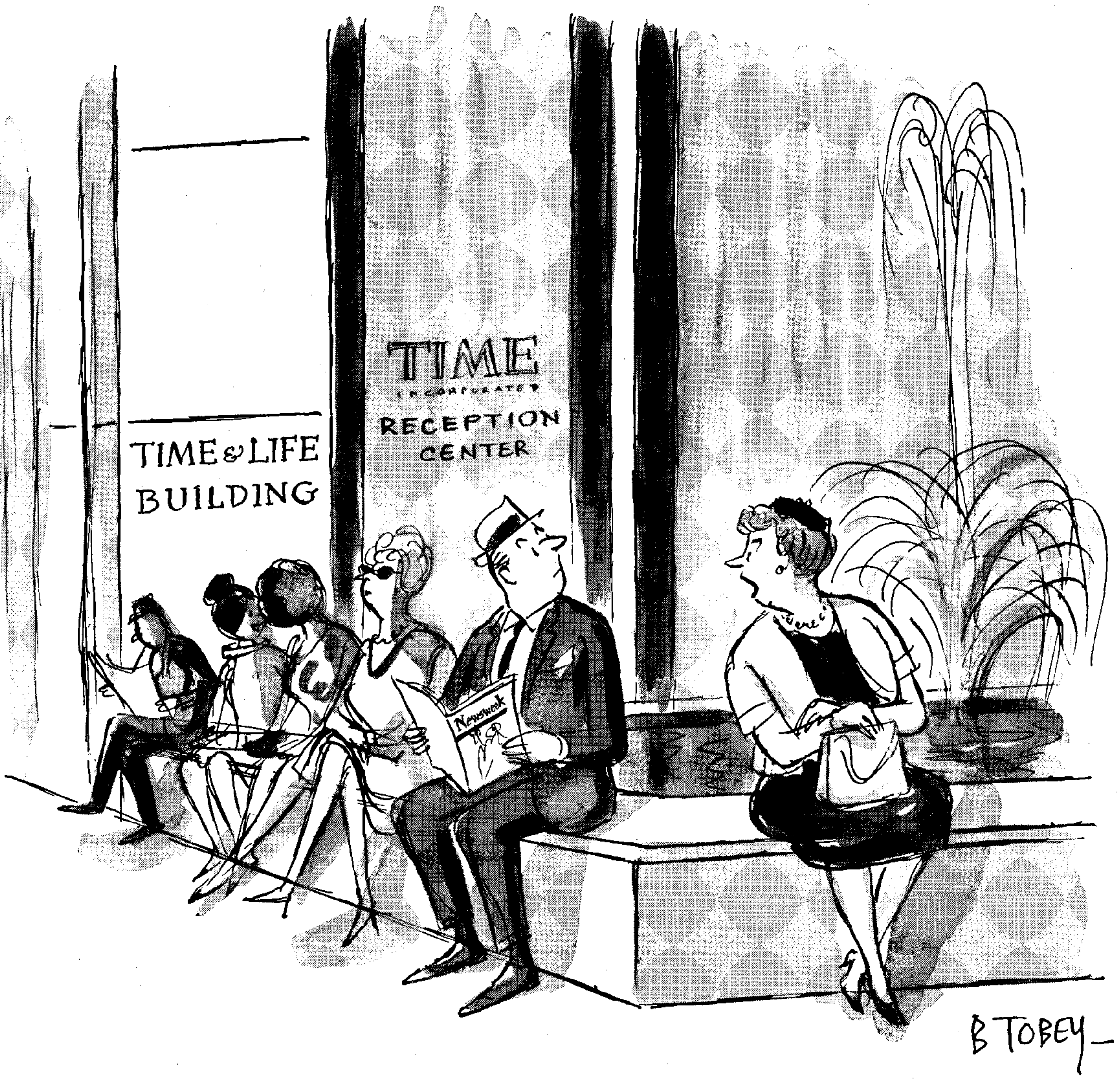
THE reader looking up the entry "Today" in "The Home Book of Shakespeare Quotations" is advised to see "To-morrow."

Special Interest

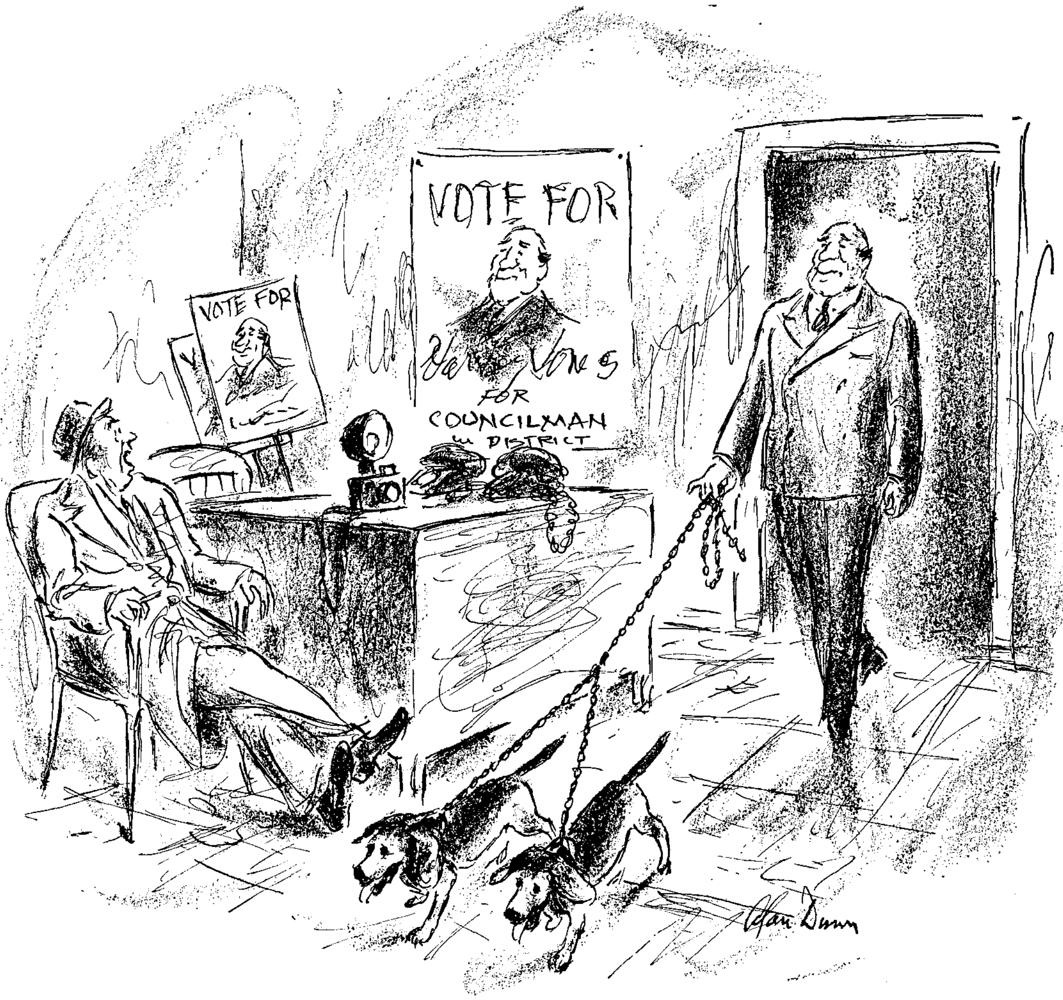
SOME hundred and fifty prominent Negroes—educators and leaders of labor unions, civil-rights groups, and various religious and fraternal organizations—met at the Shoreham Hotel in Washington a couple of weeks ago to evaluate United States foreign policy in respect to Africa. Calling themselves the American Negro Leadership Conference on Africa, and claiming to represent something like three-quarters of the Negro population of America, they discussed specific problems in seminars and wound up making a number of suggestions, in the form of resolutions to be handed on to the President and the Secretary of State. Theodore Brown, a labor economist and the director of the conference, welcomed us on the last day of its three-day meeting and assured us that he and his colleagues were being very down to earth in their expectations. "We don't hope to make African experts out of all twenty million American Negroes," he said. "Nevertheless, we do have a special interest in sub-Saharan Africa, both ethnically and culturally, just as American Jews do in Israel and Italo-Americans do in Italy. Simply as taxpayers, we want to make sure that the independent nations of Africa get their fair share of our economic and technical assistance, and as Negro citizens we want to discover precisely what the United States, having become the leader of the free world, intends



"I don't think it's very nice of you to sit there and read 'Newsweek.'"

to do to eliminate racism in the southern part of Africa.”

We decided to sit in on a seminar dealing with Angola and Mozambique, and Mr. Brown handed us along to a group of delegates in the lobby who were also going to attend it. While waiting for it to start, they were discussing, with an air of skeptical optimism, some remarks that Dean Rusk had made the day before in an address to the conference. The Secretary had said that he would be glad to have the counsel of the conference, and Mrs. Vivian Beamon, a delegate representing The Links, a national social-service organization, now said that she, for one, believed him. “Our interest in Africa started with anthropology and the creative arts, and has gradually become political,” she told us. “Independence in Africa jolted the American Negro and helped stimulate our civil-rights movement, which, in turn, has helped stimulate civil-rights movements in Southern Rhodesia, Mozambique, and South Africa. Everything ties together.”



“Oh, for heaven’s sakes, you’re only running for councilman!”

Dr. John Marcum, the white director of the African Studies Program at Lincoln University, near Philadelphia, who was attending the conference not as a delegate but as a specialist on the Portuguese African colonies, gave it as his opinion that the State Department might be more receptive to concrete proposals than the delegates to the conference had yet realized. “There are a lot of observers from State here, waiting to see what you come up with in constructive terms,” he told the group. “The one great danger is that a permanent Negro lobby on Africa may become too closely linked with our own national civil-rights movement. Suppose President Johnson were to accept policy suggestions on African areas from this organization to compensate for the fact that he found it difficult to make concessions to other Negro organizations on domestic issues.”

Dr. Carlton B. Goodlett, a physician and newspaper publisher in San Francisco, suggested that delegates who were also civil-rights leaders would eventually find it wise to withdraw from the conference. “The two programs mustn’t be traded off against each other,” he said. “The awkward thing is that nearly every Negro leader you can name is already taking a prominent part in the civil-rights movement.”

Augmented by late arrivals, the group adjourned to a nearby room for the seminar, and at once plunged into a highly critical discussion of American policy on Angola and Mozambique. “Our present attitude is destroying Eduardo Mondlane, the head of Mozambique’s National Liberation Front, yet he’s just the sort of person we should want to have serve as the head of a new country,” said Mr. Charles Howard, who runs a news service in New York and travels extensively throughout Africa. “I wish the State Department would realize that it isn’t fooling anybody by this policy of all talk and no action. If we ever had a storehouse of good will in Africa, it’s fast burning down.”

“My view of the situation is a very pessimistic one,” said W. Stuart Nelson, a Howard University vice-president. “We are so involved with Portugal at the moment that I see no chance of our taking official action against it. If the Chinese move into the situation in Mozambique, it may change things to our benefit, because then we’ll be able to argue that the Communists are taking over, and this is sure to arouse the American people.”

“Our real problem isn’t the State Department but the American and European mining companies that own an enormous stretch of mineral-rich territory running from Uganda right down into South Africa,” said Mr. Howard. “Almost every genuine nationalist leader in Africa has been opposed by these great companies. Believe me, they are formidable enemies.”

“This appears to be a political problem but is actually a question of color,” said Mrs. Beamon. “There are strongholds of white power in Africa, and who is going to surrender them voluntarily? We have to admit that if we were white, we’d probably feel the same way. In the end, who will own Africa? Obviously, the Africans. The sooner we face the issue in terms of race, the better.”

As the delegates started to hammer

their views into the form of resolutions, we asked a State Department observer seated next to us what *he* thought of our African policy. "We do what we can," he said. "Portugal is a sovereign country and a member of NATO. We are deeply and publicly committed to self-determination in Africa—Secretary Rusk said so again yesterday—and we've made it clear to Portugal both in the United Nations and elsewhere that we believe she should recognize this principle in respect to her colonies, but I have to admit there's very little evidence that she will coöperate in any peaceful political change. Our policy has been to encourage a dialogue between Portugal and the Africans—a dialogue that could lead to a workable understanding. If the problem isn't solved, it's bound to affect our relationships with all the other African nations. For us, the choice is a hard one. Either we will have to agree to more extreme action or our influence will be sharply reduced in many parts of the continent."

•

Conversation overheard on a Madison Avenue bus between a blond, perky, book-laden schoolgirl and a blond, perky, book-laden schoolgirl:

First Schoolgirl (*quite loudly*): "What are you going to do for the politics assignment?"

Second Schoolgirl: "I don't know. Something, I guess."

First Schoolgirl (*pointing to a poster calling for the reëlection of Congressman John V. Lindsay, Republican, New York*): "How about him?"

Second Schoolgirl (*studying the photograph of the candidate*): "Maybe, but I think he's a Democrat. I couldn't *bear* doing anything about a Democrat."

First Schoolgirl: "How do you know he's a Democrat?"

Second Schoolgirl: "Because he's so cute and normal-looking."

A Creative Thing

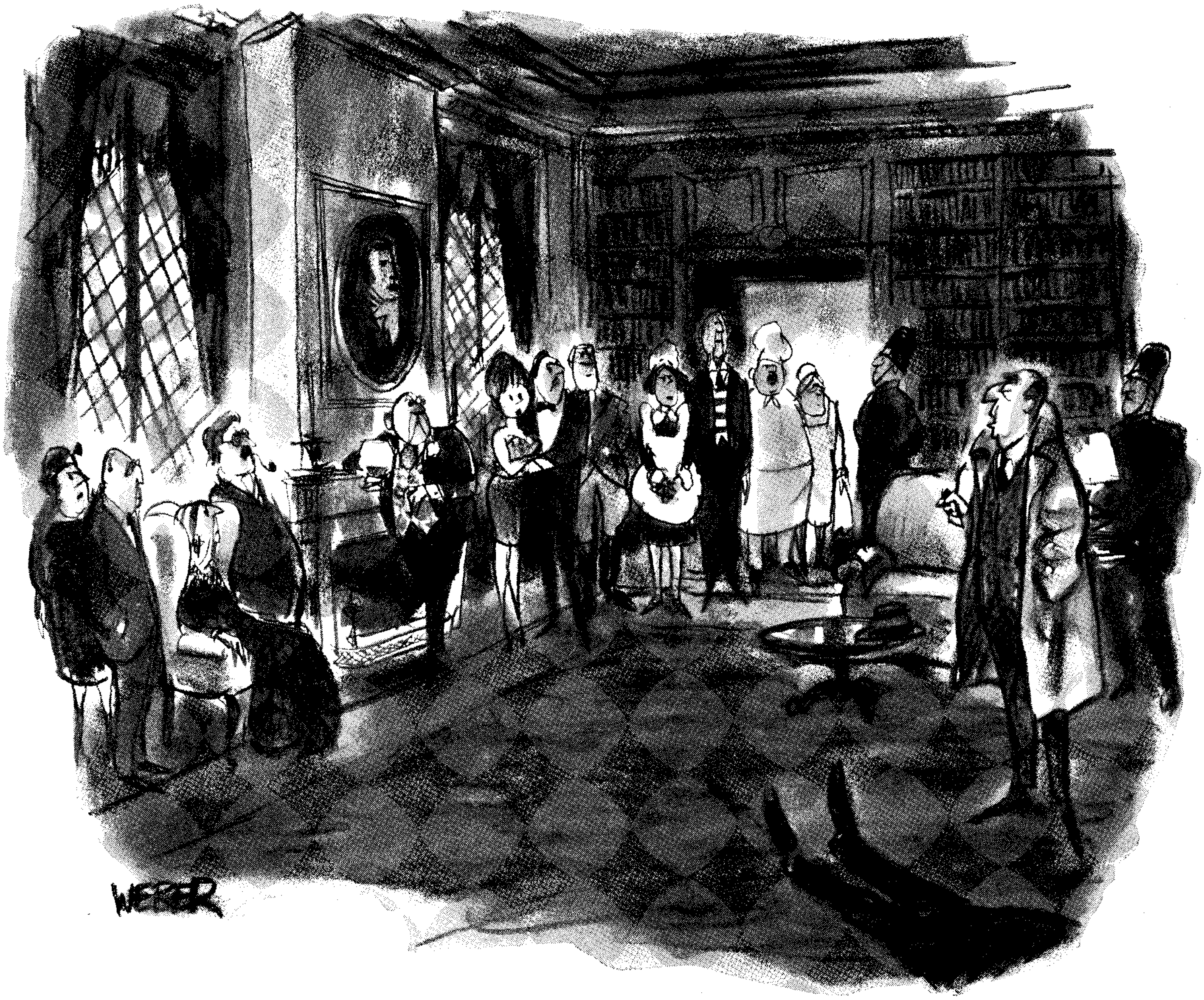
The flute, one of the most ancient and most lyrical of instruments, has long occupied a second-best, decorative position in jazz. We are pleased to report, however, that this injustice may soon be righted singlehanded by an extraordinary twenty-two-year-old flutist named Jeremy Steig. We began to suspect this after hearing Steig's first recording, a Columbia offering called "Flute Fever," in which he demonstrates—on a notably fragile instrument—a technique and tone and fervency as bold and easy as those of the saxophonists Sonny Rollins and Ornette Coleman. Steig's talents are displayed on the record cover as well as inside it. The front of the cover is taken up by a Steig painting of a green-clad flutist dancing his way across a riotous jungle under a van Gogh sun, and on its back are four funny Steig caricatures of the musicians on the record, including a self-portrait that shows the artist, flute in mouth, sitting cross-legged atop a grand piano.

With all this admiringly in mind, we called on Steig one day last week at his small Greenwich Village apartment, and found a slim, brown-haired man with a gentle face and a gentle voice. He ushered us into a room looking out on a garden and containing a low bed, books, a tape recorder, and a worktable, on which two flutes stood like rockets at the ready. We asked him if he was pleased with the record. "Yes, I am," he said. "I wanted to do 'Lover Man' over, and on 'Willow Weep for Me' I mixed up the last two notes on the bridge. But 'Oleo' and 'So What' are pretty much what I had in mind. The session was tough. I didn't sleep for two days, I was so nervous, and the studio was this great big dully lit room that made me feel like a dot. Then the a.-and-r. man and Denny Zeitlin, the pianist he brought in for the record, got this thing going, and it was Denny this and Denny that between the studio floor and the control room until I began to wonder whose session it was. I was on the verge of tears a couple of times. But I'm seeing Columbia next week about another recording. I want to do one of children's songs—'Go Tell Aunt Rhodie' and 'Dark as a Dungeon' and 'What Shall We Do with the Drunken Sailor?' and a great Greek song my mother just brought back on a record from Greece. I play every chance I get, but when I'm out of work, my father, who's the artist William Steig, helps me. Last week, I sat in for a set with Bill Evans at the Café au Go Go. I didn't ask him. I wouldn't have dared. He asked me, and he even paid me. He just reached in his pocket and said he had some old money and gave it to me. Bill Evans can do everything, including play a good game of golf. But he can't play the flute. He kept asking me how I did this or did that. It really boosted me up playing with him. What a great thing to happen!"

We asked for some biographical data, and Steig said, "I took up the flute when I was eleven. My mother suggested it. I knew I could play it, just from blowing on Coke bottles. I've been improvising ever since I started, but I studied three years with Page Brook, of the Philharmonic. I went to the High School of Music and Art, and I started playing jazz when I was sixteen, and started that humming I do when I'm playing—parallel fifths or holding a single note—the next year. The best things about my playing I learned by myself or from records by Thelonious Monk and Rollins and Gerry Mulligan and Miles Davis. I used to sit in at jam sessions around town, but the other horns drowned me out, and who wants a five-foot-two kid with a flute hanging around, anyway? Then two years ago I busted my head in a motor-bike accident down in Bermuda. It paralyzed the left side of my face, and my left ear is deaf. I had to learn how to talk and walk again. I had to *start* again. The doctors said I'd never be able to play, but I relearned, and a funny thing happened. Before the accident, I played very melodic, very strict flute, and afterward it all came out atonal and wild. I couldn't understand Ornette Coleman before, and afterward I understood him perfectly. I can control only half my mouth, so I invented this gadget." Steig held up a two-inch square of what appeared to be matted adhesive tape. "It goes inside my left cheek and it keeps the air from escaping. The tendency is for the right half of my mouth to get stronger and stronger, and I have to keep pushing my food over to the other side, where there's no taste anymore, to try and keep things even."

Steig paused and rubbed the left side of his face. "Would you like some tea? I'll fix it, and you go in the bathroom—just there around the corner—and look at my murals."

We obliged, and were confronted by two huge murals painted on adjacent walls and lit by a high skylight. Both are in the spirit of Steig's album cover, depicting tropical scenes awash with flutists, naked women, big, heavy birds, palm trees, and shouting colors. "When I'm painting or drawing," Steig said, coming in behind us, "my playing is better, and the other way around. I think of my flute as a kind of sound track for my art and my art as an illustration of my flute. I take a sketchbook to clubs with me and draw before I start to play. It's as good as a warmup set. And I draw between sets. Everything works together. You should keep your whole life that way—improvising. Improvise all the time, no matter what



"Who done it?"

• •

you're doing—lighting a pipe, washing your face. It makes a creative thing out of life."

Steig led us back to his living room and handed us a mug of tea. He picked up a flute and began fingering it. "I can take a flute and sit in with Greek musicians and Oriental musicians and Indian musicians and jazz musicians. It fills a gap among the instruments. It can make every sort of sound. Here's how a Villa-Lobos flute piece ends." He slipped his adhesive square inside his cheek, put the flute to his mouth, squinted his left eye, and stared balefully at us with his right one. Out came two startling banshee wails. Then, pulling the flute apart, he blew across the top of the lower section, producing heavy, bumping moans, which gradually melted into a melody. "That's good for a certain kind of accompaniment," he said as he reassembled the instrument. Then he played a fast blues, and suddenly began humming what he was playing. He hummed a single note, held it, and worked out a succession of trills on the instrument that hovered around the hum like a bee around a flower. He stopped and smiled. "It's a fantasy thing," he said. "But it's got to mean something. I try to get the wind or colors or the motion of a swing moving through the air into my playing. I used to do a piece called 'Tantrum'—all screams and moans and groans. I want to play way-out flute that's not so way out it gives somebody a headache. I'm long after Charlie Parker. I get a bigger kick from John Coltrane and Rollins and Bill Evans. But I like Leadbelly and Robert Johnson, the old blues singer, and Mitchell's Christian Singers. I've studied those falsetto notes and wails of Johnson's, but I didn't realize how great he was until I tried to *play* him. I want to experiment with an echo chamber, a reverberator that's attached to the microphone. It will help me hear myself, and if I'm fast enough I'll get a double vibrato. And it would work fine with a bass flute, which is so soft it's hard to hear. I'd use this electronic stuff with a really good rock-'n'-roll group I have in mind—two guitars, an electric bass, and drums, with the drummer using a maraca on a tambourine fastened to his big tomtom. I want to do a Happening, but with *good* painters, my music, and maybe people climbing a tree and playing instruments—all on a big stage and so that everything works together. And I want a modern group, but I'm not up to it yet. There are things—Coltrane's 'Giant Steps' is one—that I just can't do yet. Every year, people stop expanding and drop off and are gone. You have to stay with it, and I will, because I can do anything."

L'APRÈS-MIDI D'UN FAN

(SAMPLE TV FARE FOR AN AUTUMN SABBATH)

ANNOUNCER (*blazered, crew-cut, earphoned*): Good afternoon, sports fans, and welcome to another thrilling presentation of the "Sunday Sports Shebang"! I'm Spike Ammidown, your host at this roundup of great sportsmanship, great athletes, and stirring highlights of sports events from around this great globe of ours! Here in the next five hours, you're gonna see, all live, and on tape, too, the ecstasy of victory and the heartache of defeat, in great climactic scenes of a full dozen major athletic events from the four corners of the earth, brought into your living room by our expert reporters and camera teams, whom you can be sure are standing by at this very minute! Right now, I'm standing here, *live*, on the eighteenth fairway of the Pawtucket Drive-In Golf-A-Way, where you will see this afternoon the final holes of the great $250,000 Eastern Open Miniature Golf Championship. We'll be bringing those dramatic holes your way in just a few moments, but right now I have a signal from Red Glebman, who is waiting in a front-row seat in the broadcasting booth at Busch Stadium, in St. Louis, to bring you thrilling action from the final game of the World Series. So come in, Red!

RED GLEBMAN: Thanks, Spike, and good afternoon, ball fans! Here, brought to you *live* from the home of the battlin' Cardinals, we're in the top of the ninth inning of the seventh and final game of the great fall classic. The score is tied, 1–1, and, as you can see on our "Sunday Sports Shebang" cameras, the Yanks have loaded the bases! Two out! Three on! The count has gone to three and two on Joe Pepitone. All three runners will be off with the pitch. Bob Gibson, the Redbirds' ace fireballer, has gone all the way, but right now he looks mighty bushed out there. Just *listen* to this crowd! Now he's got the sign. He's taking his stretch! The runners lead away—

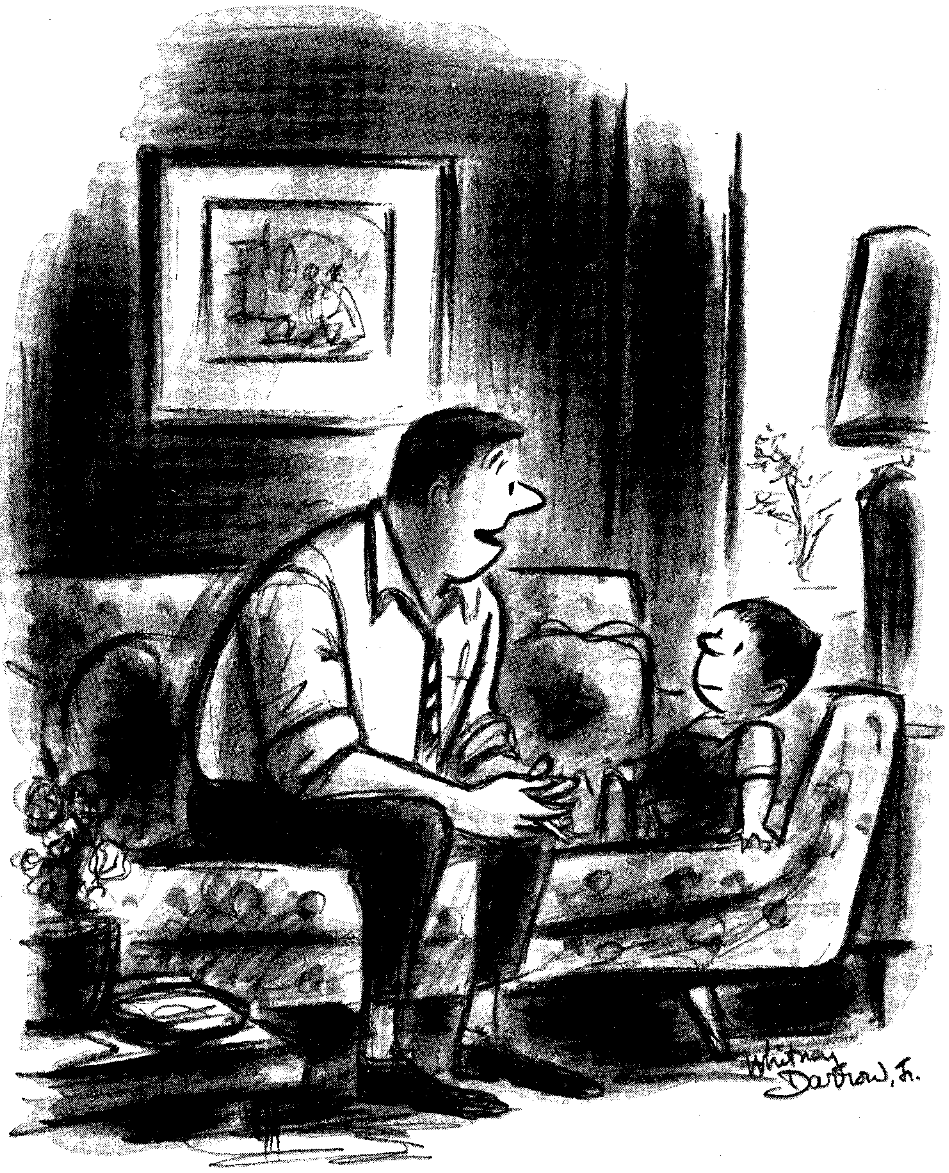
SPIKE AMMIDOWN (*back at the Golf-A-Way*): Thanks, Red. And thanks for that magnificent moment from the great world of the national pastime. We'll be getting back to you real soon. Meantime, I have word that Jim Croddy is standing by at the finals of the World Championship Garage Attendants' Parking Rodeo, out in Los Angeles, where he'll be bringing you all that thrilling action *live*, so come on in, Jim!

JIM CRODDY: Thanks a million, Spike, and good afternoon, parking fans! I'm here at the foot of lower-ramp straightaway of the Acme Minute-Park Garage, in the heart of downtown L.A., where today we'll see the final events of this thrilling Parking Rodeo, including the $50,000 Top-Floor-to-Street-Level Compact Car Delivery Sprints, in which the nine finalists, from a Le Mans start, will vie for control of this single steep ramp! Here beside me, live, at this moment is Luther (Ace) Purdy, the defending champion in this event, who is currently in third place in the over-all standings with 12,564,811.49 points. Ace, you dropped back to third yesterday when the judges gave you only 24.41 points on Style at the conclusion of your great run in the Unlimited Class Curved-Ramp Backup. How do you feel about that?

ACE PURDY: Well, Jim, I'm glad you ast me that, because I sure got a raw deal. I mean, I don't want to fault these great judges or nothin', but when that fender fell offn the Jag at the top of the ramp, I didn't have nothin' to do with it a-tall. I mean, when I jumped into that Jag I seen that that fender was just held on there with a little piece of old baling wire or something. One of these crazy rookies musta whanged it off in one of the qualifyin' runs. I'm appealing those Style points to the International Federation. Just see if I don't!

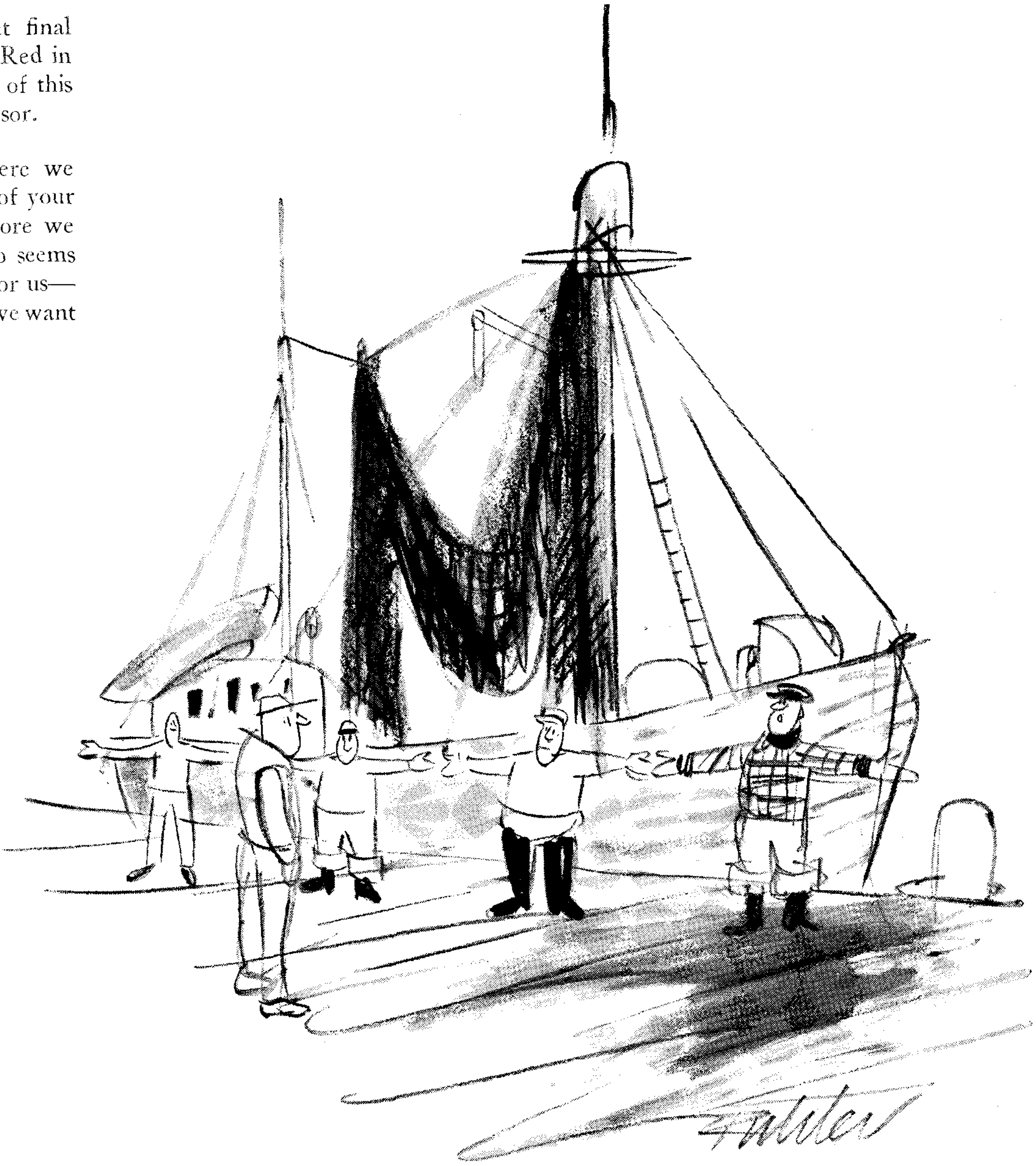
JIM CRODDY: Good for you, Ace! And thanks for those fighting sentiments from a great sporting gentleman!

SPIKE AMMIDOWN (*breaking in again*): Thanks, Jim, for that exciting on-the-spot interview. We have an urgent signal from Red Glebman at Busch Stadium, which means that



"Mommy's gone to the hospital to bring home another mouth to feed."

things must be popping at that final Series game! We'll get back to Red in just a minute, at the conclusion of this important message from our sponsor.



“*But it got away.*”

Spike Ammidown: Well, here we are again, fans, with more of your “Sunday Sports Shebang”! Before we get back to Red Glebman, who seems to have some mighty hot news for us—Take it easy there, Red, boy!—we want to jump down to Tex Guttweiler, who is standing by, *live*, at the finals of the Panhandle Senior Mixed Doubles Tennis Championships, at the Broomstraw Country Club, in Amarillo. It's all yours, Tex!

Tex Guttweiler (*whispering*): Thanks, Spike, and good afternoon, mixed-doubles fans! This is great timing, because at this moment the finals stand here at match point! Mrs. Eloise MacKittrup and her partner, Bob Spurge, are trailing Mr. and Mrs. Billy-Joe Jenkins, 1–6, 0–5, in this second set. It's love–40 and Mrs. MacKittrup is serving. Right now, things look mighty black for the MacKittrup-Spurge duo, but as everyone down here in the Panhandle knows, they're all heart, and I wouldn't be surprised if we were about to see the beginning of a great fighting comeback. Mrs. MacKittrup is gritting her teeth. She toes the line—here's the serve! Oop—she hit it into the net! It's a fault. Here's the old second serve. Uh-oh—it's *out!* It's a good eight feet out, and this match is over! And there you have it, folks, *live* from Amarillo—the Double Fault of the Week! Back to you, Spike, fella.

Spike Ammidown: Wow, Tex! Thanks for that great on-the-spot coverage. Now, before we go to Red Glebman at the World Series—Relax, Red, for crying out loud! It's just a game—we want to bring you a fascinating feature story that I taped in person last week at the village of Izquirra, high in the Basque country of northern Spain, as an exclusive for the “Sunday Sports Shebang.” So, without more ado, we'll roll that for you. Over to me, in Izquirra! . . . Good afternoon, folks! It's I, Spike Ammidown, here in the main street of Izquirra, a mighty long way from Pawtucket, from where I'll be showing you this from next Sunday. Such is the wonder of our shrinking, sports-loving globe! Today I'm going to bring you, exclusive and for the first time on any network, the annual championship game of Qub, the national Basque sport that is played only here in Izquirra. As you can see, I am surrounded by the villagers, who are garbing themselves with their interesting equipment and planning team strategy just before the whistle that will start this exciting eight-hour contest. Standing beside me is Raimondo Uzcuden, the Mayor of Izquirra and the only inhabitant who speaks English, who will explain to us some of the fine points of Qub. Tell us, Mayor Uzcuden, how many players are there on a side in Qub?

Mayor Uzcuden: Eet depends.

Spike Ammidown: I see. And these tall wicker baskets the players are strapping to their heads—what are they called?

Mayor Uzcuden: Zhey have no name. Just old baskets.

Spike Ammidown: Yes. Now, as I understand it, the players *catch* the ball, or *qub*, in these head-baskets and then dribble or pass the *qub* to their teammates at top speed. And the players must keep their hands in their pockets *at all times*. Is that correct?

Mayor Uzcuden: Ees correct.

Spike Ammidown: And what is the ball, or *qub*, made of?

Mayor Uzcuden: Sometimes ees a stone. Sometimes ees ball of feathers. This year, ees a Coke bottle.

Spike Ammidown: Golly! And how are the two goals demarcated?

Mayor Uzcuden: Uphill goal ees Don Federico's donkey. Downhill goal ees *bodega* window. Goalie pays eef window gets broken. Keeps heem on toes, no?

Spike Ammidown: Thank you, Mayor! *Gracias, amigo!* And there you have it, Qub fans—the ancient rules of this ancient game! We'll be back a little later with some great action scenes of this dangerous and lightning-fast sport, but first here's another message from our sponsor.

Spike Ammidown: Here we are, sports lovers, back in the good old U.S.A. and *live* at the Pawtucket Golf-A-Way, all ready with more of your "Sunday Sports Shebang." A few moments ago, we brought you a taped view of some of the complexities of that dangerous Basque game of Qub. Now we know you're ready for simpler, more familiar fare—a game that you all know and love. In short, it's pro football time! Buddy Pitts and his crew are perched high above the fifty-yard line at Memorial Stadium in Ottumwa, Iowa, where the second quarter of the game between the Ottumwa Chiefs and the Hannibal Elephants is in progress. Right after this live report, we'll get back to Red Glebman and the World Series in St. Louis. So take it, Buddy Pitts!

Buddy Pitts: Thanks, Spike, and good afternoon, grid fans! Here in Ottumwa, the score is tied, 24–24, midway through the second quarter in this rock-'em, sock-'em game between the hard-nosed behemoths of the Des Moines Valley League. There's time out on the field, so I'm gonna ask Pudge Spivack, the great former All-League guard who is our play-spotter, to come in and analyze that last play for you. Pudge?

Pudge Spivack: Thanks, Buddy. Now, as most of you fans must have recognized, that last play was the Two-X Blue-29 Rollout Deep Option. As you can see on the blackboard here, Whitey Bamberger takes the snap, fakes to his halfback coming across, fakes to the fullback cutting inside, and then rolls out to his right behind the two pulling guards. The center, Sprazzuolo, has to trap the strongside tackle, O'Toole, and the *offensive* strongside tackle, Rudinsky, double-teams the middle linebacker, "Big Mother" Majurciewicz, with Spranghausen, the leading guard. Meantime, the tight end, Krock, takes off with the snap, fakes a right turn-in, then fakes a left zig-out, and *then* runs a straight fly pattern. The flanker back, Poole, fakes a buttonhook, then actually *does* buttonhook and floats back to take a safety-valve pass if needed. The split end, "Fingers" Guildenschaft, meantime fakes a five-yard loop-out to the right, then cuts back for a little look-in pass over center. On *dee*-fense, the Elephants' corner linebacker, Karakashian, keyed on Krock, unless, of course, Guildenschift had overshafted, in which case Karakashian's key on Krock collapses the corner covered by Holtzapple, the safety man who was in tight on the Shirley Red Dog. Of course, on this play Whitey Bamberger dropped the snap from center and had to fall on the ball, so none of this made much difference. O.K., Buddy?

Buddy Pitts: O.K., Pudge, and thanks. I'm sure all our millions of viewers were glad to have their analysis of that last play clearly confirmed by you. We'll have more football action in just a few minutes, but meantime it's back to Spike Ammidown in Pawtucket. Take it, Coach!

Spike Ammidown: Thank you, thank you, Buddy. There's nothing like football for thrills, is there, fans? Well, it's all over at Busch Stadium, folks. The final game of the 1964 Series is history! Red Glebman is standing by with a recap wrapup of that great chapter of the Fall Classic, but since the game is over, we can wait and hear from Red in just a few minutes. Meantime, here at the Pawtucket Golf-A-Way, I see that the first players in this last round of the $250,000 Eastern Miniature Golf Open are now on the fifteenth tee, so I think I'd better make you all familiar with the layout of this challenging final eighteenth hole. As you can see, it's a magnificent hole, measuring sixty-five feet four inches—one of those truly demanding par 3s. So far in the tourney, there have only been four aces carded here, each entitling the lucky player to another round at no extra charge. From this elevated tee, a long-hitter can aim across this narrow, tilted teeter-totter, hoping to drop the ball safely on the other side, beyond the Enchanted Forest, and then straight into the Gnome's open mouth—a shot that will come out the pipe on the other side of Toad Hall and right onto the old green. *Or*, if he's a little weak off the tee, he can play it safe by nipping his drive up this little garden path, between the rows of cockleshells, past the rotating vanes of Little Bopeep's windmill—which takes cool, cool timing, believe you me—and then over London Bridge and onto the green. Even if his shot fades too much, which is possible today in this left-to-right wind, and goes off the bridge, there's just a *chance* that the ball will hit one of these little concrete lily pads and— But now I see it's time for our stations to identify themselves, so I'll let them come in now and, uh, identify themselves from coast to coast. Now, don't forget to stay right with us, sports fans, because we have plenty more of the "Sunday Sports Shebang" to bring your way this afternoon. We'll have further *live* coverage from all those great events you've already seen, including good old Red Glebman's on-the-spot summary of that big seventh game of the World Series. And, above and beyond all this, we'll bring you a special report, relayed to you *live* by Pacific Telstar, on the Two Million Metre Himalayan Walkathon, straight from Darjeeling; the Prep School Touch Football Play of the Week, taped at yesterday's donnybrook between the Seniors and Upper Middlers at Governor Dummer; water-skiing grandmothers at Lake Tahoe; and lots, *lots* more! So don't go 'way, sports fans. Stay right there in your seats and get ready for more healthful, thrilling moments on your "Sunday Sports Shebang"!

—Roger Angell

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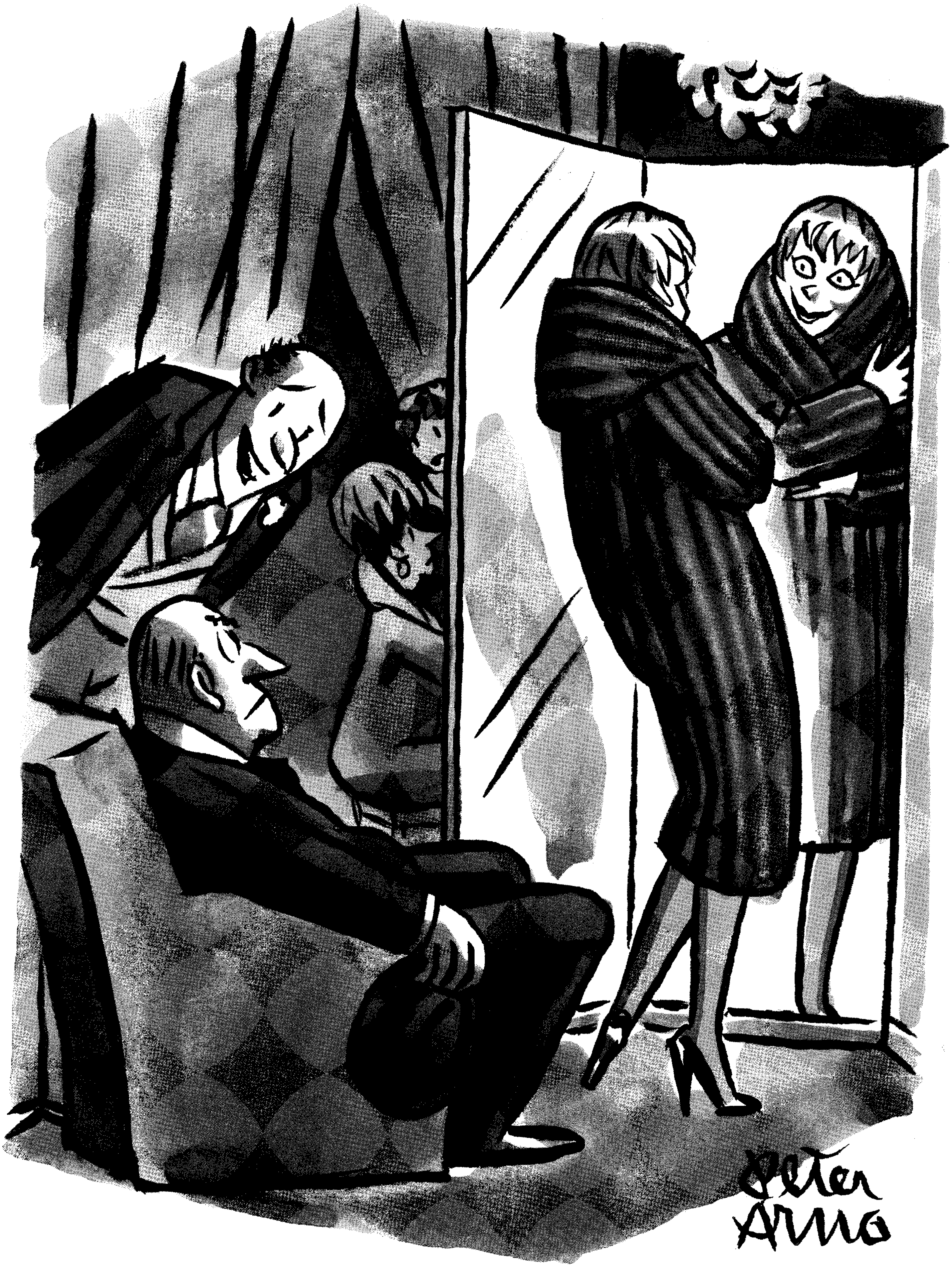
DROUGHT

The hushed rush of a bird's wing
over the spider forests of autumn.
We've had no rain.
Mice amplify, crackling the leaves,
into terrors, which aren't worth finding.
We try to live,
as the owl circles at sundown,
humming, listening to the leaves.
We are the hemlocks
by the road, marching into darkness;
we are the dried husks of a summer,
split open, empty.
Over the red mist in the west
the sky has a thumbnail crack—
the new moon.

—Richard Moore



"Do you hear that, sir? She's purring!"

THE FLOWERS OF SORROW

"IN my country," the great man said, looking out over hundreds of uplifted faces, "we have a song, a song that asks, 'Will the flowers of joy ever equal the flowers of sorrow?' "

The speech, up to then, had been the customary exhortation—to uphold the aims of the Organization, to apply oneself unsparingly to one's work—and this made for an interesting change. Words like joy and, more especially, sorrow did not often find their way into that auditorium, and were particularly unlooked for on Staff Day, when the Organization was at its most impersonal. The lifted faces—faces of a certain fatigued sensibility whose contours, dinted with the pressure of administrative detail, suggested habitual submergence beneath a flow of speeches such as this—responded with a faint, corporate quiver. Members of the staff who had been half sleeping when the words reached them were startled into little delayed actions of surprise, and blew their noses or put on their glasses to show they had been listening. In the galleries, throats were cleared and legs recrossed. The interpreters' voices hesitated in the earphones, then accelerated to take in this departure from the Director-General's prepared text. "*Les fleurs de chagrin*," said the pretty girl in Booth No. 2; "*Las flores de dolor*," said the Spanish interpreter, with a shrug toward his assistant.

The man on the rostrum now repeated the words from the song, in his own language—and apparently for his own satisfaction, since throughout the hall only a few spectacularly blond heads nodded comprehendingly. He went on in English. "Perhaps," he said, "perhaps the answer to that question is No." Here there was a long pause. "But we should remember that sorrow does produce flowers of its own. It is a misunderstanding always to look for joy. One's aim, rather, should be to conduct oneself so that one need never compromise one's secret integrity; so that even our sufferings may enrich us—enrich us, perhaps, most of all." He had laid his hand across his mimeographed text, which was open at the last page, and for a moment it seemed that he meant to end the speech there. The précis-writers were still scribbling "our sufferings may enrich us." However, he looked down, shifted his hand, and went on. He thanked them all for continued devotion to their duties in the past year, and for the productivity illustrated by an increased flow of documentation in all five official languages. There would be no salary raise this year for the clerical workers. The Pension Plan was under review by a newly appointed working group, and the proposed life-insurance scheme would be studied by an impartial committee. It was hoped to extend recreational facilities along the lines recommended by the staff representatives. . . . He greatly looked forward to another such meeting with the staff before long.

The speaker stood a few moments with his speech in his hand, inclined his head politely to polite applause, and withdrew. In the eyes of the world and of his staff he was a personality—fearless, virtuous, remote—and the ovation continued a little longer without reference to the content of the speech, although some staff members were already filing out and others had begun their complaints while still applauding.

"Scarcely a mention of the proposed change in retirement age." A burly Belgian youth from Forms Control gave a last angry clap as he moved into the aisle. "And not a word about longevity increments." This he said quite fiercely to a Canadian woman, Clelia Kingslake, who had a modest but unique reputation for submitting reports in advance of deadlines.

"That might come under the pension review," she suggested.

"He would have said so. It's just a move to hold the whole thing over for another year." He held the heavy glass exit door for her. The vast hallway into which they passed was brightly lit, and thickly carpeted in a golf-links green. "And what in God's name was all that about flowers?"

They were joined by Mr. Matta from Economic Coöperation. "Yes, what was all that?" Mr. Matta was from the Punjab; he had a high lilting voice like a Welshman's and often omitted the article. "Has D.-G. gone off his head, I wonder?"

A group passed them, heading for the elevators. Someone said violently, ". . . not even on the agenda!"

When they reached the escalator leading to the staff cafeteria, Miss Kingslake asked the two men, "Are you coming up for tea?"

"I might come later," the Belgian boy said. "Must go back to the office and see what's come in with the afternoon distribution."

"Back to the shop, I'm afraid," said Mr. Matta from Economic Coöperation. "Our work situation has reached the point of boiling."

Clelia Kingslake, who had graying dark hair and a light-gray dress, got on the moving stair and went up to the cafeteria.

The cafeteria was full. It usually was—and invariably after a staff meeting. Miss Kingslake joined the queue and, when her turn came, took a tray from the rack and a fork and spoon from the row of metal boxes. First there was a delay (someone ahead was buying containers of tea for an entire office—a breach of good faith), and then the line moved along so quickly that she found herself at the cake before she had decided what to have. She would have preferred a single piece of bread with jam, but she had passed the butter and it would have been unthinkable to go back for it. So she took down from the glass shelf what seemed to be the largest piece of cake there. A fair, sweet-faced Spanish woman at the tea counter fixed her up with a cup of boiling water and a tea bag, and she paid.

She wandered out into the center of the room, looking for an empty table. There did not seem to be one, and certainly not one by the windows on the river side. Unable to look closely for fear of being accosted by someone she did not want to sit with, she moved along beside the tables with the unfocussed, purposeful step of a sleepwalker. The hot water spilled over into the saucer of her cup.

"Miss Kingslake. Miss Kingslake."

"Oh, Mr. Willoughby."

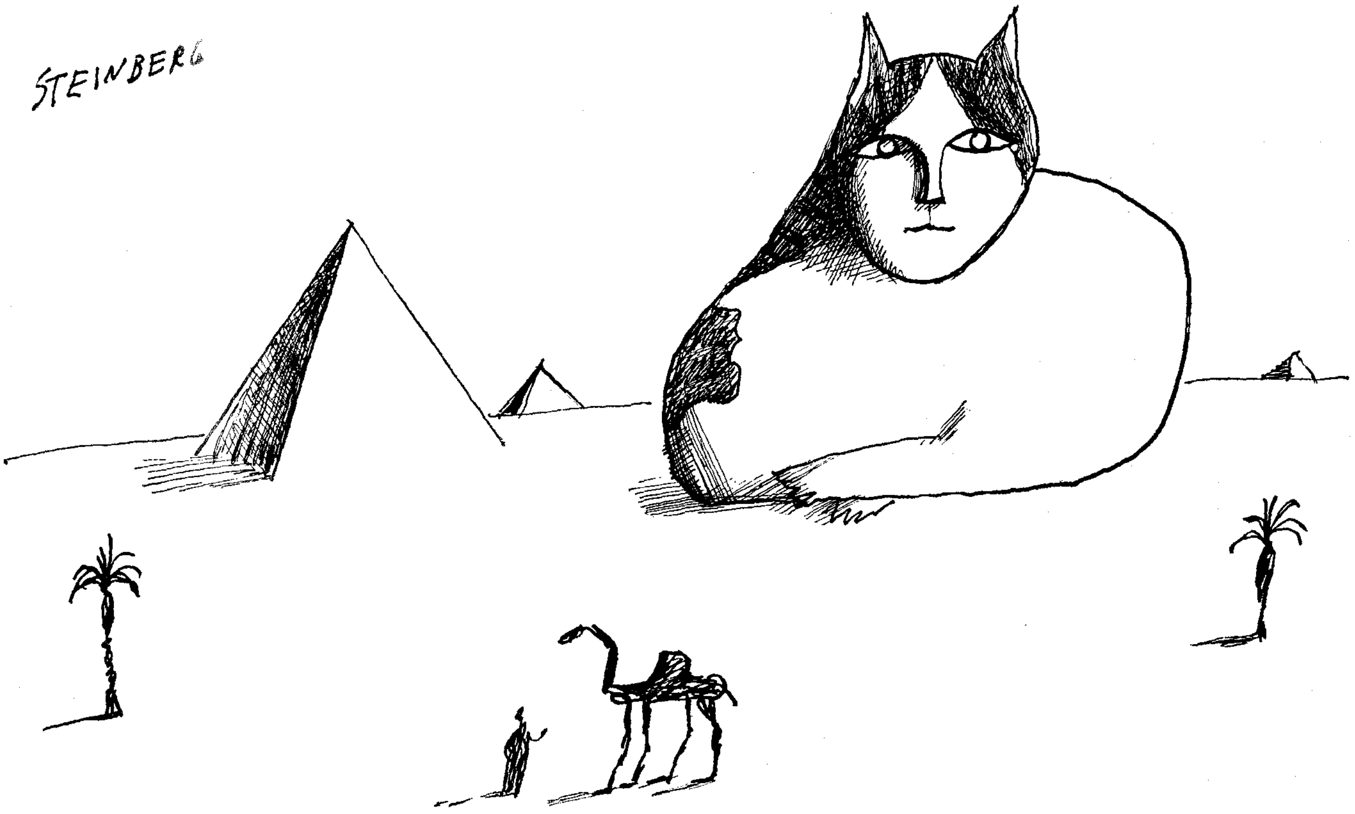
"I have a table at the window, if someone hasn't taken it."

"I thought you'd gone to the Field. I heard your assignment to mission went through."

"I leave tomorrow night. But not for Santiago after all. That was changed. Let me have your tray. They're sending me to Kuala Lumpur."

"Thanks, but I'd better not let go. I hadn't heard."

They made their way through to the windows. She balanced her tray on a corner of his table while he cleared it of the cups, plates, and tea bags discarded by the previous occupants. When he had stacked these on the heating equipment, they sat down.



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Claude Willoughby was a spare, fair-haired Anglo-Saxon who resembled nothing so much as a spar of bleached wood washed up on a beach. He was, for so industrious a man, remarkably able and agreeable. He and Clelia Kingslake had been thrown together in Interim Reports, before her upgrading to Annual Reports and his lateral transfer to the World Commodity Index.

"I might—" he began.

She said at the same moment, "I'm so glad—"

They both said, "I'm sorry."

"You might?" she inquired, squeezing her tea bag and putting it in the ashtray.

"I was going to say that I might have inquired whether you really wanted to join me. You seemed to be in a trance."

"I was afraid of seeing someone I didn't want to sit with. Instead, what a nice surprise." She took two paper napkins from the metal dispenser on the table, and gave him one.

"You were going to say?" he asked. "Something about being glad?"

"How glad I am, that's all, to see you before you go. I thought you must have left without saying goodbye."

"I've been so busy," he said. "Forms, clearances, briefing—and of course my replacement hasn't even been appointed. They're holding the post for an African candidate—or so I'm told. And then, at home—you can imagine—all the packing and storing, added to which we've already taken the children out of school." Mr. Willoughby, having four children of school age, was a substantial beneficiary of the Staff Education Grant. "But don't let's get into that. And of course I wouldn't have gone without saying goodbye."

When he had said this, she stared out the window and he turned his head toward the next table, where two members of the Department of Personnel were getting up from their coffee.

"Shouldn't have said that about the flowers," one of them remarked—a ginger-haired Dutchman in charge of Clerical Deployment. "Quite unnecessary."

"I should think," agreed his friend, Mr. Andrada from Legal Aspects. "And, if I may say so, very bad for morale."

"Particularly that part about the answer being No."

"Isn't it curious," said Mr. Willoughby to Miss Kingslake, "how uneasy people are made by any show of personal sentiment in official quarters?" He placed his paper napkin under his cup to absorb spilt tea. "What did you think of those remarks today—I mean, about the flowers?"

Miss Kingslake was still looking out at the broad river and the wasteland of factories on its farther bank. She held her teacup in both hands, her elbows on the table. "I don't quite know. I think I felt heartened to hear something said simply because it was felt. Something that—wasn't even on the agenda. However, I did find all that stuff about one's integrity a bit Nordic. After all, it would hardly be possible for most people to get through a working day without compromising their idea of themselves."

"I think he said '*secret* integrity.'" Mr. Willoughby drank his tea. He added, "We can check it tomorrow in the Provisional Verbatim Record."

"I suppose," she conceded, "it would depend on how secret one was prepared to let it be."

The noise in the cafeteria was so loud that, like a great storm, it was beyond all possibility of complaint or remedy. It was a noise in some ways restful to staff members from quiet offices, and Clelia Kingslake was one of these. Eating her cake with a fork, resting her cheek on her left hand, she looked quite at ease now—more at ease, in fact, than was consistent with her type.

"You busy at present?" Mr. Willoughby asked her.

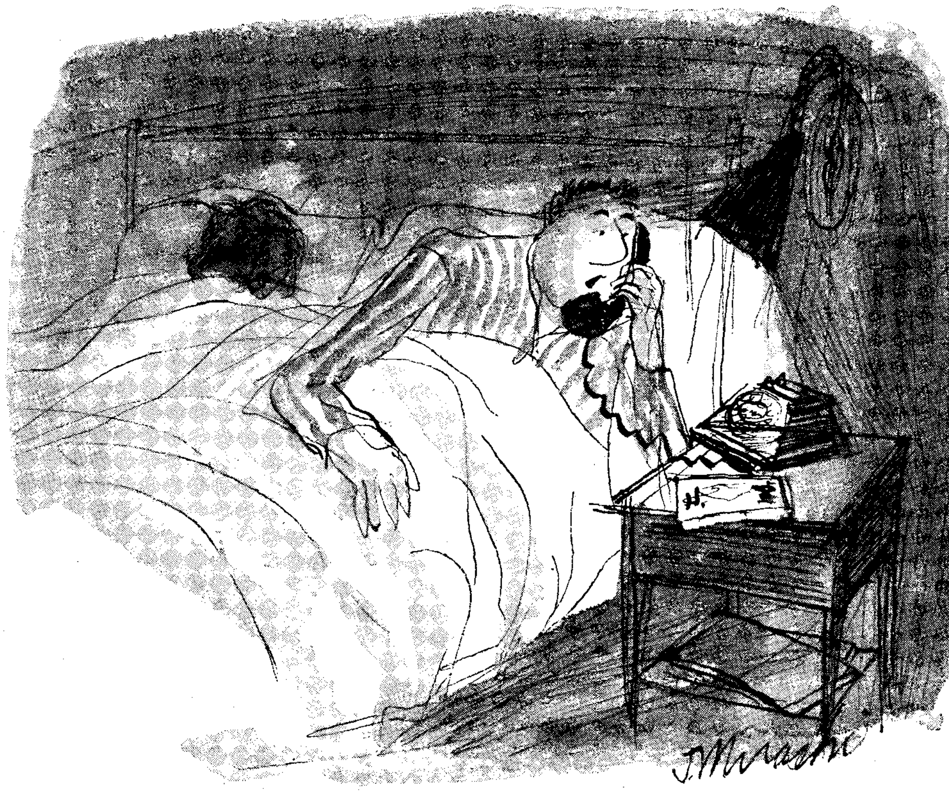
"Oh, yes," she said. (It was a question which had never in the Organization's history been known to meet with a negative reply.) "We're finishing up the report on Methods of Enforcement."

"How is it this year?"

"A much stronger preamble than the last issue. And some pretty tough recommendations in Appendix III."

Someone leaned over their table. "Are you using this chair?"

A group of the interpreters had come



"I think I see where you went wrong. You dialled the 408 before the 112 instead of after it, and then probably forgot to dial the 559 before the number you wanted."

• •

in. The interpreters were always an object of interest, their work implying an immediacy denied to the rest of the staff. They stacked their manila folders on the heaters and pushed up extra chairs to the table vacated by the officers of Personnel. Two of them, a Soviet and a White Russian, went to fetch tea for the entire table. The rest sat down and began to talk loudly, like children let out of the examination room.

"How did you translate it?"

"*Las flores de dolor*. What about you?"

"*Les fleurs de chagrin*—how else? After all, one could hardly say *Les fleurs du mal* . . ."

One of the Russians came back with a loaded tray. "What are you laughing at?"

An English interpreter said crossly, "It would be better not to give us a prepared text at all than to make all these departures from it."

"What did you think of the speech?" said Mr. Willoughby to a white-haired Swiss who paused to greet him.

"Most interesting," said Mr. Raymonde-Guiton, bowing to Miss Kingslake over his tray. "And particularly well calculated—that interpolation about the flowers."

Miss Kingslake said, "I rather thought that seemed extempore."

Mr. Raymonde-Guiton gave a closed smile. "Most interesting," he said again. The repetition of the remark had the effect of diminishing its significance. He passed on with his tray, and disappeared behind a screen of latticed plants.

"Miss Kingslake, shall we go?"

No sooner had they risen from their chairs than two pale girls in skirts and blouses came briskly up with trays of tea and cake and began to push the empty dishes aside. Miss Kingslake and Mr. Willoughby lost one another briefly in the maze of tables and met again outside the glass doors, in the relative shelter of a magazine stall.

"May I see you to your elevator bank, Miss Kingslake?"

"That would be lovely," she said.

They went down a short flight of steps, and began to walk slowly along a gray-tiled, gray-walled corridor lined with blue doors.

"I wonder," she said, "if we will ever meet again."

"I have been wondering that, too," he said, without surprise. "In a place like this there are so many partings and reunions—yet one does find one's way back to the same people again. Rather like those folk dances they organize at Christmas parties in the Anthropological Unit."

She laughed.

"However—I feel we shall meet."

They reached a row of elevator doors, and Mr. Willoughby pushed the "Up" button.

She said, as if they were on a railway platform, "Don't wait."

"I really should get back to the office," he said, "and see if my Travel Authorization's come in yet."

"Of course."

"Shall we say goodbye, then?"

"Why, yes," she said, but did not say goodbye.

A down elevator stopped, but no one got off. A messenger boy went slowly past, wheeling a trolley of stiff brown envelopes.

"Miss Kingslake," Mr. Willoughby said. "Miss Kingslake. Once, in this corridor, I wanted very much to kiss you."

She stood with her back to the gray wall, as if she took from it her protective coloring.

He smiled. "We were on our way to the Advisory Commission on Administrative and Budgetary Questions."

Now she smiled too, but sadly, clasping her fingers together before her, over the handle of her bag. This prevented him from taking her hand, and he merely nodded his farewell. She had not spoken at all—he had gone quite a way down the corridor before that occurred to her. He was out of sight by the time the elevator arrived.

"Thirty-seven," she announced, getting in.

Someone touched her shoulder. "So good to see you, Miss Kingslake." It was Mr. Buwanda, in Archives.

"Oh, Mr. Buwanda."

Mr. Buwanda, wearing a long white robe and scrolling a document lightly between his palms, moved up to stand beside her. "I suppose you were at the meeting?" he asked.

"I was, yes."

"I thought the D.-G. looked tired." Mr. Buwanda stepped aside to let someone get out. "But then—I hadn't seen him since he addressed the staff last Human Dignity Day."

"Nor had I."

"An exacting job, he has. One wonders how he stands it. No private life at all. What did you think of the speech, by the way?"

"Quite good. And you?"

"Oh—here's my floor." Mr. Buwanda glanced up at the row of lighted numbers. "I didn't hear much of it. We were busy in the office, and there was no one to answer the phones. Getting off, please; getting off. And then I took the wrong staircase. So I only came in at the very end. I was just in time to hear about the flowers."

—Shirley Hazzard

WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?

I HAD been in my apartment only a few minutes. Summer had permeated everything. The office had been hot, and I was tired. I always am the first hour or so after work. I had taken off my shirt and shoes and was standing at my kitchen table finishing a game of solitaire before washing up. There was a light breeze, a warm one from the window, that felt good on the skin of my chest and back. Someone knocked on my door. Not knowing who it was, I put on and buttoned my shirt. Nadine would be coming over. That was something I was not too happy about—it meant forfeiting the night baseball game. Nevertheless, I was certain that it was not her. She would have used her key, unless, of course, she had lost it, which I very much doubted; Nadine never lost anything. While putting on my shoes, I called out, "Just a minute!"

It was the father of the boy who lived across the street from me. I didn't know the man well. I had moved from downtown Boston to this apartment only a few months before, one of several Negroes being quietly integrated. He had been friendly enough. I had had a drink with him and his wife in the early part of the summer. Gin-and-tonic. I don't drink gin often. We had sat on their front steps in the early evening. I remembered it well. Three boys had been fighting with their son. I had separated them and taken the boy home. The mother and father seemed appreciative, and afterward we talked a little. They were delighted to find out that I had read a book that they had. And after that, the boy decided he liked me and began paying me shy visits. I did nothing to discourage them.

The father looked now as if the summer sun had never touched him. Pale. Perhaps the dark-blue suit he was wearing had something to do with it. I apologized for my appearance and asked him to come in. He seemed surprised at my invitation, almost as if he felt he didn't warrant it. I wondered vaguely if he was going to accuse me of corrupting his son—I could think of no other reason for the visit. He was very nervous. He sat on the edge of the couch and looked at me intensely, a glimmer of a smile on his face. His eyes didn't stray, as most people's do when they enter a place unfamiliar to them.

"I'd offer you gin, but all I have is Scotch," I said to him.

He refused and leaned forward, putting his elbows on his spread knees and folding his hands.

"I can make some lemonade," I offered.

He smiled and shook his head, then stared at his hands.

I was about to excuse myself and get something cool to drink when he said quite suddenly, "Dreadful what's going on in the South! Cattle prods and all that."

"Yes, it is," I said cautiously. I wondered if he had come to soothe a guilty conscience. Perhaps he wanted to assure me that his heart was in the right place.

As ennui settled on me, he spoke again. "I was wondering if you could do something for me, Warner." His serious tone of voice did not match his facial expression. I would have laughed, but his calling me by my first name irritated me.

"What's your problem?" I asked him. I asked him straight out, as if I had known him for a good length of time.

He took a pillow from behind him and placed it at the other end of the couch and leaned back. His hands were on his thighs. I noticed how he lined his index fingers with the creases in his trousers. He looked at the floor. "Our son, Timothy," he said. "He's done something." He began to gesture with his hands. "I can't seem to talk to him. When I try, I don't get anywhere. And I was wondering if you could talk to him for us." He looked up at me.

I was standing with my forearm on the radiator—because it was cool. "I don't understand," I said.

"I know that he comes over here often to look at your things and play your mandolin," he said in justification, and pointed to the instrument hanging on the wall. "Is that it?"

"Yes, it is," I said. "I don't play it myself. I bought it in a pawnshop to use as a decoration."

"Yes, I see," he said. "And a very handsome decoration it is." He adjusted himself. "Actually, you know, Timothy is a bright boy." His words embarrassed him. "I can't understand why he's done a thing like this!"

"What has he done?" I asked. His forehead had begun to glisten with perspiration, so I offered him a drink again, and again he refused.

"As I was saying," he continued. "About two months ago, we bought him a dog. I mean, the boy is pretty lonely. He doesn't get along well with other children in the neighborhood. We thought it would be a good idea for him to have it."

When he paused, I said, "A little brown cocker spaniel."

"Yes," he said.

"I've seen it running around," I said, still wondering why he had come. It was at this point that I heard Nadine's footsteps on the landing. I moved toward the door.

"Today he put it in the washing machine," he said.

"That's one way to wash a dog," I

FRINGE BENEFITS
D.Fradon

SEPTEMBER ELEGY

The dead undo our sleep so they can rest.
Their August vanishes: the beachy dreams
Of sea grass, naked limbs, the stuttering wave. . . .
Yet contra-indicated bodies move
On space . . . the summer sprays, the water birds
Depart, but some things never disappear—

The faces of the dead: one drowned, one hurled,
Drunk, through a subway window to be smashed
Against an iron post, one burned to ash
In Key West, Florida, and one whose heart,
Clogged up, destroyed the finest wit of all.
The world of pain is one great hospital.

Guilt feeds on the inconsequential. Leaves
Took light upon themselves in California when
The eucalyptus shed their strange, dry smell
Of sweat and alcohol on a long drive back
Of Grizzly Peak above the Berkeley hills,
Whose houses fling themselves into the bay,

Perspective racing down a staircase. When
The sun deposed itself, the stars were low,
So low we had to walk around them. In
A house in Millbrook, watercress at stream,
Black angus in the distance, the shaved lime-green
Of hills some miles away, I thought where are

Those companies that once surrounded me?
They troop into my room tonight, my heart-
Beat numb among the thunders of their sea;
Revived against all probability,
A wave reversed, a turning leaf turned green,
They rise up from the ground to smother me.

The leaves that fall. Each calendar is full
Of them, whose turnings burn away in time.
Aesthetic distance primes the beautiful,
In this case doubly, for dead leaves renew
Themselves, but what the dead can never do
They do in dreams who break the night into

Three landscapes—scrims that any theatre can
Re-reconstruct. Though places have no will,
Refocussed in the night, they soon compel
The watcher to be witness of a scene
Behind the scenes, as if two curtains fell
On each side of another, and when each rose,

One by one, revealed a triple world:
The seen, the recollected, and the scene
To come, all lit at once, whose figures stain
Each meaning with another meaning, whose
Cruelties outdo past cruelties,
The lightning of their blood now branched in mine.

Into the camera where two hairs cross
To center them, their frosty breaths arrive,
And then their faces, bodies, and their cold
Voices saying, "You are still alive!"
And, in the babble of their monologues,
The old and deadly arguments begin.

Assuage them, talk. They are relentless. They
Remember everything. What I deny
They soon prove true. They probe below the will
To tear identity to shreds. And still
They are not satisfied. In rooms that spring
Up on the way, they judge, condemn, and kill.

Trees turn the slender dowels of their arms.
At last, the sea drowns summer in a wave.
See how the little wooden houses storm
The dune edge, how slowly coming down
Five leaves are spelling what the autumn is.
There is an end, even of houses.

I turn away from those black speakers. More
Leaves fall, and, falling, comment on the time
And Time; the thin clock faces winding down
In spinning parachutes suggest that autumn
When I will rend the watches of the night
In someone else's sleep—someone who will

Fall also. The sleep that takes it all!
The slowly rusting graduates of spring,
Schooled in one history, to which they cling,
Divest themselves of knowledge and begin
To flake away, to file into the ground.
After the dazzlement, the colors die;

From undressed hills, old skeletons arise;
The sky leaks through them, the high blue days
Of absolute lucidity have flown
Onto a sea glazed colder. Ocean sound
Recedes. It is noon now. The voices stay
Asleep, their bodies hidden, their spirits numb.

New forms of light are lifting up the air,
The narrow surfboard of the thigh's ashore,
And summer's over. A beacon for the pulse,
One cracked star freezes in the thinnest ice,
And, mapped toward its ending, the last late leaf
Settles on my upturned, aging hand.

—Howard Moss

* * *

said quickly. I was interested, but I excused myself and went to the door in order to catch her before she used her key.

Timothy's father put his hands beside him on the couch and waited.

I stepped out into the hallway. Nadine was coming around the newel post. She gave me a large smile, dropped her bag on the floor deliberately—part of a passionate game—and stretched out her arms in greeting. With my thumb, I indicated that someone was inside, then held the door open for her. She brushed her breasts across my arm as she entered. I was forced to smile.

My guest stood.

"This is Mr. Hudson," I said to Nadine. "A neighbor of mine." To him I said, "Mr. Hudson, this is Nadine James."

They shook hands cordially. I believe that he blushed. When he sat down again, she asked me if there was any coffee in the coffeepot. I told her that I didn't think there was. She asked us if we wanted some. Timothy's father refused, as I thought he would. Maybe he thought my dishes weren't clean. But I said yes, to make certain that she would leave the room. I was pretty sure, though, that she had asked for that reason.

"Iced?" she asked.

"Yes," I said. "Good idea."

After she had gone, Timothy's father spoke in modulated tones. "I'm disturbing you."

"Not at all," I said. "I'll be glad to do whatever I can."

He looked toward the kitchen. "I wouldn't want to take you away from a previous engagement."

"Don't be ridiculous," I said. Again my tone was perhaps too intimate. "She comes over often and cooks for me. I do a very bad job of it."

"I understand," he said.

"I don't quite know what your problem is," I told him.

"The boy killed the dog!" he said to me. "He's much too old to be doing things like that! He knows better. I have him in his room now. I can't make him out. He hasn't cried or said a word. He looks at me as if he doesn't have an idea what I'm talking about."

I decided then that I did not want to get involved, but it was too late to back out. "Just what do you want me to do?" I asked.

"Talk to him," he said. "Just talk to him."

I agreed by nodding my head, then went into the kitchen.

Nadine had put the coffeepot on the stove and was sitting reading a magazine. She had cleared the table. "I must tell you about the dream I had last night!" she said.

I was rude. "What have you done with my cards?" I demanded.

"I'm sorry," she said.

"Forget it," I said. "I wouldn't have won anyway."

My reproach had hurt her. I hadn't meant it to. "I'm sorry," I said. "I've been living alone for too long."

She smiled sweetly, not to forgive me but to tell me that she understood. I think she realized that the man sitting in my living room was getting on my nerves.

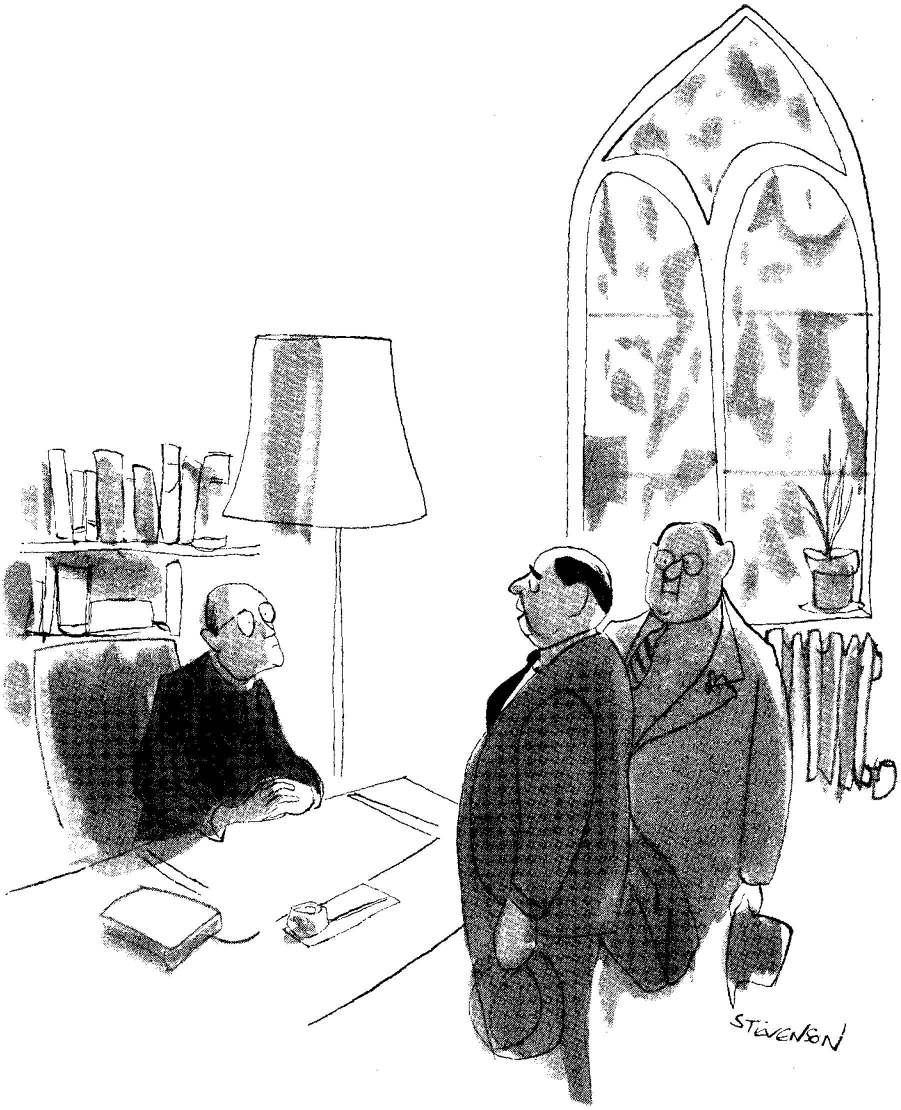
I kissed her. She became very serious. When we separated, I held her at arm's length. "I have to go out for a little while," I said. "I'll explain it all to you when I get back." I asked her if we needed anything from the store. She said no.

"Have we got any cognac left?"

"We're all out of it," she said.

"I'll bring a bottle."

I went back into the living room and told Timothy's father that I would be with him right away, and went to get a jacket. When I returned, he was standing, ready to leave.



"Reverend, some of us down at the Chamber of Commerce were wondering how long you're going to keep banging away at this 'vanities of the world' angle. You know, about clothes and cars and stuff."

• •

ON the street, his manner changed. There was an aura of confidence and an air of casual broadmindedness about him. "She's a lovely girl," he said.

"She is, isn't she," I replied.

As we walked, the streetlamps came on. It was suddenly evening.

Before we entered his house, he apologized again and said that he regretted having to take the matter outside of the immediate family.

I told him that I would help him as much as possible.

"The dog is still in the washing machine," he told me. "My wife saw Tim standing there. She went up to see what was fascinating him so. Of course, she pulled out the plug immediately. It happened just before I came home."

When we entered his house, his demeanor changed again. He became an angry father, secure in his household. As we started for the second floor, he planted his feet heavily on the treads in the dark stairwell. I followed him. I heard a door being pulled open. His wife, wearing a faded red apron, came out onto the landing to meet us. She smiled warmly and shook my hand. Her eyes showed that she had been crying.

I was not particularly moved by their dilemma, but I felt odd being in their home during a period of strain. I was terribly aware that I was on the second floor of a house, with space beneath me. They took me through the dining room and into the kitchen, then opened the lid of the washing machine. It was not necessary for them to show me proof. I felt they were treating me as if I were a washing-machine repairman and responsible for their difficulties.

The dog was dead. The water was still. Clothes were suspended in it. I couldn't see all of the poor dead thing. One of his ears seemed to be floating, and the hairs rooted to its skin were extended in the water.

Timothy's mother became upset, wept again, and left the room. In the harsh light, her tears made her seem ugly; the wet spots emphasized different parts of her face.

Timothy's father removed his jacket and placed it on the back of one of the kitchen chairs. He sat down and pointed to a chair at the opposite side of the table. His gesture was authoritative.

"I'll stand, thank you," I said, beginning to resent him.

"I don't know what to do," he confessed. "What would you do if your son did something like this?"

"I don't have a son," I said.

"But if you did."

I thought of walking out. I was uncomfortable—an alien in their sphere. I didn't need him, or his wife, or his son, or his dead dog.

He pressed me for an answer.

"I'd make him bury it," I said.

"That's a good idea," he said. "Yes, yes. I want to teach him a lesson!" he added emphatically.

He continued in that vein, but I paid little attention to his words. The idea had come into my head that he was stalling for some reason or other. Then all at once I realized that he was squeamish about handling the dead dog, and that made him disgusting. After a while, he stopped talking, moistened his lips, and looked at me as if I were a priest. His wife, with a handkerchief in her hand and without the apron, came back into the room and stood by his side.

I had a good mind to walk out. I felt nothing for them; I felt only that I did not belong with them. I was not even very fond of Timothy. I didn't mind his being around, as long as he didn't get into all sorts of things. Only once or twice did I really think that I liked him. Those were the times when I was telling him fantastic stories and his large blue eyes seemed to glow. But then, people's eyes, if I really looked at them, always had some sort of effect on me.

Finally, I told Mr. Hudson that I did not know what to say.

His wife, tears beginning to form in her eyes, spoke to me very softly. "Perhaps if you can talk to him and find out the reason."

I was silent.

Her husband, thinking that I was properly touched, escorted her from the room and asked me to wait.

What he thought was true. She had seemed to be sincere—it was her crying. I lit a cigarette and sat at the table. It was an effort for me to keep my arms off it. Bad habits are hard to break. The top of the table was dirty, as if they had recently finished a meal, but there were no dishes. I assumed that it had been lunch—certainly not dinner—and began to think badly of her housekeeping. I stood up when I heard footsteps.

Timothy was ushered into the room by his father. Nothing was said to me. The father left and closed the door, with Timothy in front of it.

In that instant, I was torn between a terrible anger against the parents and an aching compassion for the boy. I don't think that any adult male can hate a boy, regardless of what he has done. "I'm sorry," I said to him very softly. "I have to leave." I did not want him to misconstrue my words, but I knew that he did. It could not be helped. We stood, looking at each other.

What would become of him? He was evidently quite a disturbed boy, and belonged in a home somewhere. He rushed to me and hugged me to prevent my leaving. I stroked his yellow hair, removed his thin arms from around my waist, and made him sit in a chair. His mouth turned down at the corners.

I knelt before him and put my fist lightly to his jaw. "This is not my affair," I said softly. "It's between you and your parents. When this is all over, you can come to my house and play the mandolin some more. I'll buy you a book that will teach you all the chords. All right?"

The boy was silent.

"When's your birthday?" I asked him.

He was pouting, but he managed to say, "The twelfth of September."

"When that day comes," I said, "the mandolin will be yours."

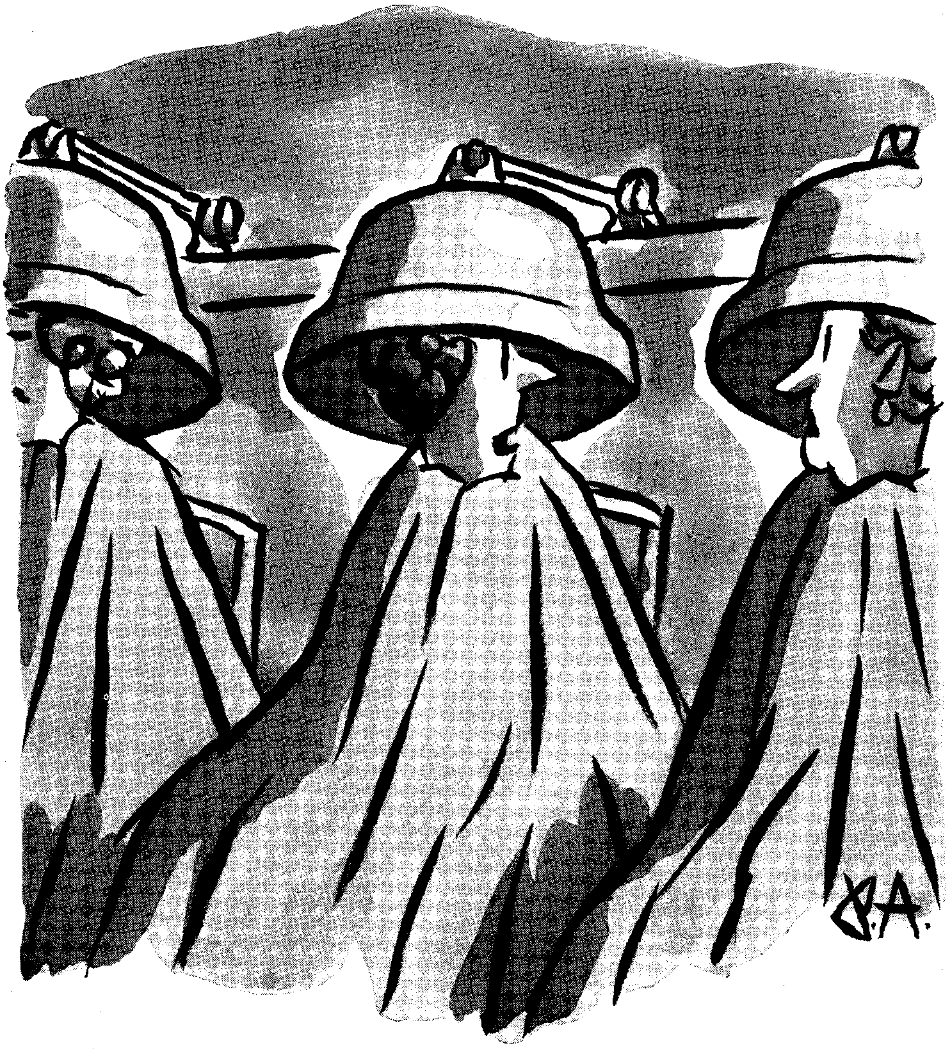
I left the kitchen. His parents, who were sitting in the unlit dining room, stood when they saw me.

"This is none of my business," I said. My voice was calm but forceful. "I'd like to keep it that way."

It seemed that they had been prepared for my reaction.

"You'll have to get someone else to do your dirty work," I said.

—Robert Boles



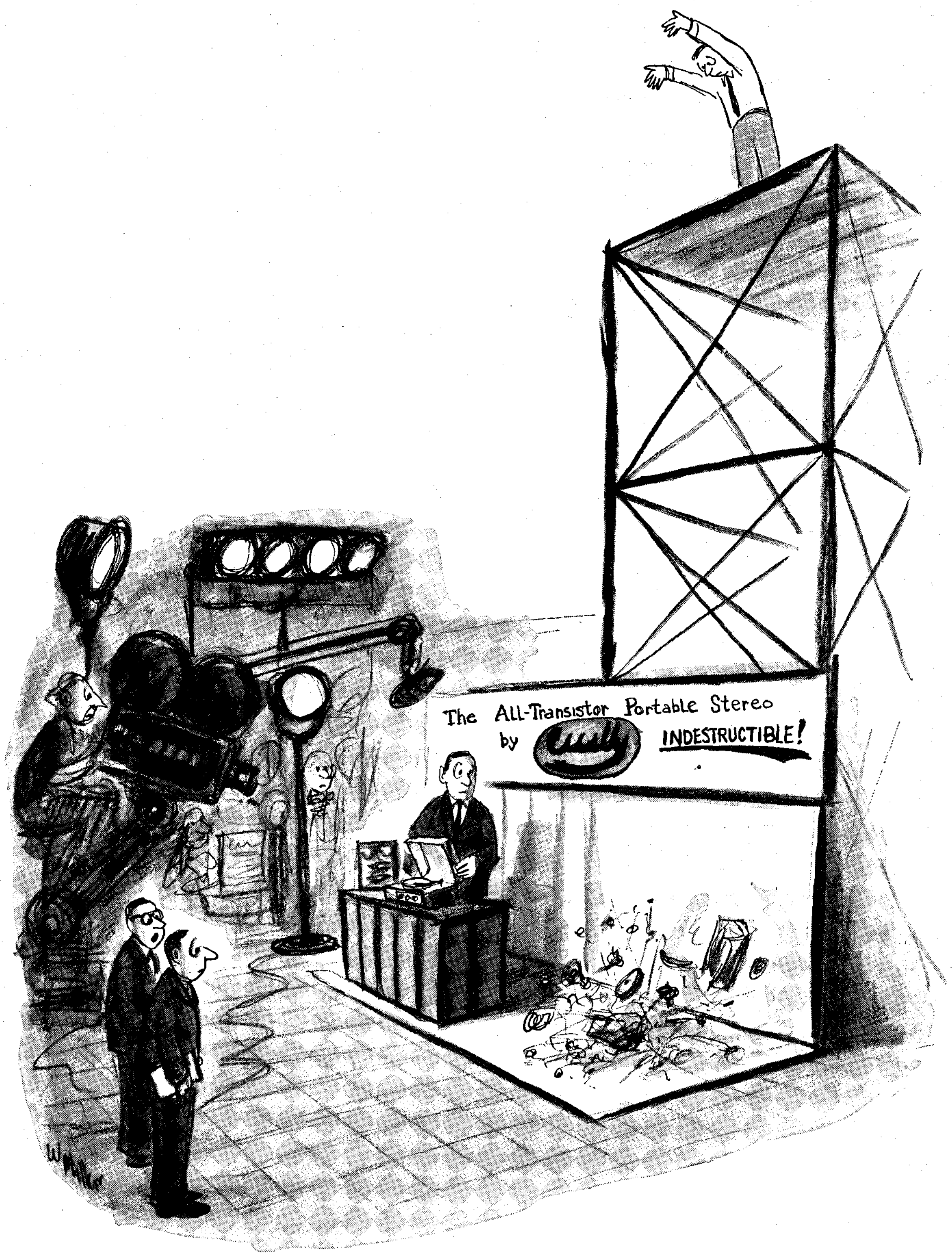
"I seem to be getting Barry Goldwater on short wave."

PROFILES

DIRECTED TO THE PRODUCT

IN the world of restaurants, by and large, consistency is the thing; styles are seldom mixed. You would no more expect to find M. Henri Soulé, of Le Pavillon, running the S. & C. Luncheonette, at 598 Eighth Avenue, on the side, or the reigning Bernses and Kriendlers, of "21," separating the sheep from the goats at Beefsteak Charlie's Bar & Grill, at 216 West Fiftieth Street, than to discover Mr. Vernon Stouffer's diadem embellished by Maud Chez Elle or a Howard Johnson's franchise held by the Brussels. When a René Chauveron leaves a Café Chambord, it is to found an equally altiplano Café Chauveron, and when a Chambord marries, the fixture of her choice is a *convenable* Côte Basque; Lüchow's and Longchamps are under the same ownership, but their fare and service are congruous and their clienteles far from mutually exclusive; Gallagher's Steak House and the Rainbow Room are operated by the same man, but their steaks are cut from similar sections of comparable steers, and Mr. Richard Burton and Miss Barbra Streisand have patronized them both. An interesting exception to this occupational conformity is Restaurant Associates, a constantly expanding chain of eating places that is currently doing an annual business of around thirty million dollars and in little more than a decade has come to project the most confused corporate image on the gastronomic scene, and possibly on the Western Hemisphere, that has been projected in *any* line of endeavor. The components of this freewheeling company range from the Four Seasons, a Seagram Building landmark where twin *tournedos* with woodland mushrooms is, or are, obtainable (in season) for seven dollars in a setting ornamented with Picassos, Mirós, Lippolds, a forest of trees and plants, and table accessories of such distinction that eighteen of them have been selected by the Museum of Modern Art for its Design Collection, or else from the Forum of the Twelve Caesars, where truffle-stuffed quail Cleopatra (wrapped in Macedonian vine leaves and baked in hot ashes) comes a bit higher, or from the Tower Suite, atop the Time & Life Building, where, seven evenings a week and at Sunday brunch, a butler in a black tailcoat and a maid in a fluffy white apron and a soft green dress dance attendance on each and every eight-seventy-five *prix-fixe* table, to Leone's, a theatrical-district restaurant that contains several hundred old-fashioned paintings and sculptures (no Picassos, no Lippolds), and most of whose eighteen thousand weekly patrons stuff themselves with a five-course, five-dollar Mamma Leone's Famous Dinner; the Newarker Restaurant, at the Newark Airport, where *shashlik* is proudly borne in on a flaming sword (a utensil unsanctified by Alfred Barr's Museum), and where another illuminated specialty is the Sparkler, a parfait that spouts fireworks (a garniture legally out of bounds on the Forum-Four Seasons side of the Hudson); ten Manhattan Riker's counter stores, which have no pyrotechnics at all but are adorned with signs reading "No Better Food at Any Price" (on what limb does this leave the Forum's nine-dollar Cleopatran quail, pray?); and the Lorillard Snuff Mill, in the Bronx Botanical Garden, a Three Seasons (spring, summer, and fall) sylvan retreat where, wrapped in an old poncho, you can snuffle around for your own mushrooms, or toadstools, in the adjacent woodlands.

If one calls the rest of the Restaurant Associates roll, incongruity increases; for one thing, a veritable *National Geographic* of the palate emerges. Subject to certain modifications, the cuisines of La Fonda del Sol, at the *bottom* of the Time & Life Building; of the Hawaiian Room, in the Hotel Lexington; of the Indonesian Pavilion Restaurant, at the World's Fair; of the Brasserie, underneath the Four Seasons; of the Trattoria, the Zum Zum, and Charlie Brown's Ale & Chop House, on the main concourse of the Pan Am Building; of the John Peel Restaurant, in Westbury, Long Island; and of the Mermaid Tavern, in Stratford, Connecticut, are, respectively, Latin-American, Polynesian, Indonesian, French, Italian, German, and nineteenth-, eighteenth-, and seventeenth-century English. A more or less native-American style, with regional and historical variations, flourishes at Paul Revere's Tavern & Chophouse, again in the Lexington; at the Festival of Gas Restaurant and the Missouri State Snack Patio, again at the Fair; at the LaGuardia Terrace Restaurant and the LaGuardia Snack Bar, at LaGuardia Airport; and at the Douglaston Steak House, in Queens. Further documentation does little to simplify Mother R.A.'s activities. At the Fair (again), she takes care of the Administration Building's cafeteria for Fair Corporation employees, and also runs a private restaurant for Ford executives in the Ford Pavilion. Other responsibilities, some of them seasonal, are the weekday lunches at the Hemisphere Club, a businessmen's aerie that turns into the Tower Suite at twilight; a lunchroom for Seagram Building employees; a snack-cart service that trundles through the offices of the Pan Am Building; the Tavern-on-the-Green, in Central Park; and snack bars and hot-dog stands at Manhattan's Wollman Rink and Harlem Meer Boathouse, at Brooklyn's Wollman Rink and Marine Park Golf Links, and at Orchard Beach, in the Bronx. All in all, forty-three restaurants and food-service establishments, aimed at every purse and gullet. What a kaleidoscope! What a canon! What an *œuvre!* What a mishmash! How did it all come about? Well, a couple of months ago, in an effort to find out, I got in touch with Mr. Abraham F. Wechsler, chairman of the board of Philip Wechs-



"Well, I guess that's out as a sales gimmick."

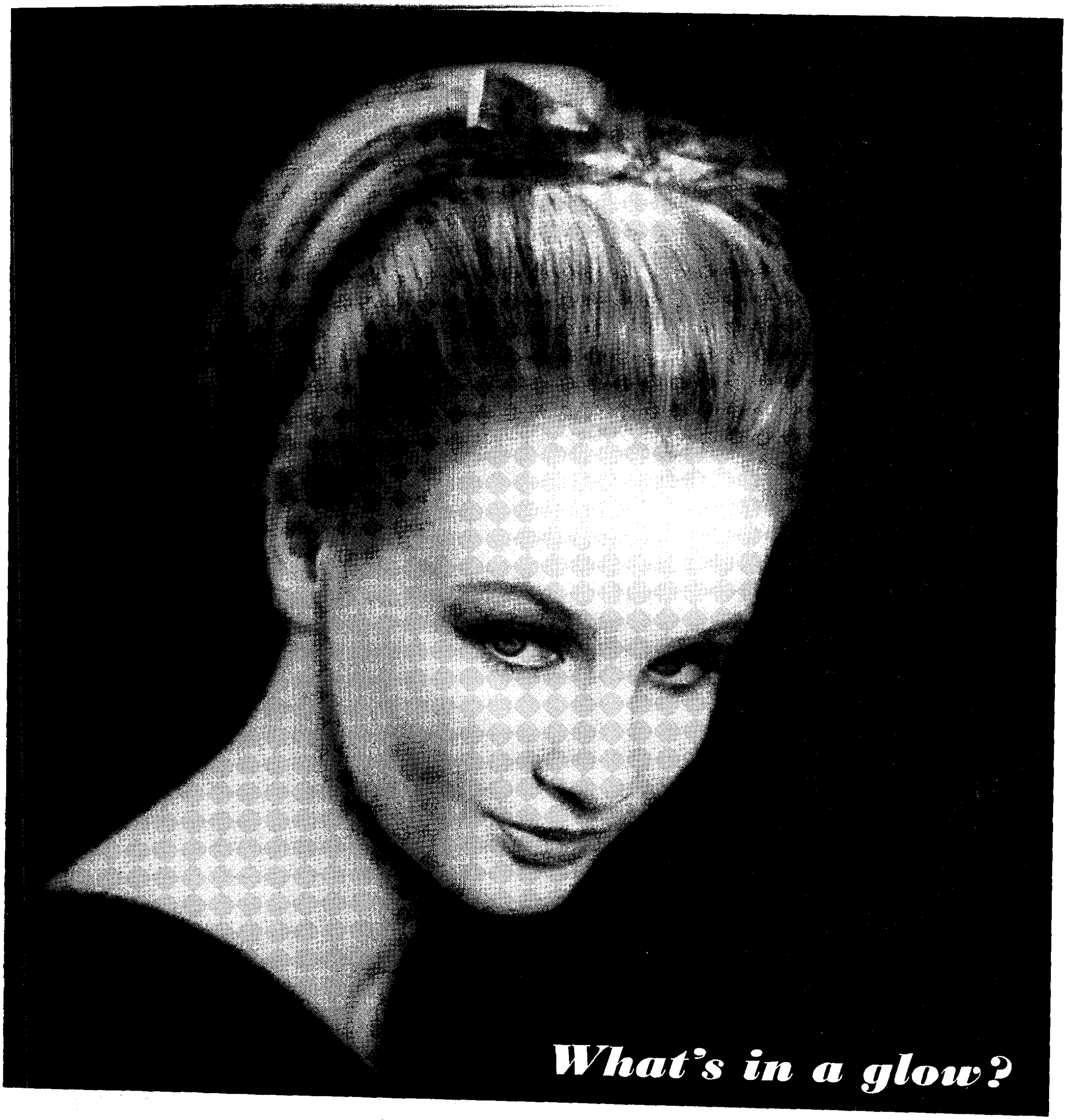
• •

ler & Sons, coffee importers and roasters, whom Alfred A. Knopf, the publisher and a *Feinschmecker* friend of mine of many years' standing, had told me was the founder of Restaurant Associates.

Mr. Wechsler invited me to lunch at the Four Seasons; he proved to be a friendly, enthusiastic, ingratiating man in his sixties, somewhat ambassadorial in manner. We met in the Grill Restaurant, where Richard Lippold's gold-dipped, bronze-rodded abstract sculpture floats, or seems to float, over the bar, and strolled down a passageway, flanked by a big Picasso painting of a bullfight done on a stage curtain, to the Pool Dining Room, which owes its name to a twenty-foot-square marble pool bordered by four large ornamental fig trees. Guided by a captain and accompanied by a young man of astonishing urbanity who was wearing a black suit, dark tie, and white shirt, and whom Mr. Wechsler introduced to me as Mr. Stuart Levin, the director of the restaurant, we sat down next to this bubbling body of water, where I had a clear view of Gilbert Miller, the theatrical producer; Elmer Leterman, the group-insurance salesman; and Gregory Thomas, the head of Chanel in this country and a noted gourmet and oenophile, who were lunching at nearby tables; and of Leonard Lyons, who was hopping around. My host suggested a drink, and I asked for Lillet with orange peel, which I knew was an approved apéritif in epicurean circles. Mr. Levin, who was standing by, gazed at me with approbation.

"What a beautiful place this is!" Mr. Wechsler said as Mr. Levin went over to Mr. Thomas's table. "Who ever thought before of spending fifty thousand dollars a year on plants and flowers, as they do here? When I was a youngster, a restaurant wouldn't pay that much for rent. Every night, I'm out at one of the R.A. stores with suggestions and ideas. Mrs. Wechsler and I never eat home; she's a good sport about it. I have a dinner date at the Brasserie tonight; tomorrow I'm lunching at the Forum. I go to the stores lunch and dinner. I'm a gadfly. I watch what's going on."

I asked how he had got into the restaurant business, and he said that his coffee firm, founded by his father, sells principally to hotels, restaurants, and steamship lines; that it sometimes finances its customers; that when you finance a restaurant or a chain of restaurants, you have to know about locations, managerial ability, menu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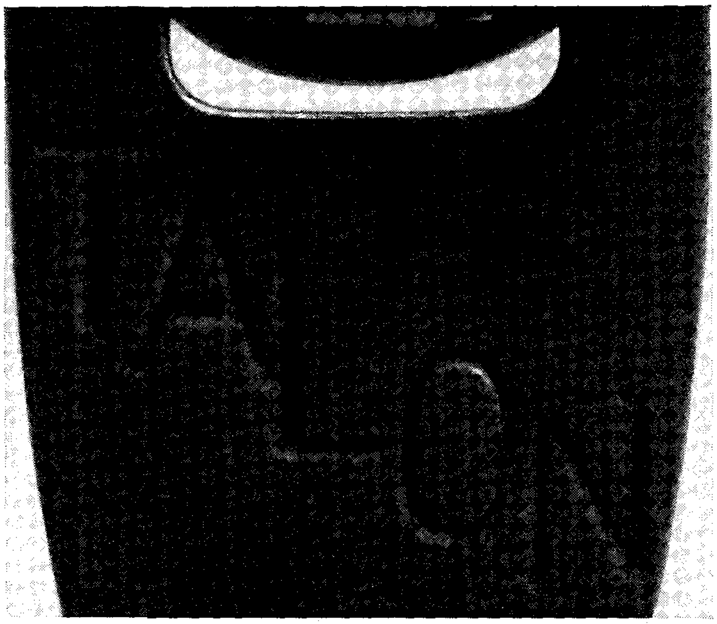
planning, and so on; and that in this way he became a kind of adviser to the industry when he was in his twenties. "Our first real participation in the business was in the nineteen-thirties, when we came to the rescue of the old Silver's Cafeteria chain, one of our largest customers, which had overëxpanded in the depression," he said. "I converted their debt to us to an equity position—half of their company. In 1942, Riker's Restaurant Associates, a chain of thirty-five small coffee shops, also ran into trouble—among other things, most of its countermen had been drafted—and the following year I arranged for Silver's to buy its stock. Well, during the next few years, the president of the company died, and so did the vice-president. The widows sold me their stock, and I became the sole owner of Restaurant Associates—the company's name had been changed to that in 1945—but I found myself with no management. I installed my brother Edward, an attorney, as president, and in 1947 *he* died. Who to put in? I put in Jerome Brody, my son-in-law. He was twenty-five years old; he'd been working in my coffee business for about a year, following his return from the Air Force. 'What shall I do?' he said. 'Go in the president's office and sit down,' I said. 'And operate.' What will you have for lunch?"

I placed myself in his hands, and without bothering to look at the menu Mr. Wechsler ordered crisped shrimp and mustard fruits, and asparagus Chinois.

"We cut the old Riker's and Silver's coffee shops and cafeterias down to a dozen or so, and redecorated and improved them," he said. "In 1950, we negotiated with the Port of New York Authority to operate a snack bar and bar in the old Newark Airport. A year or two later, when the Authority was building a new airport there, it asked us to run a luxury restaurant on the premises, to be called the Newarker. I was deeply concerned. I tried to persuade the Authority to abandon the idea of such a restaurant, but without success. It was planned two flights up, with no escalator. Where was one to get the business? Air travel at Newark was not particularly heavy, and ninety per cent of the volume had to come from outside. From off-airport customers, that is. And how about a manager? Jerry Brody was occupied with administration and expansion—we had a few other irons in the fire—and none of our employees were qualified to run such a restaurant; none of our places in those days had waiters. Well, we found a manager—Joseph H.



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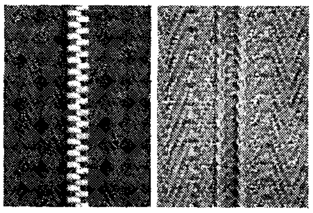

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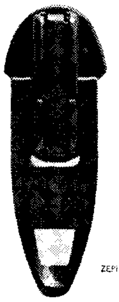

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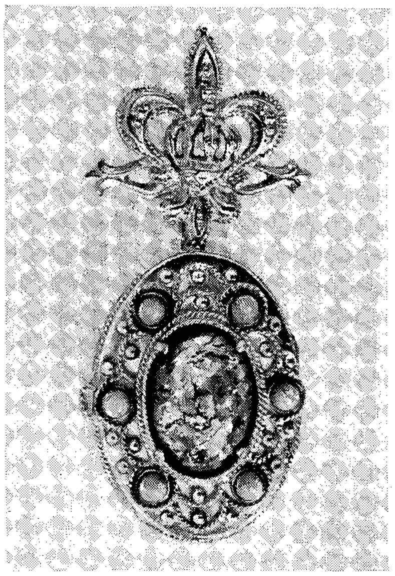

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Baum, who became our president last year. I'd met him at one of the Schine hotels in Florida, where he was the Schine company's director of food and beverages. I knew he had the highest integrity—no traffic with kickbacks—and youth. He was only thirty-two. Jerry hired Joe Baum for the Newarker in 1953, just before it opened. It was our first real restaurant. In the first year, it lost twenty-five thousand dollars. A sea of white tablecloths! It was heartbreaking, I pledge you. But then word of mouth as to its merits spread throughout New Jersey, and by 1955 it was serving a thousand meals a day, ninety per cent of them to non-travellers. That was entirely Joe. Jerry left it to Joe. Joe had a lot of ideas. Just before the Newarker opened to the general public, it had a preview dedication dinner, with local dignitaries as guests. Joe had a hostess at the door who greeted them by name."

"How so?" I asked.

"Joe had hired her from the local Huyler's," Mr. Wechsler said. "She knew the people. She's still there. Fritzi. Frances Walsh."

He went on, "As chef, Joe brought in Albert Stockli from a hotel in Atlantic City—he's now the executive chef of all our units; he's Swiss—and they created some wonderful dishes, both at the Newarker and ever since. This combination of shrimp and fruited mustard sauce is one of them. It's among my favorites."

I took an appreciative bite, and he said, "Then we went on to the Hawaiian Room, which we operate for the Hotel Lexington, and to the Forum, in Rockefeller Center, which we built on a straight lease basis. I needn't tell you what a stir the Forum made. One talks about a Beethoven symphony—I love music; I have a piano teacher come in every afternoon and play for me—but the Forum, too, was an entirely new concept. Belgian linen, the outsize menus, and so on. Joe Baum is an intellectually emancipated person. He read Apicius, the Roman food writer, and he saw to it that Suetonius's book 'The Twelve Caesars,' translated by Robert Graves, was used for staff indoctrination. Joe was a great genius, but how about making a dollar? Well, the Forum, for whose concept he was largely responsible, caught on. I believe the Forum swung the center of gravity of the culinary arts in our direction."

I selected a culinarily artistic chocolate velvet cake from a dessert wagon that was trundled up to our table, and Mr. Wechsler said, "Planning the

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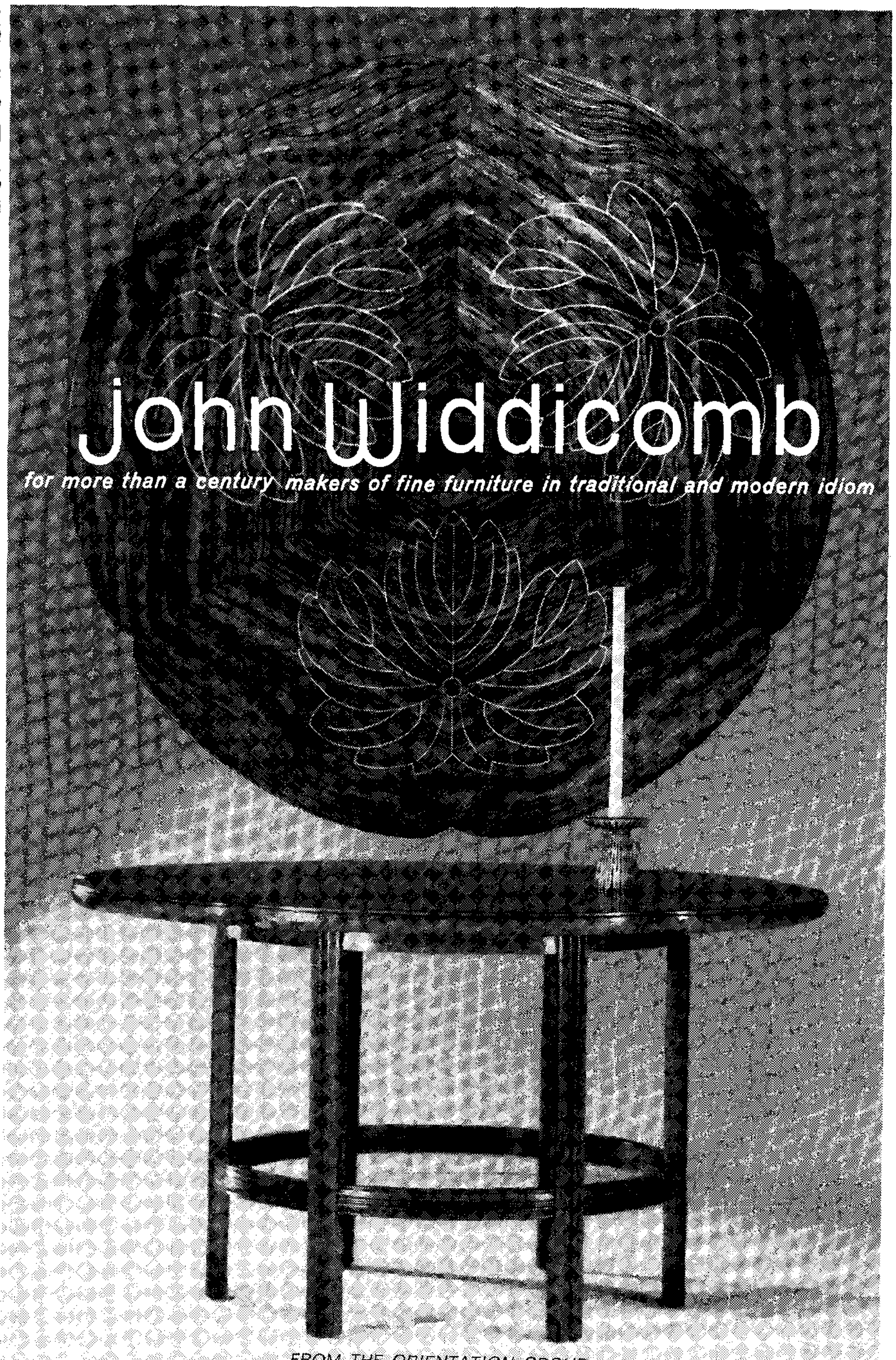
Four Seasons began before the Forum opened, and took two and a half years. I love beautiful things. I wanted a beautiful place to sit in. With beautiful art. I asked Joe to get on with the idea of this restaurant—he took its name, which dictated its theme, from the title of a group of *haiku* in an anthology that came out in 1950. Our margin of profit at the Seasons is smaller than it might be, because of Joe. He's a perfectionist. The smoked salmon here is flown in from Scotland. It's not Nova Scotia salmon. To my mind, Joe Baum is the outstanding restaurant man in the world. He has no equal. He works seven days a week. He knows how to organize a payroll—we have over three thousand employees—and how to get proper food at proper cost. He knows meats—the various specifications in the category of prime, for example. He never stops working."

My lunch with Mr. Wechsler left me with a resolve to buttonhole this paragon, and it was strengthened by a sequential chat I had with Mr. Thomas, the Chanel gourmet, whose lapel I seized opposite the Picasso curtain just after saying goodbye to Mr. Wechsler. The authority of Mr. Thomas on matters pertaining to food and wine may perhaps be appreciated when one realizes that he is at once the founder and Grand Maître of the Commanderie de Bordeaux, a society whose members shout "*Bordeaux, toujours Bordeaux!*" at their Médoc-bibbing banquets; the Grand Sénéchal of the Confrérie des Chevaliers du Tastevin, a rival but somewhat interlocking dinner club that pledges allegiance to the Burgundian grape; a Chevalier of the Confrérie de la Chaîne des Rôtisseurs, a worldwide organization, centered in Paris, that is composed of devotees of the spit, or roasted meat; a member of the Amis d'Escoffier and of its menu-dictating Comité de la Bonne-Bouche; a Commandeur of the New York branch of the Dijon-based Commanderie des Cordons Bleus; the founder and Grande Langouste of Les Langoustes, a group that constructs and consumes an annual seafood lunch sometime between Christmas and New Year's Day (on the theory that a respite from game and poultry is welcome at that time); the only American member of Les Douze Gueules, a select, predominantly Gallic fraternity that meets, at will, for member-cooked dinners in one another's houses; former president of the Paris-American Club, which forgathers monthly at the Hotel Pierre for a tasty five-dollar lunch; and a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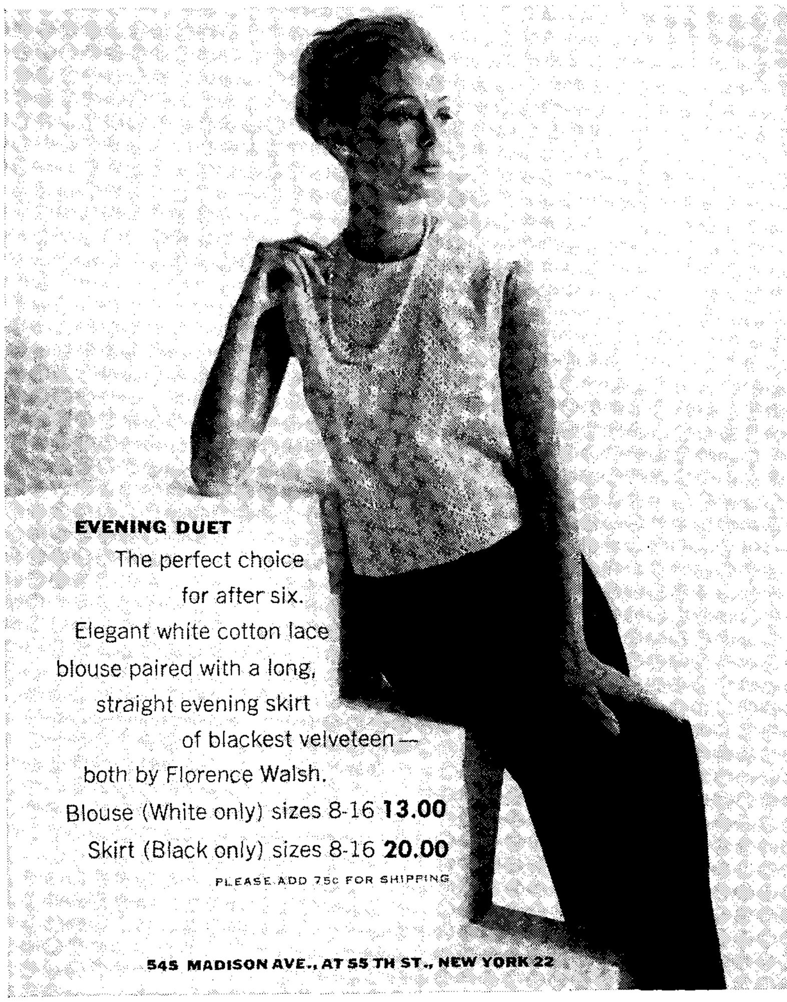

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member of the Wine Committee of the University Club.

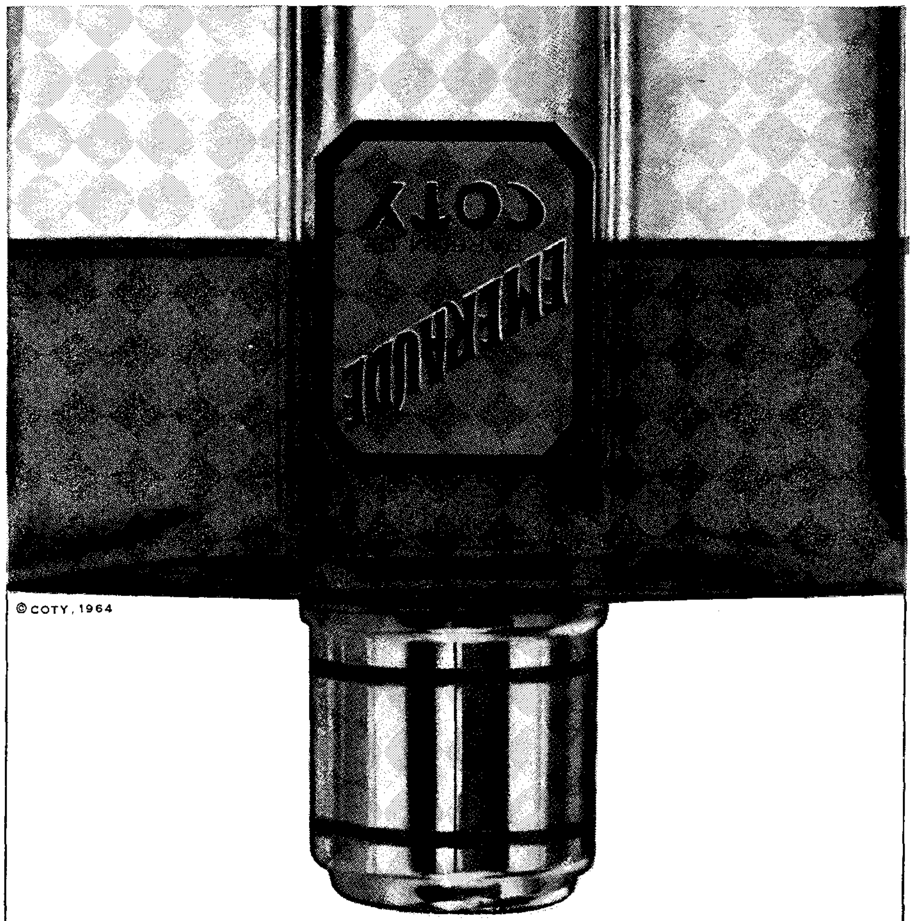
"The imprint of Joseph Baum is evident in everything Restaurant Associates does," he said when I besought him for Baumian orientation. "He is in large measure *it*. It could not have achieved its present form without him. I first met him at the Forum six or seven years ago, when I objected violently—to Alan Lewis, who was then its director—over the character of some boiled beef that was served to me. 'You just don't understand,' he said. 'We have studied Apicius.' Nevertheless, I continued to create quite a stink, and a little fellow"—the Grande Langouste is six feet eight—"came up and said, 'I understand you have complained.' It was Joe Baum. He tasted the boiled beef, and ever since then I've had the best boiled beef at the Forum that anybody could ask for."

FOR all my mounting determination to study Mr. Baum at first hand, I decided, for chronological reasons, first to approach Mr. Brody, whose presidential eclipse I had heard was connected with the circumstance (which Mr. Wechsler had been too delicate to go into) that he was no longer Mr. Wechsler's son-in-law. A tall man with a basilisk eye and a confident air, wearing a black suit, a dark tie, and a white shirt, he received me in a big room, overlooking the Park, in his apartment on Central Park South. I mentioned my lunch with Mr. Wechsler, and Mr. Brody smiled. "When my marriage with Grace broke up, so did my job as president of Restaurant Associates," he said, with no trace of resentment. "But now I'm back in the restaurant business. I've bought Gallagher's Steak House, and I've leased the Rainbow Room from Rockefeller Center, and I'm acting as consultant on a restaurant that C.B.S. is opening in its new building on Fifty-second Street. We've doubled Gallagher's business since we took it over, and I think we've succeeded in turning the Rainbow Room into a smart dinner place." I learned that he and his former wife had both married again, and as he proceeded to discuss his old company I was struck by the friendly way in which he referred to his ex-Associates and by his habit, at times, of talking as though they were *still* his associates. "Joe Baum was brought in to operate the Newarker a month before we opened it," he said. "As we continued to expand, he became responsible for the running of all our units. People don't go to restaurants to eat, you know. They can eat packaged food and watch television at home in air-conditioned comfort. I mean, they don't go to restaurants like the Forum and the Four Seasons and the Rainbow Room primarily to eat—they go for excitement and entertainment. The Four Seasons and the Brasserie, which came with it, cost four and a half million dollars, including furnishings—the Picasso is valued at seventy thousand dollars and the Lippolds at forty-five thousand, and the three Miró tapestries in the Fifty-second Street entrance lobby are insured for thirty thousand dollars. We plunged into the whole design thing there with Philip Johnson, who did the Seasons architecturally—as well as the rest of the building, under Mies van der Rohe—and with Bill Pahlmann, who worked on the interior with Philip. The vanity chairs in the ladies' room are by Eero Saarinen, and the chairs in the dining areas and the Miró lobby were designed by Philip, Mies, and Charles Eames. Pahlmann did the Forum for us, and La Fonda was created by Alexander Girard. Part of the fun of this business is the education you get from architects and designers. Some of the Four Seasons chairs cost four hundred and ninety-five dollars apiece."

The deposed president smiled opulently, and I asked who was responsible for the Lippolds and the Picasso.

"I suggested Lippold after seeing his 'Sun' in the Metropolitan Museum," he said. "Philip Johnson and Phyllis Lambert, who is a daughter of Samuel Bronfman, the president of Seagrams, bought the Picasso. They wanted to put it in the Pool Dining Room, and to have a lot more Picassos and *name* the place the Picasso, but I told them I was against this. I recommended hanging the Picasso in the passageway outside; that took six months of persuasion. Who am I to relegate a Picasso to a passageway? But I did. I felt that a bullfight might not go with *tournedos.*"

The advocate of this balanced diet got up and started to pace around the room. "The seasonal theme of the restaurant was Joe's idea," he said, confirming what Mr. Wechsler had told me. "It was his idea to change the whole décor—plants, ashtrays, and waiters' uniforms as well as the menu design—four times a year. I made him executive vice-president a couple of years ago. He's been an enormous contributor. He knows how to put a restaurant together. He's a very conscientious guy. And he has a strong sense of job description—he has a clear conception of the duties of everyone in the organization, from the unit direc-



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tors down to the waiters, lighting engineers, and coatroom attendants.”

MY talk with Mr. Brody left me more eager than ever to meet Mr. Baum. I called him up, and he invited me to lunch at the Forum of the Twelve Caesars, on West Forty-eighth Street, in Rockefeller Center. There, in a dark, high-ceilinged barroom decorated with wall mosaics of gladiators, aqueducts, Roman baths, and, in a vague rendition, Romulus and Remus, I found the president of Restaurant Associates. A short, dark, compact, intense, polite, low-voiced, authoritative, verbal, rather shy man of forty-four, he, like Mr. Levin and Mr. Brody, was wearing a black suit, dark tie, and white shirt, together with big triangular gold cufflinks, black silk socks, and black moccasins. He was talking with a man, also in a black suit, dark tie, and white shirt, whom he introduced to me as Lee Harty, the Forum's director. Mr. Harty led us into a plush-looking dining room hung with twelve portraits whose subjects Mr. Baum identified as Roman emperors, painted by Camillo Procaccini, a seventeenth-century Italian artist. “Julius Caesar through Domitian,” he said. “Procaccini studied under Michelangelo and Raphael, but was more influenced by Parmigianino. Bill Pahlmann, from whom we bought the pictures for six thousand dollars, showed them to Jerry Brody when we were projecting the restaurant, and they really set its theme. Thematically, we're ancient Rome—the golden age of Rome, a time of lusty elegance, with a feeling much like that of New York today, in which the good things of life are presented to the leaders of the world.”

Mr. Baum ordered drinks from a waiter who was wearing a purple-and-red coat, but he did not touch his—Lillet and Perrier water. Instead, he talked, in a low voice, for three-quarters of an hour, with statesmanlike pauses here and there, before ordering lunch. “One of the great beauties of R.A. is the geographical nearness of most of the major units to one another,” he began. “The permanent units, that is, not counting those at the Fair. Here we are, a sort of band across New York—Leone's, the Tower, the Fonda, the Forum, the Seasons, the Trattoria, Charlie Brown's. You can really get the message to someone. Personal supervision of unit directors is easy; barring emergencies and special occasions, such as catering a big private party in someone's house, they must all be on the floor at mealtimes. Well, every

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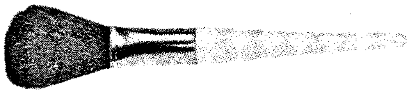

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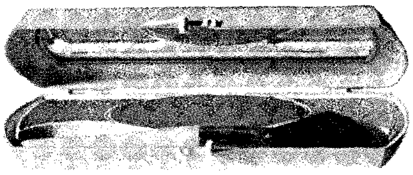

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now and then, when we open a new place, I send some of them, one at a time, to spend a week with its director; they recognize old customers, which provides a valuable continuity, and they can smooth down the personnel problems that tend to arise at openings. I generally have dinner at least three times a week in the various stores; my wife usually comes along, and we may bring guests, too. Some nights, I visit four or five of our places. Our business is heterogeneous, but there are common denominators. We have basic ideas and ideals that relate to one another in our operation—forms of service, expression on a menu. The phraseology of menus is important; you can't just change the words and get the same effect. We have, I guess, a style; this may be reflected in the way we set a table."

I had been fiddling, more or less unconsciously, with the cutlery at my place, and Mr. Baum said, "I see you've moved your fork from the right of the plate, where it was placed with the knife and spoon, to the left. Why do we put the fork at the right at the Forum? It's an expression of the heartiness of the Forum."

I hastily moved my fork back, in the interest of heartiness, and he went on, "For the same reason, the silver here is oversized. We're a sort of university club of emperors here. We're a club of Roman emperors—Rockefeller Center Roman emperors—enjoying the lusty splendor of that period. It's a shame Rome is under that cloud of 'decline;' it's all most people think about. Actually, the society of ancient Rome was very much like ours. It drank the best of Gallic wines; smoked or marinated some of its dishes; cooked game in clay in special ovens; imported oysters from Britain, crayfish from Egypt, and lovebirds from Africa; cooked and served its vegetables whole; and liked food that was basically cosmopolitan. When we signed a contract with Rockefeller Center to start a restaurant here and settled on the theme—it's Roman, *not* Italian—Jerry Brody and Albert Stockli and a couple of others and I went to Rome, Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Milan to look at restaurants, museums, china factories, silversmiths, and glassblowers. We've copied the Appian Way in our vestibule. Most of our utensils and tableware were made in Milan. The Forum service plate costs fifty dollars—which violates a restaurant cliché that a service plate shouldn't cost more than ten dollars—but it doesn't break, and I think it looks better when it gets a little dented. Most

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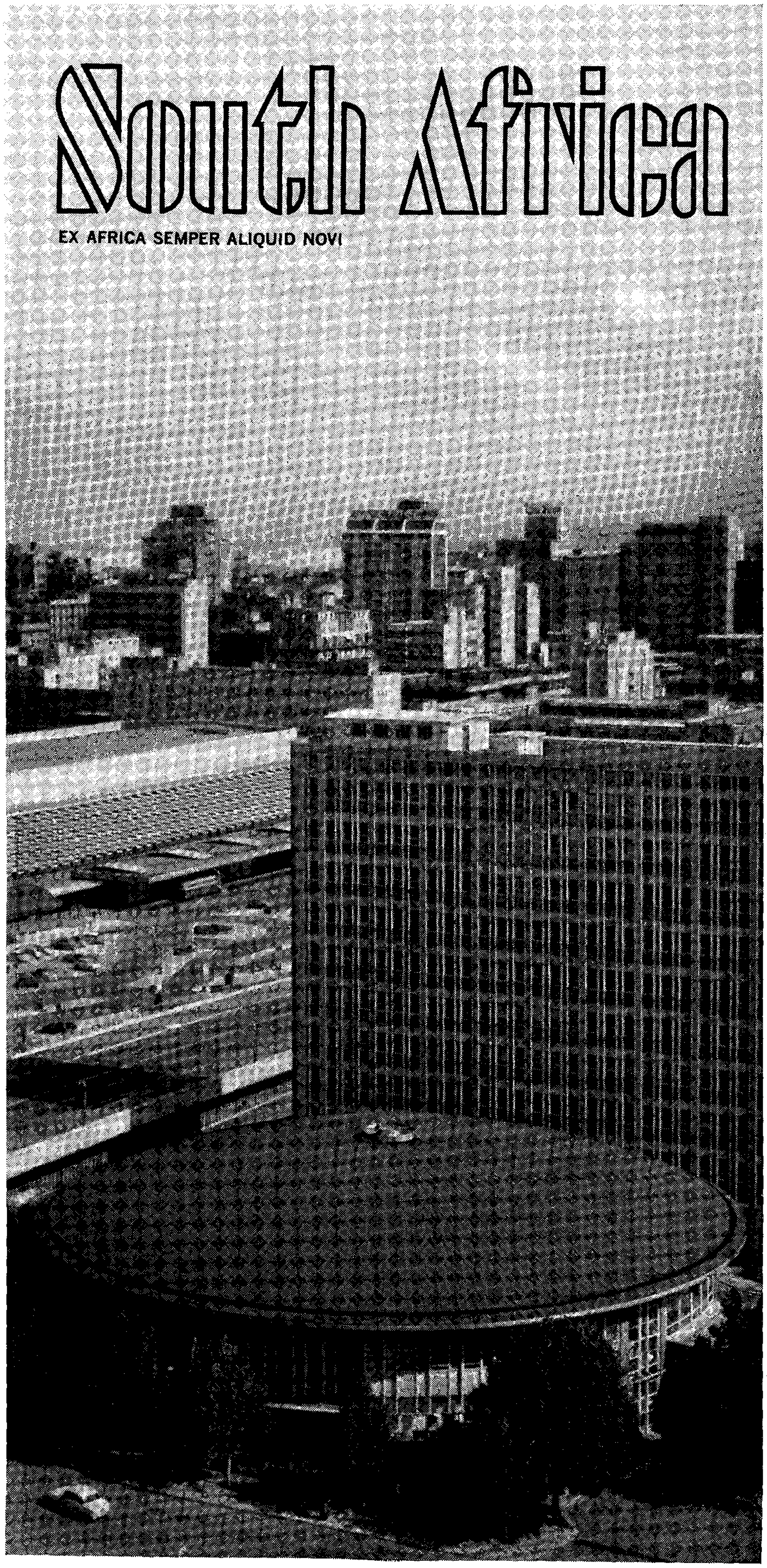

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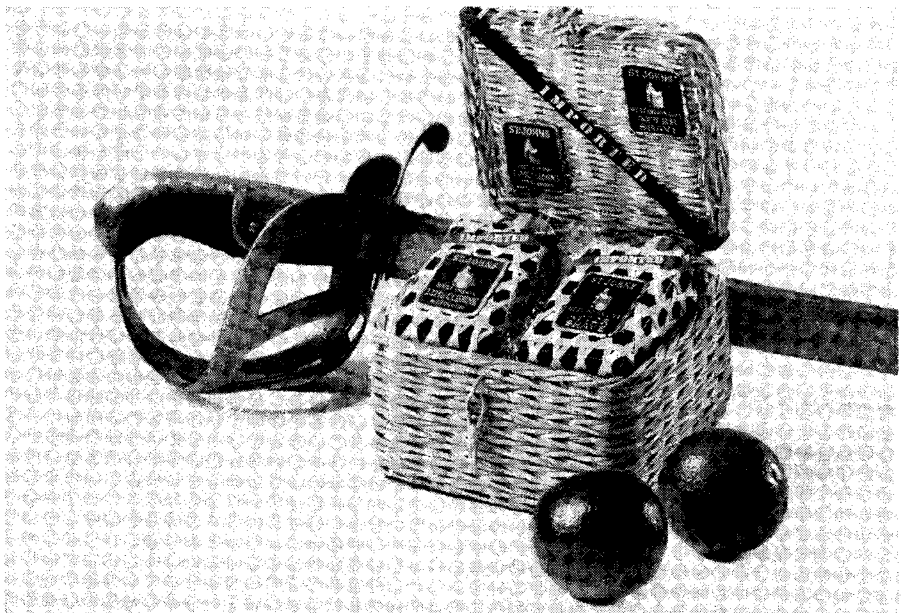

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service plates are china and break; these are indestructible."

I picked up my plate; it was copper with a brass border, and in its center was a bronze medallion bearing the head of a smiling Bacchus. "Made for us by Messulam of Milan," Mr. Baum said. "It would cost a hundred dollars to have one made here. We stipulated to the manufacturer that Bacchus should smile, rather than leer, as he so often does. We want people to feel *comfortable* here—we've made the tables an inch lower than usual. We did two years of homework, including trips to Italy, while planning this place. We were briefed on Roman culture by Dr. Harry Levy, of the Classics Department of Hunter College. He checked the Latin on our menus and lectured to our staff. We read Robert Graves and Gilbert Highet. Our waiters' jackets—imperial-purple-and-royal-red velveteen, as you may have noticed—are intended to suggest the togas of ancient Rome. They're made by the Brooks Uniform Company. The uniforms at La Fonda del Sol were designed by Rudi Gernreich, of Los Angeles."

Mr. Baum glanced at me, and I realized that I had again displaced my fork. I put it back, and he resumed, "Before we came here, this was a location—at the tail end of the Center—that no one felt he could put a restaurant on, especially a restaurant of high check. But we knew the advertising world was here, and the entertainment world, and the communications world. We're tailored to a special clientele."

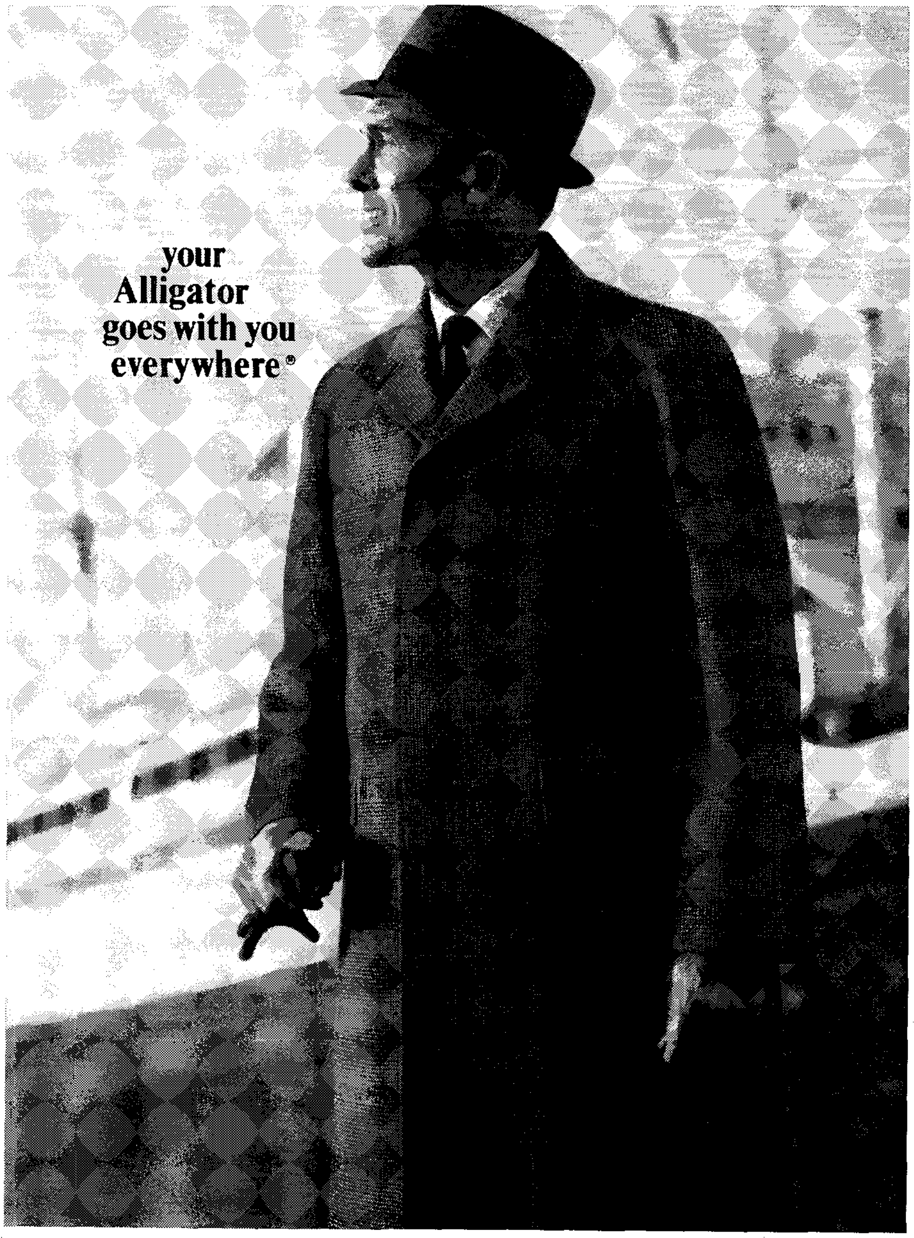
Restaurant Associates became a publicly owned corporation in 1961, when 245,000 of its 750,408 shares of stock were sold to the public at eleven dollars each; six years earlier, Mr. Wechsler had disposed of all of his stock to his family. The company has never paid a dividend. Recently, the Waldorf System, a restaurant-of-low-check chain, acquired a nineteen-per-cent stock interest in its more glamorous industrial fellow, plus voting rights and options that, by 1966, may bring its stock interest to fifty per cent. To add to this typical capitalistic confusion, the chairman of both boards is Mr. Martin Brody, former owner of the Rain or Shine Food Box, an industrial feeding service in Newark, and no relation to the ex-R.A., present Gallagher's Steak House Brody. By way of preparation for my session with Mr. Baum, I had examined his outfit's last two annual reports, but they shed no light on the financial doings of the individual units, and I asked him how they were making out.

"The Four Seasons and Leone's do

an annual business of four million dollars each," he said. "I'm speaking in gross figures. The Newarker does close to three million; the Tower Suite does two and a half million; the Forum does one million four. Half a dozen of our units, such as the Trattoria and Charlie Brown's, are at a million-dollar annual level. We sell around thirty thousand meals a day, and we're still expanding. I hope to have many more Zum Zums—the Pan Am one has been a great success—and we may move into Detroit. I have in mind a kind of Tower Suite operation there—maybe several. We sell a thousand bottles of wine a week at the Tower Suite—mostly French, mostly '52s, '53s, '55s, and '59s. There's a big production curve in Detroit. There's a good restaurant image there, and a need for pleasure. I recently spent a week there with a management team from our office, looking at possible locations."

I took my hand off my fork, to which it had strayed, and asked Mr. Baum where *his* first location had been. "Saratoga Springs," he said. "My parents ran a hotel there summers, from May till September—the Gross & Baum Family Hotel. A hundred and sixty-five rooms, some with bath. My mother's father, Isaac Gross, put up the money for it and was active in it for a number of years; he'd been in the food business in York, Pennsylvania, and in Jersey City. Mother met Father in Saratoga when he was driving a bakery truck. At the hotel, Mother ran the back of the house—she was a great cook and a poor baker—and Father ran the front. He was, and is—he's now retired, and lives with my mother in Miami—a resourceful man; when no rooms with bath were available, he'd tell prospective customers that the Spa's thermal baths would be more than enough for their needs. He also had a winter-resort hotel in Lakewood, New Jersey, until 1932; after that, he took the winters off, but he and Mother ran the Gross & Baum until last year, when it was sold and razed and replaced by a Holiday Inn. They had it forty-eight years. I worked in the pantry as a child, and I enjoyed knowing the cooks and the chambermaids; I was brought up to have this informal identification with food and service. It was a sweet family world. It was also a world—at least in the summer—of race-track people and leftover Damon Runyon."

While I was puzzling over this one, I learned that my companion—whose family world consisted additionally of a brother who is now a pediatric cardiologist at the University Hospital, in Seat-



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tle, and a sister who teaches at the Graduate School of Social Work, at Atlanta University—graduated in 1937 from high school in Lakewood, where, in his junior year, he had been accepted by the Cornell School (now College) of Hotel Administration; since money was lacking, he first worked for two years as a busboy, waiter, and cook in hotels in New Jersey and Florida. He graduated from Cornell in 1943; married Ruth Courtman, a New York girl he'd met a couple of summers before, when he was a desk clerk in Miami; and, after nine months' training, became an ensign in the Supply Corps of the Navy, shipping out on a destroyer-minelayer that wound up in Okinawa. "On April 12, 1945, the day President Roosevelt died, we were blasted by two kamikazes and had to abandon ship," he said. "My job was to open the safe, destroy the code, and save the money—seventy thousand dollars in small bills, which I put in my Valpak. After ten days on another vessel, we—the survivors, that is—got back on our ship, a third of which had been destroyed, and were towed backward to Guam. I had lost some of the money, and I replaced it myself, to avoid red tape."

After a pause, Mr. Baum continued, over his untouched Lillet, "Ruth and I came to New York to face the world in 1946. We took an apartment in a lovely little brownstone on West Twelfth Street. It was the first time I'd lived in New York." He got a job with Harris, Kerr, Forster & Co., a firm of hotel accountants and consultants, which now examines and vouches for the consolidated balance sheet and the financial statements of Restaurant Associates' annual report. "I was paid fifty dollars a week," he said. "I wanted to learn specific methods of operation in the hotel business. I made up endless reports on the food-and-beverage control systems of the Lexington Hotel and the Hotel St. George, in Brooklyn—how many Martinis were sold in a given week, comparisons with the previous week, the previous month, the previous year. Ruth and I worked on these together until three in the morning. Then my boss just put them in an 'out' basket. How necessary was this work?"

He paused again, and continued, "I became a supervisor, in charge of food-and-beverage control at hotels and restaurants that were our clients, and in 1947 I moved over to one of them as manager—the Monte Carlo, at Madison Avenue and Fifty-fourth Street. It had a waterfall, a dance floor,

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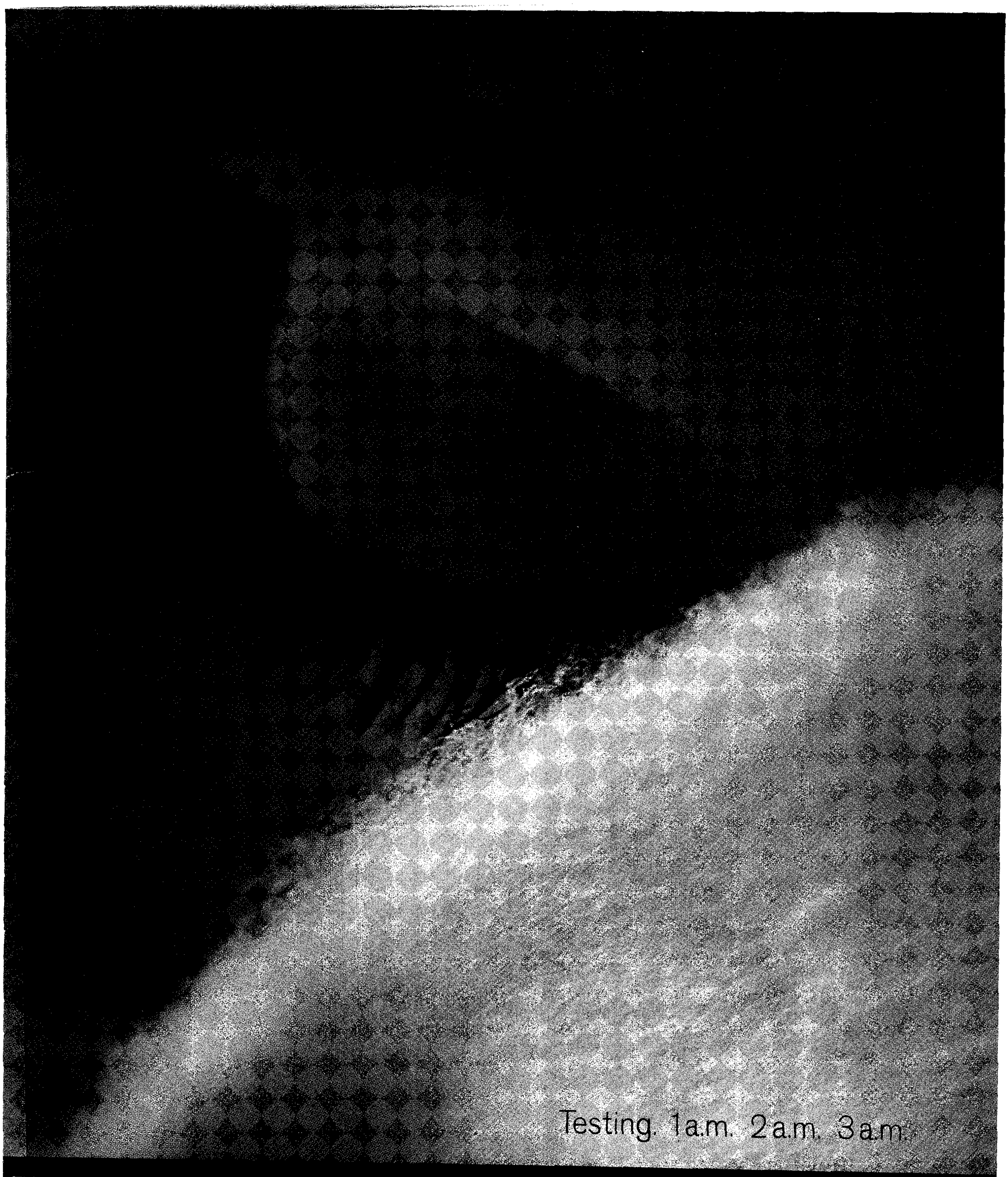

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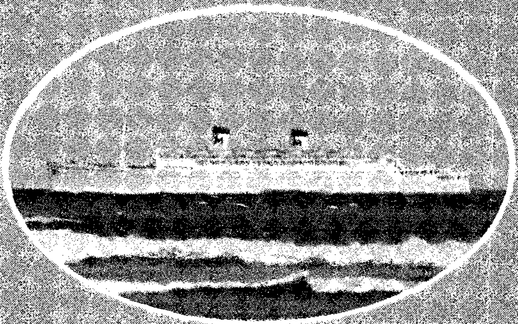

and a theatrical following. It was owned by Bill Zeckendorf, and it was *very* sophisticated."

He lifted his glass and put it down and said, "I guess it's time for lunch. What will you have?"

I placed myself in his hands, and he ordered lamb chops with flageolets, *tomates farcies*, and a St. Julien—a Gruaud Larose '52. "I learned a lot from Zeckendorf," he said. "The Monte Carlo was a very flossy place, and that's where I learned what good but not great meant. Bill had a passion for detail. He once called me from Mexico at four in the morning—*my* time—to find out how many dinners we'd done that night. Some of the Monte Carlo crew are with me today, among them Jacques Casanova, a headwaiter who later became a maître d'hôtel at the Four Seasons and now runs the Ford Pavilion's private dining room at the Fair. Crabmeat Casanova Flambé on the Four Seasons menu is named after him. It's also named after him on the menu of the Gloucester Hotel in Hong Kong, which has copied the format and typography of the Four Seasons menu. We have disciples all over the world. Our menus have been imitated in Rome, Lima, and Copenhagen, and we once got an injunction against a bathrobe manufacturer who had appropriated the design of the four trees we use on the Four Seasons menus and ashtrays and put it on a garment he was calling the Robe of the Four Seasons."

The immortalizer of the contemporary Casanova looked at me thoughtfully, and went on, "Restaurant workers worry about their status. A problem of the business is the leftover frontier Calvinism relating to whether service is an honest trade to be in. It doesn't have an inner status. That's the real crux of our world. You must show your people that you love them and appreciate their work. I'm an operating president; I'm directed to the product. If your product is food and service, you must love food and service. It isn't always easy. Our business is rife with social conflict, economic conflict, and war between the waiter and the kitchen, the waiter and the customer, and the waiter and the customer and the kitchen. Holy mackerel! Am I getting this straight? I sometimes get carried away in conversation."

Our chops were brought in by a waiter who *looked* peaceable, and my lunchmate went on to say that in 1950 he had accepted a job offer from the Schine chain, which soon led to his becoming director of restaurant opera-

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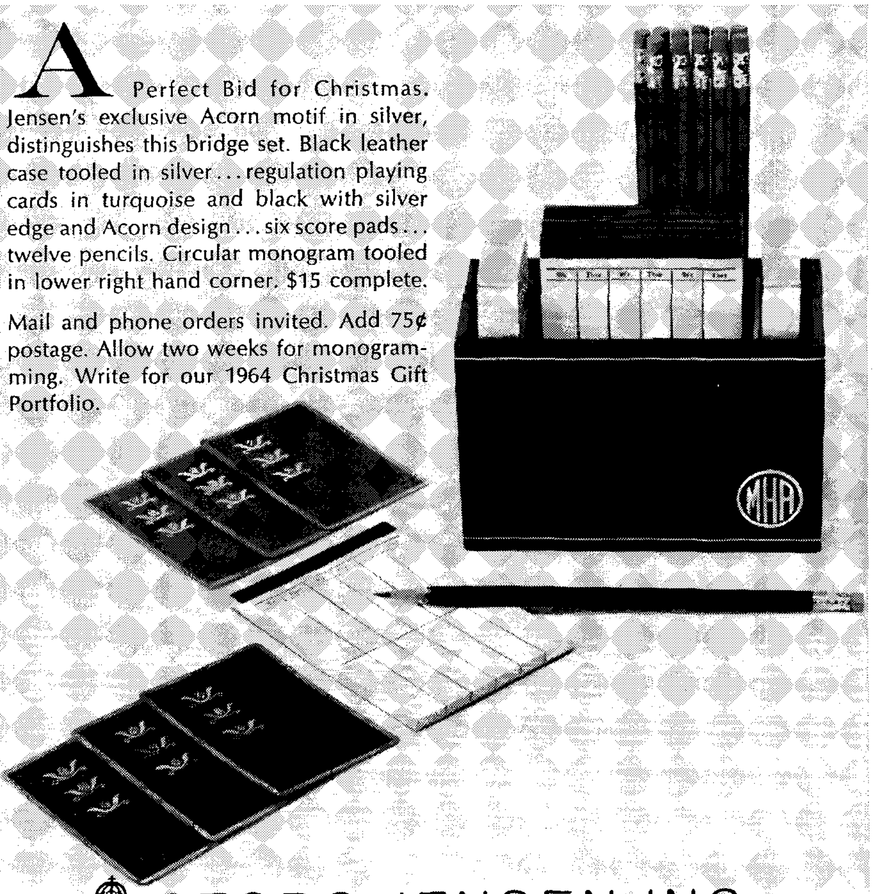

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tions of the Schine hotels in Florida. "Louis Schine started out as a candy butcher on the Erie Railroad," he said. "Then he and his brother Myer and their sons built up this hotel empire—the Ten Eyck in Albany, and the Roney Plaza, the Boca Raton, the Hollywood Beach, and so on, in Florida. There were a good many conflicts in the organization—the kind that occur in family dynasties, I guess. One of Myer's sons destroyed himself, in a business way, because *hubris* comes to roost too easily, doesn't it?—and . . . where was I? Oh, yes—when Jerry Brody asked me to join Restaurant Associates and take over the Newarker, I was glad to. It was very difficult not to fall in love with the Boca Raton—it's Addison Mizner at his best—but there's a certain monotony to Florida, and I missed New York. The stimulation of being able to work in this city is very much underestimated. There's something about this big small town . . ."

Mr. Baum paused, and took a sip of the St. Julien. "You won't see a wine like this again," he said. "I don't take a position in wine—as Soulé once took a position in Pétrus, for example, at the Pavillon—but I bet I have the best selection in New York. I don't take a position because I don't want to tie up too much in inventories; I'd rather pay more." Returning to his *curriculum vitae*, he said, "The Newarker is the heart of R.A. As a training ground for much of what we did later, it became translated into a variety of expressions. People thought we were nuts to start a restaurant of this calibre in the swamps of Secaucus, and the public-relations picture was far from positive—the public's image of airport restaurants was every bit as bad as its image of railroad-terminal restaurants—but Jerry Brody recognized the restaurant's values and supported it. We never cut corners. The more money we lost in those early days, the more trouble Albert Stockli and I took to make the food and cooking outstanding. Oh, God, the things we did! We put quality china in, we made the menu graphically exciting and our portions overgenerous. We originated the knife-and-fork oyster—Absecon oysters, from an island off Atlantic City, which are so large they have to be cut with a knife. When we served ordinary-sized oysters, we served seven instead of the customary six. We put the extra oyster on a little plate at the side of the main plate, to attract attention to it; we wanted to dramatize our heartiness. Our lobsters came with three claws—we served a lobster and a half per portion, I mean, and called them three-clawed lobsters. We flambéed our *shashlik* and our steak chunks and our scallops wrapped in bacon, and also our brandied coffee, and we invented the Sparkler for dessert, God help me. The customers like to see things on fire, or accompanied by fiery props, and it doesn't really hurt the food much."

He smiled, ordered a couple of nonfiery Nubian chocolate rolls, and observed, "The flame has come a long way in ten or twelve years; we have so many flaming dishes and so many chafing-dish specialties here at the Forum that we built an extra ten-per-cent capacity into the air-conditioning system. We really had a ball at the Newarker. We developed an identification with the community and the surrounding country. People now come in from thirty miles around for lunch and from ninety miles around for dinner. The place set the pattern for airport dining all over the country. It improved not only the public's image of airport restaurants but its *airport* image. A couple of years ago, when the Port Authority decided it wanted to have a good restaurant at LaGuardia Airport, it came to us."

Lunch over, the father of the fiery dessert and the three-clawed lobster suggested a visit to the Pan Am Building units. "A cross-section of Italian cuisine," he said as we entered the Trattoria, where a great array of *antipasto* was on display at a circular counter in the middle of the room. "We're trying to promote the idea that Italian food is light. Italian pastry was the beginning of French pastry, you know. If I'm not mistaken, it was Catherine de Médicis who came to the Loire and introduced Italian pastry to France. Our waiters and waitresses here are Italian; we have an ethnic employment policy for ethnic restaurants.

"German countergirls," he said as we gained the Zum Zum, next door. "Rapid service in the Bavarian-sausage mood. The counters are designed to give a butcher-shop atmosphere. The whole idea is to raise the check in an informal snack bar; we provide a beer-and-sausage format rather than the conventional orange-drink-and-hot-dog one. The sausages are smoked right on the premises. 'Zum Zum' is a name we sort of made up. It's lilting, I think, and gives the impression of speed. I originally thought of calling the place Mach Schnell."

He smiled, and led me down the concourse to Charlie Brown's, whose country-kitchen-style dining room is aimed at the male commuter. "A Victorian city pub," he said. "Big impact

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for lunch. We run these three stores on a lease from the owners of the building. They're grossing well over three million dollars a year. I went to Munich to get ideas for the Zum Zum, and Albert Stockli and I went to Italy when we were planning the Trattoria, just as we did when we were planning the Forum, but I also picked up a lot of useful information right here. We have a big library of ethnic cookbooks in the company offices."

An ambassadorial-looking man in a black suit, dark tie, and white shirt came up to us, and Mr. Baum introduced him as Alan Lewis, the former director of the Newarker and the Forum. "Alan is vice-president in charge of general restaurant supervision, reporting to me," he said.

Mindful of the common clothing denominator of Mr. Lewis and his chief and—when I had seen them—the Messrs. Harty, Levin, and Brody—I asked whether sartorial melanism was a kind of upper-echelon company uniform.

"Jerry Brody and I started getting Brioni suits in Rome when the Forum was under way, and I guess some of the others followed along," Mr. Baum said.

Mr. Lewis nodded and said, "A dark suit is *de rigueur* on the floor at night, and this way you don't have to go home and change. If you work late in the afternoon at the office, you don't have time anyway."

"Let's take a look at the Paul Revere," Mr. Baum said, and we walked to this Revolutionary outpost, a dusky den of wooden tables and Early American muskets and prints. "Liquor is a big thing here," he said, after introducing me to the tavern's director, Richard Aimesbury, who was wearing a black suit, a dark tie, and a white shirt. "Drinks are an ounce and a half instead of the usual ounce."

Mr. Baum asked what last week's business was, and Mr. Aimesbury, consulting a typewritten list, said, "Twelve thousand dollars, as against forty-seven hundred for the corresponding week last year."

"Each of our unit managers gets up an itemized profit-and-loss statement every week," Mr. Baum told me. "You cannot be superficially creative, and you cannot be superficial in your merchandising. I search constantly for ways to bring craft and administration closer together."

We concluded our postprandial tour at the Four Seasons, where, after signing me up for another lunch session, my mentor turned me over to Mr. Levin. It was four o'clock, and the director

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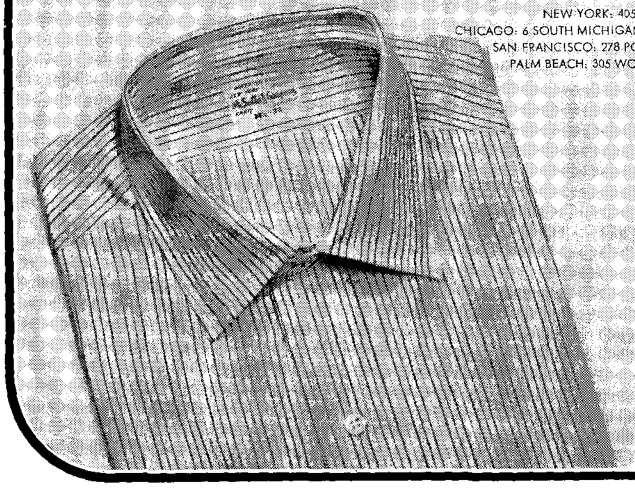

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of the Seagram Building's cynosure was free for an uninterrupted chat. "I joined the company in 1956, when I was twenty-six," he said as we sat down at the Lippold-haloed bar. "I'd been working for my father, who owned Gilmore's Steak House, at Park Avenue and Fifty-fourth Street, which closed that year. I trained at the Newarker as assistant to Fred Rufe, who was then its director—Alan Lewis, its previous director, following Joe Baum, had gone over to the Lexington; Fred later went to La Fonda and now runs the Tavern-on-the-Green—and in 1957 I was assigned to our executive offices to work on the Forum menus. I learned the importance of food costing. What fun we had! I remember the day, in our test kitchens in the Lexington, where we work out new dishes and menus of new units, when Albert Stockli and I made thirty-seven different kinds of soufflés, every one of them pre-costed—some with more yolk, some with less, and with varying amounts of butter, and so on. Joe Baum supervises these tests and takes an active hand in them. I owe to Joe the appreciation I now have for food—I'd been in the business, of course, but there's a large gap between sirloin steak and *croustade* of morels."

In line with the company's policy of upgrading deserving employees, Mr. Levin left the Newarker to become associate director of the Forum (a step up because of this restaurant's more commanding status), served next as director of the Hawaiian Room and the Paul Revere, and in the spring of 1959 was tapped for Four Seasons leadership. "We moved our entire crew here on July 4, 1959—fifty waiters, twenty captains, twenty busboys—and for three weeks we cooked all the food on the menus," he said. "Half the staff sat down and ordered, and the other half did the serving; then they switched. Dishes that weren't right were sent back. Joe Baum was on hand all the time. He guided me, but he let me be independent; he let me make my mistakes. Joe to me is the last of the true innkeepers. One thing he taught me: I wear a glove, velvet on one side and leather on the other."

I shook hands goodbye, a bit cautiously, with Mr. Levin, and as he ushered me out past the seventy-thousand-dollar Picasso curtain, he said, "I've learned about art. And horticulture. I had to learn all about trees! Planting!"

MY own frame of reference was given a boost a few days later at Alexander Girard's museum, La Fonda

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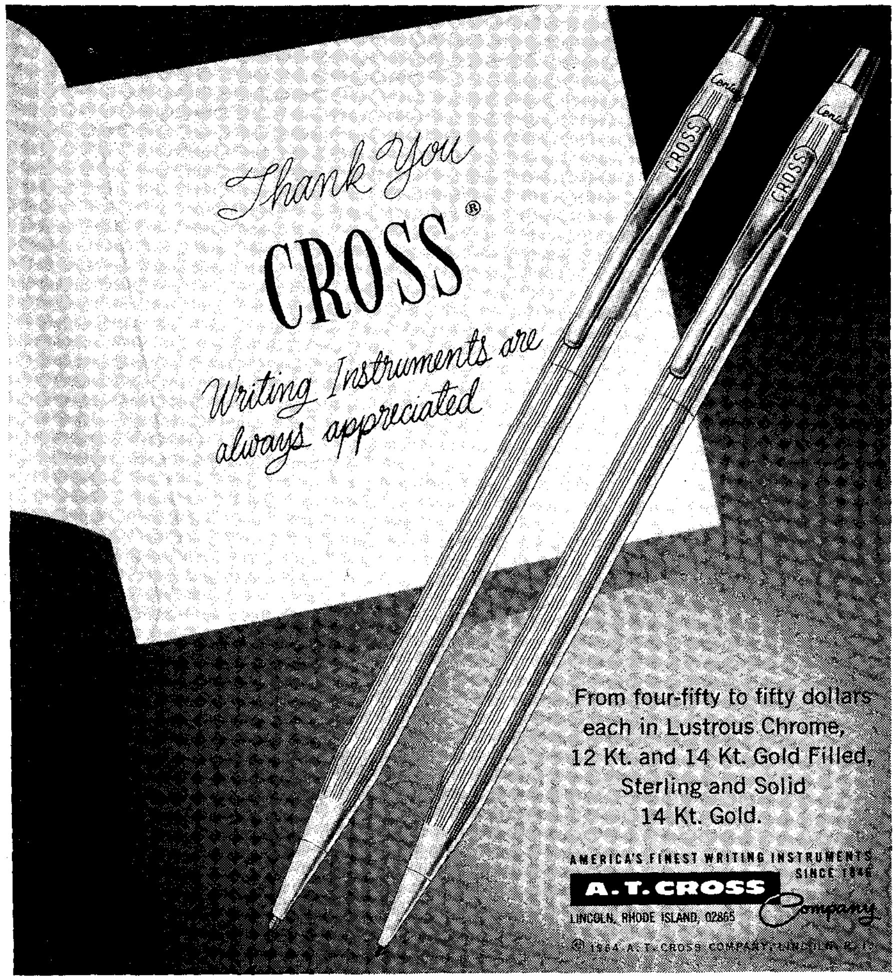

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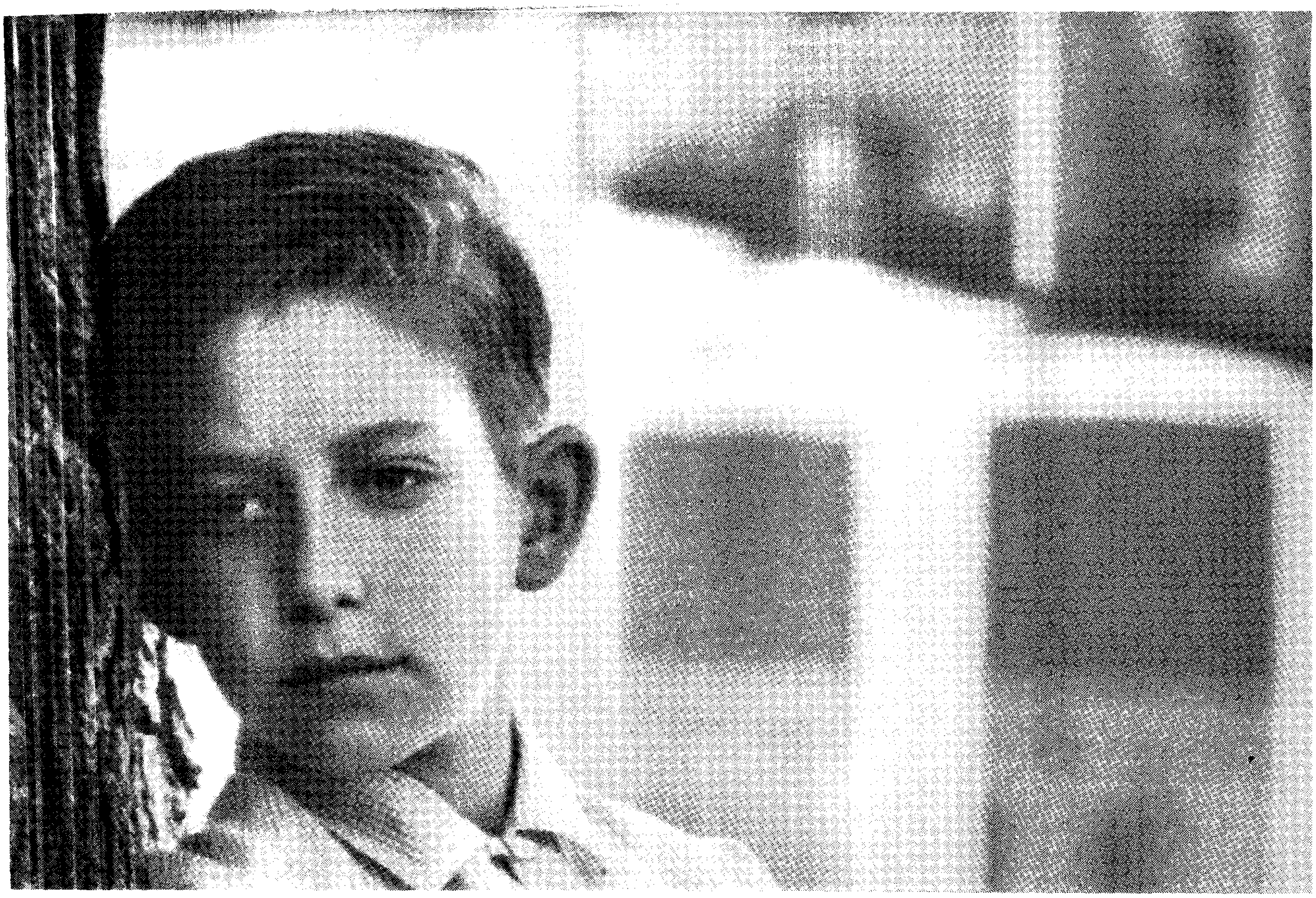
del Sol, which Mr. Baum had suggested for our second lunch. Before we settled down at a table, he called my attention to such visual attractions as purple-and-orange banquettes, windowed recesses stocked with hundreds of Latin-American dolls and other toys, and, out in the open, rows of ovens with decorated fronts. His own front was decorated with a dark tie (subdued floral pattern) and a white shirt, and he had on a black suit—this time one with a dark-red pin stripe. He introduced me to the unit director, James Tsighis (in black and white), who led us to a table facing a big open grill where three chefs in toques were busy at spits laden with sections of pork, chicken, lamb, and beef that turned slowly over a bed of glowing coals. Mr. Baum ordered two Pisco Sours from a brightly garbed ethnic waiter, and said, "I think that of all our places La Fonda is the one I love the most. A great steak-broiling restaurant built on an unusual theme! I think it's Girard's greatest creation. He was recommended to us by Philip Johnson. Look at those vitrines! A mouse piggy bank from San Salvador! And those tiny human figures made of Ecuadorian festival bread treated with formaldehyde and reinforced with steel rods! Conversation pieces! All the people who work here are Latin-American; we have people from twenty-three countries. Things lead you on to other things. The Forum led us to Rome and Milan and Pompeii and Herculaneum and Apicius and Suetonius and Gilbert Highet, as I think I mentioned the other day, and when we started planning La Fonda a bunch of us took a trip through Latin America, where we ate ourselves silly and began to read things relating to South America. Chocolate came from there, you know, and corn, and potatoes. Chocolate was very important with the Aztecs. Isn't it interesting that we do everything here *without* a flame? Nothing is flambéed. Even so, there's the gaiety and lift here that I think are so important in a restaurant. My only fear is that La Fonda may be overdramatized. If you were a gorgeous broad next to me, the décor might be too distracting. You might be too interested in your surroundings to concentrate on your escort."

Mr. Baum looked pensive, and I asked him how the spot was doing, other than aesthetically.

"La Fonda's financial success is still to come," he said. "The investment was enormous. The place ended up by costing two million—way over the original budget. It's hard to recover a



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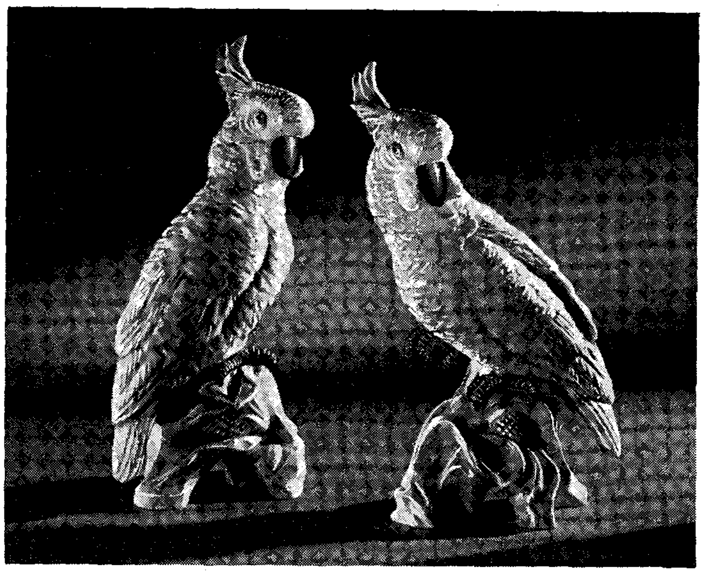

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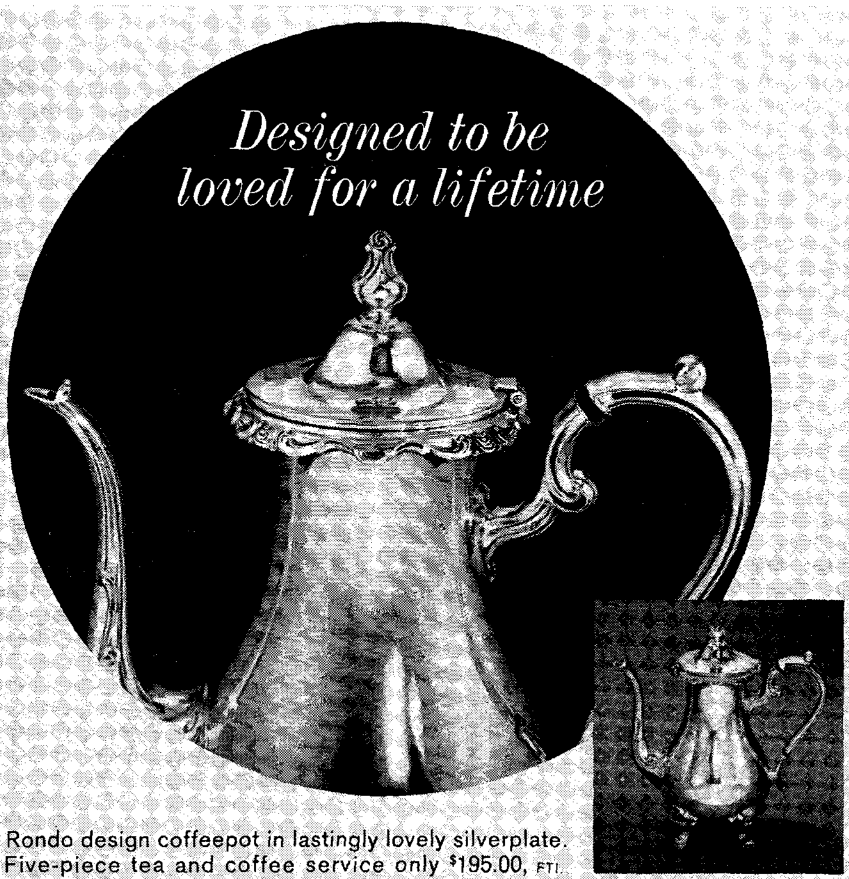

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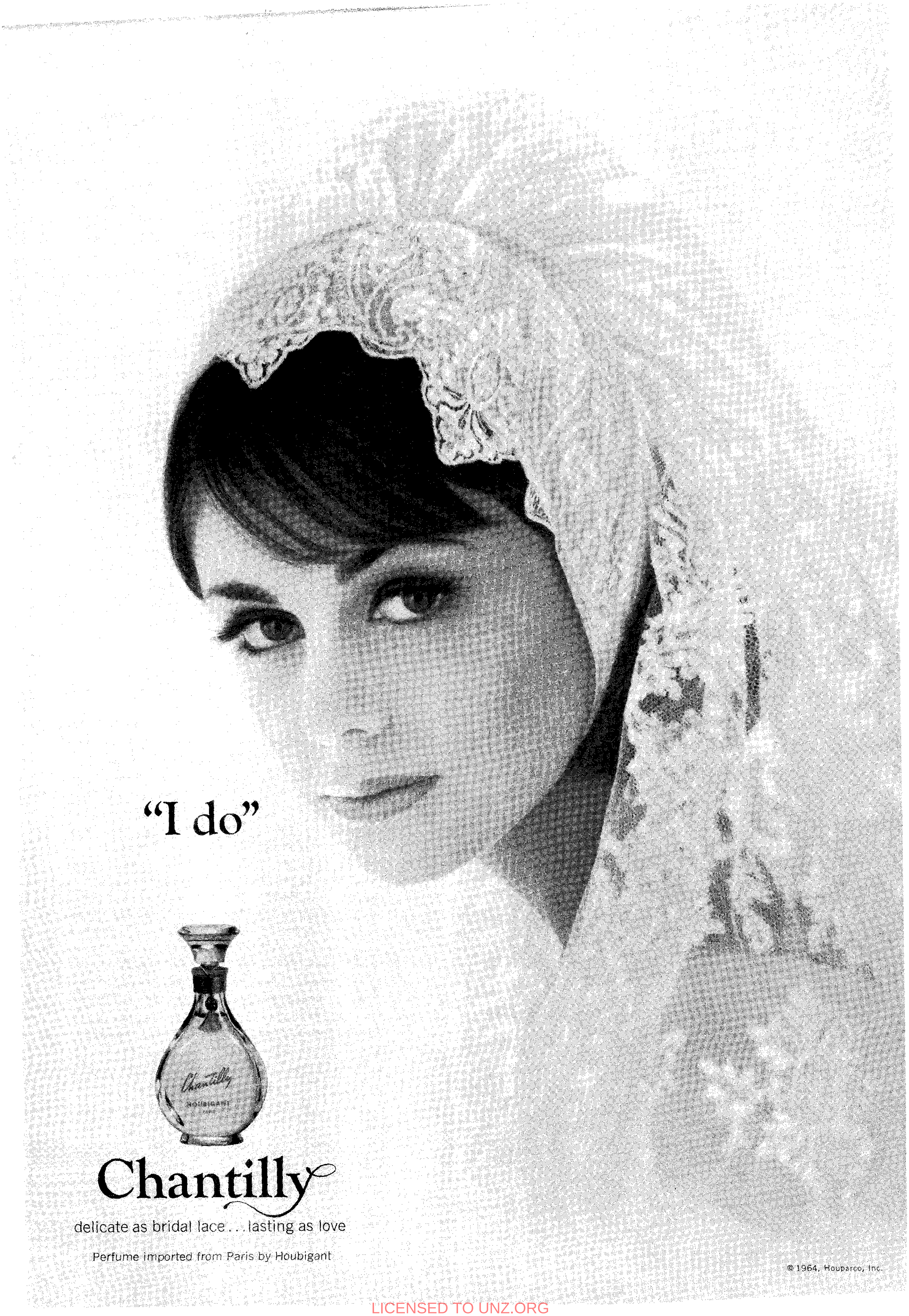
hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year—Leone's does, and more, but it seats thirteen hundred to La Fonda's four hundred and twenty, and it has a good will that goes back to its founding, in 1906—but isn't this a beautiful, exciting restaurant?"

He ordered a mixed grill of sirloin steak, sausage, and lamb, and a pitcher of *sangria*, and I asked whether any Restaurant Associates ventures had ever lapsed.

"Some of them—mostly cafeterias—ran their course before my day," he said. "For a few years in the nineteen-fifties, we did some industrial feeding for a munitions factory in Iowa and for the American Radiator Company in Bayonne. In 1960, Robert Dowling asked us to run some restaurants for him at Sterling Forest, but we gave them up after a year; they're now being run by Horn & Hardart. Oh, I skipped something—the New York Thruway. Around the time when I was so busy getting the Newarker started, the Thruway Authority requested bids from various food-service chains to manage restaurants on the Thruway. There were to be twenty-seven of these, divided up among the New York-to-Albany, the Albany-to-Syracuse, and the Syracuse-to-Buffalo sections. We had second choice, and chose Syracuse-to-Buffalo. We suffered from being pioneers. There were a number of hampering regulations—such as having to keep a full staff on duty twenty-four hours a day, even during blizzards, when there was virtually no business—and it was hard to keep the units supplied from our Manhattan commissary in snowy weather. We sold out after a year, at a slight profit, to Buddies Lunch, a Cleveland chain."

The master of total recall ordered a dessert—one listed on the menu as Candy Cake of Mexican Chocolate, or Torta de Chocolaterías, which he said he'd discovered, on his La Fonda-planning Latin-American tour, in Mexico City, where it was the specialty of an expatriate Viennese cook—and, winding up his reply to my question, observed, "The most recent, and most ambitious, venture we've abandoned was one in Europe—a resort complex at Divonne-les-Bains, seven miles from the Geneva Airport on the French side of the border. It included two hotels, a casino, a theatre, a golf course, and other facilities. We acquired a controlling interest in it in the spring of 1962 by way of a complicated transaction involving a Paris real-estate firm as partner and the setting up of a Swiss corporation. It was going to be the be-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ginning of our international operation; we also had a project to build a steak house in Paris for the *Time* and *Life* people there. This was to be called Le Western and was designed by Raymond Loewy. Divonne was a great idea, a very great creative idea—the place is a favorite with people doing business in Geneva, where, as you know, there's a lot of scared money—and we sent Alan Lewis over to take charge of it, but we sold our interest last fall to a group that included Elie de Rothschild, and at the same time we dropped the Paris steak house."

I asked why, and he said, "Conditions in France seemed unsettled, and, besides, both of those were Jerry Brody's babies, and they went out when he went out. We sold Divonne at a profit of over three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. We're now out of Europe."

We were now out of La Fonda, and as I thanked him for lunch, the trailblazer, or co-trailblazer, for Buddies Lunch and Baron de Rothschild said, "By the way, I've taken the liberty of sending a collection of our menus and a few other documents to your house. You might like to look them over. Also, how about visiting our headquarters office one of these days?"

WE made a date, and I left for home, where, after a long nap, I started sifting through the stack of house documents that my host had sent me. The file of menus, weighing six pounds, indicated clearly that Mr. Baum's command of gastronomical semantics has kept pace with the growth of his organization. Thus, the bill of fare of the run-of-the-mill Riker's (this chain within a chain is, as noted, pre-Baum, but he has edited its literature) is mainly content with such *terre-à-terre* items as "Chunky Chicken Salad," "Chopped Liver on Rye," and "All Beef Hamburger" (although it *does* offer a languorous "Stewed Chicken on a Bed of Fluffy Steamed Rice"), while that of Riker's Corner House, on Fifty-seventh Street and Sixth Avenue—done over in 1953, with a ceiling inspired by Mondrian, as a kind of Riker's flagship—features a fractionally exotic "Cold Premium Ham Platter, Tasty Cole Slaw, Potato Salad, with Tomato Wedges, on Crisp Oriental Cabbage," an oddly excited "Hoppel Poppel Omelet! with Sliced Frankfurters, Sauteed Mushrooms and Onions," and, under "fabulous fountain features" (this in modish lower-case type), "Sodalicious Ice Cream Sodas," as well as a Continental "Split de Ba-

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nana Royale" (the last subtitled "Spécialité de la Corner Maison").

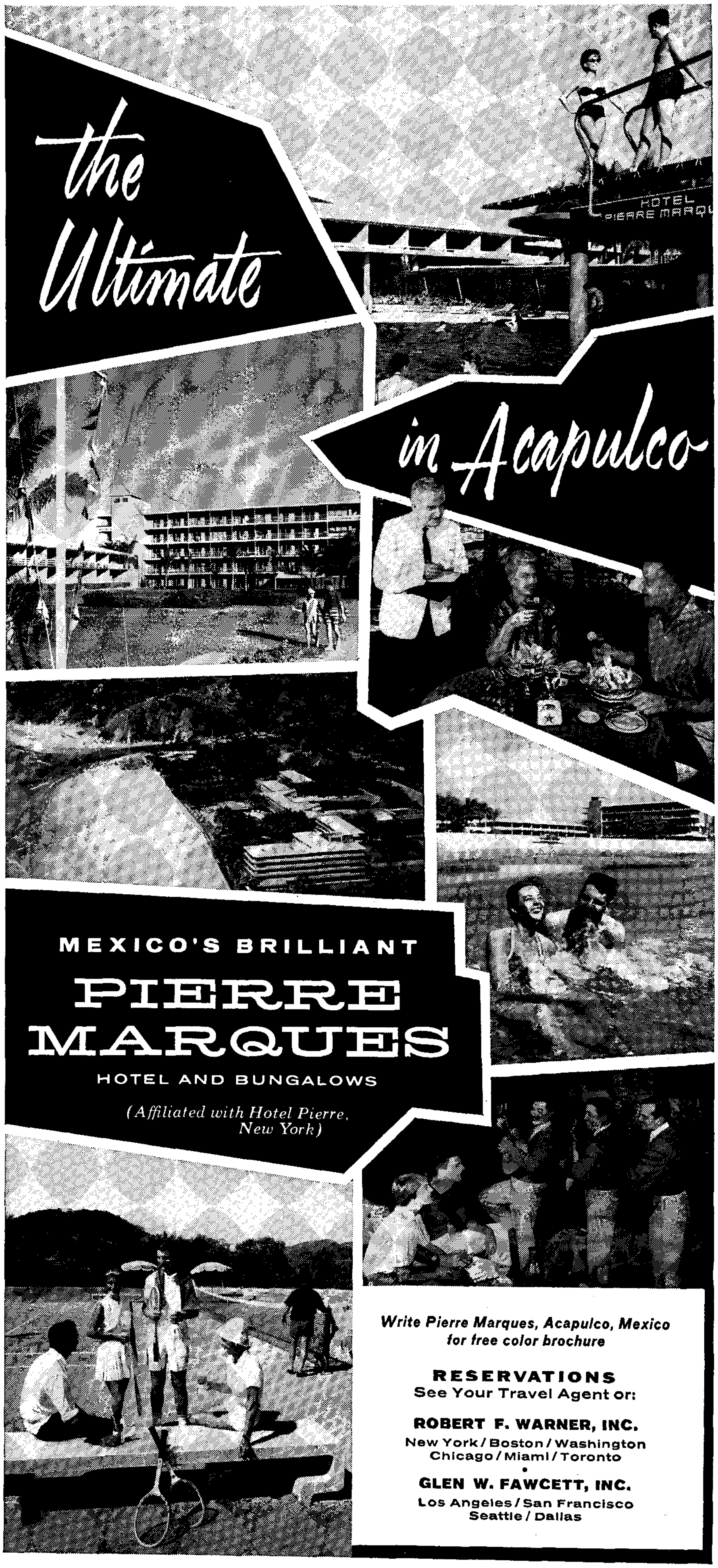
In the menuese of the Newarker, the vocabulary is more international. Not only does it *saut* further into the *sauté* ("Sautée of Brook Trout with Sliced Almonds," "Sautéed Veal Chop on Green Noodles with Tomato and Chipolata") but, quite often, into adjectives that whisk the customer a long way from the swamps of Secaucus. Curried chicken is "Bombay Style," and seafood curry is "Sumatra with East Indian Relishes;" "Beef Tenderloin Tips" are "à la Deutsch, Parisienne Potatoes;" rack of lamb is "Persillé;" stringbeans and onions are "Paysanne;" eggs (some of them, at any rate) are "Sardou;" fruit salad is "Tropicale;" "Chilled Curried Crème of Chicken" is "Maharanee." Among the desserts, strawberries are "Romanoff," and there is a "Coupe Helvête au Kirsch" and a "Tra-La-La—A Parisienne Frivolity Prepared at Your Table." Local touches, such as "Tossed Salad of Garden State Greens, Newarker Dressing," are tossed in sparingly; the more widely allusive tone prevails, reaching a stimulating apotheosis in "Green Goddess Salad with Breast of Turkey and Westphalian Ham."

The Hawaiian Room provided Mr. Baum and his Associates with a composing challenge to which they rose admirably. Pidgin Polynesian, or something, runs riot. A drink list entitled "Drinks of the South Seas from Beyond the Reef and Across the Bar" starts out, "Okoolehao Sling: A zingy sling of gin and juice in a real coconut . . . Veree native. . . .," and continues:

> THE JADED LADY: Sooo sophisticated, soooo???. . . You'll never really be "tired of it all" again. . . .
>
> ANA ANA: A sorcerer's brew of gin, rum, and brandy, fiendishly blended—not for the sorcerer's apprentice! . . .
>
> MAUI MIST: If you look close (but not too close) you can see the highlands of Maui—Mais Oui!!!—mint, pineapple, and coconut blended with rum. . . .
>
> SURF RIDER SWIZZLE: A tall—l-o-n-g—Waikiki cooler. The swizzle stick helps bring things to a head. . . .
>
> THE BEEEG WON: Unrestrained Passion (Fruit That Is . . .) and Pagan Rums Can Lead to Beeeg Problems.

"Aloha!" cries the bill of fare, its cover embossed with the restaurant's name in gold, and states, in part (with great sequences of capital letters, which I am ducking):

> THE BEEG LUAU
>
> Polynesian Pupuus on the Fiery Popo! Tournedos of Beef, Saigon. Chicken Momi. Flaming Satés of Steak and Lamb,



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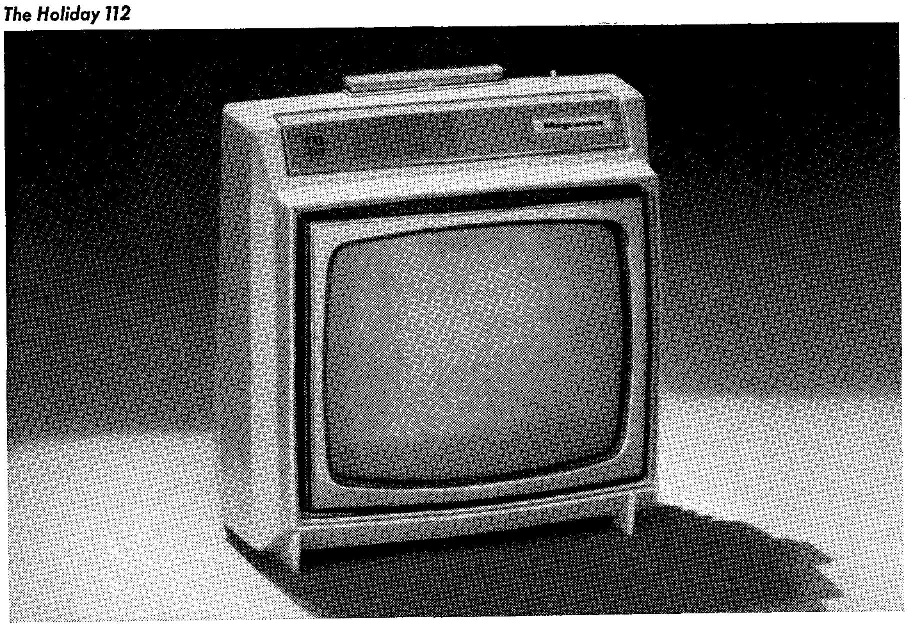

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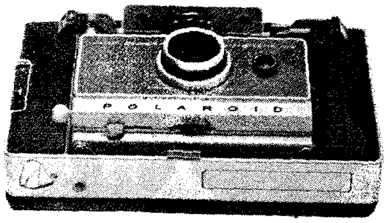
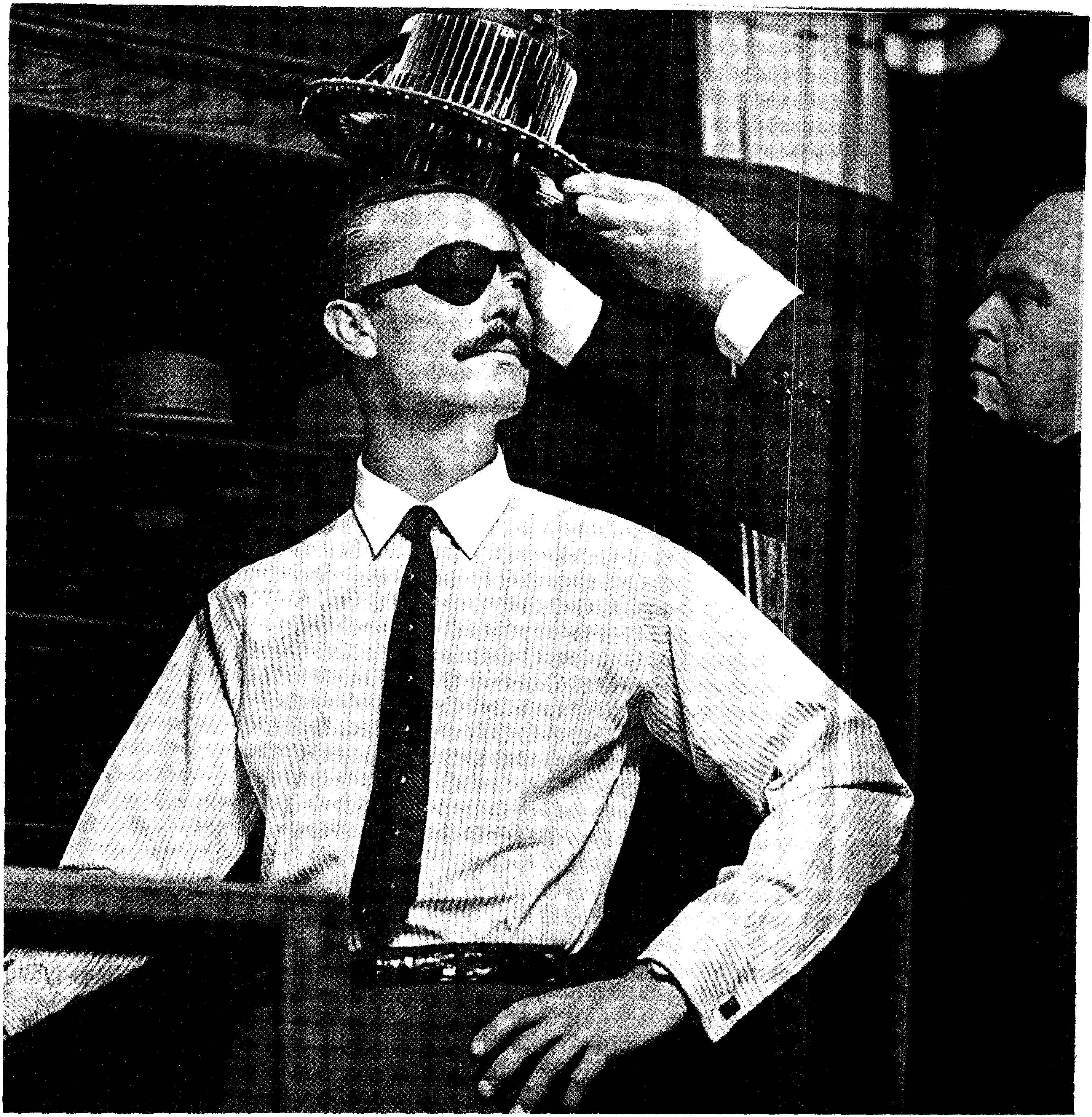
Flaming Snow Mountain—An Ice Mountain of Fruits to Dip in a Delicious Rum Sauce—Afire!

The Beeeg Problem of reflecting the New England Colonial spirit in the menu of Paul Revere's Tavern has been solved by serving ale in yards, half yards, and tankards, and by dreaming up a bill of fare whose cover describes the joint as being "on the Lexington Pike at the 48th Crossing," and which prints lower-case "s"s as "f"s ("Shredded Horferadifh"), "Beverages" as "Bevers," "Chicken" as "Chyken," "Steak" as "Stake," "Salad" as "Sallett," and so on. Corresponding typographical and orthographical conceits are to be found in two similarly nostalgic company units, the Mermaid Tavern and the John Peel. At the Mermaid, potato salad is "Tater Sallett," pies are "Pyes," "Roaft Beef" comes "wyth Sperages," and "Tomatas wyth Pink Onions or Salad [*sic*] Greens" are "toffed wyth your own choice of dreffings;" the address of this Shakespearean refuge, which is situated in a hundred-and-sixty-two-room motel that is held by Reftaurant Affociates on a sixty-year leafe, is given as "Stratford on Merritt, Connecticut." The John Peel, which is also in a motel and is listed on its menu as being at "Weftbury, Long Ifland," crosses its Elizabethanisms with a kind of North Shore raciness; its "Libations" harbor a "The Devil Take Ye" and a "Bofom Careffer."

Continuing my linguistic studies, I picked up a dinner menu of the Forum of the Twelve Caesars, whose Latin, I recalled, had been checked by Dr. Harry Levy, of the Classics Department of Hunter College. This proclamation, seventeen inches by thirteen, and consisting of a four-page red-black-and-gray insert attached with an imperial-purple cord to a purple-ribboned, bronze-sealed cover bearing the engraved likeness of a smiling, not leering, Bacchus (and costing, I later learned, a dollar-fifty a copy to print), starts out, "Cenabis Bene . . . Apud Me—Catullus. 'You will dine well at my table'—Thus might a Caesar invite his guests to share the epicurean treasures gathered for him from all the Roman world—Tonight we invite you to sup with the Caesars: you will dine well!" (A far cry from the Hawaiian Room's "Aloha!") It

THIS PICTURE WAS MADE IN A MINUTE with a Polaroid Color Pack Camera. The man who took it didn't have to wait until he was back home to find out whether he'd really caught the color of London. And he didn't have to waste t[illegible] with dials and meters. You push [illegible] electric eye does the rest. May[illegible] ot a world traveler. Maybe you figure [illegible] e lucky if you make it out to the back yard. There's still nothing like seeing your color pictures in just 60 seconds. Especially when they can look like this. Did you know that there's now a new, lower-priced model? Take a look.





THE MAN IN THE HATHAWAY SHIRT — BEING FITTED FOR A DERBY. THE SHIRT COMES IN ASSORTED STRIPES. ABOUT $11.00.

Hathaway adds a dignified white collar to the *joie de vivre* of stripes

MANY MEN like the fun of wearing striped shirts. But they miss that crisp touch of white where it shows most—at the collar.

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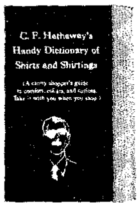
And what a cunning collar it is. The fabric is *Hathaweave*—a new blend of *Dacron** polyester fiber and broadcloth. It resists soiling to an astonishing degree. It will also stay fresh, smooth and unwilted from breakfast until bedtime.

The rest of the shirt is imported long-staple cotton—sumptuous stuff that seems to *improve* with laundering.

For names of stores and this free *Dictionary of Shirts and Shirtings*, write C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine. Or in New York, call OXford 7-5566.



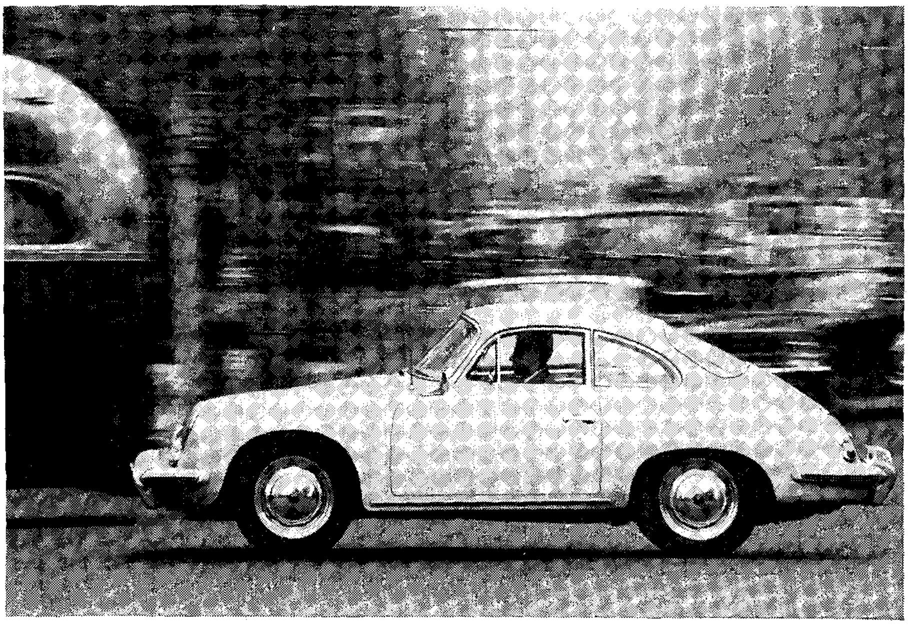
"Never wear a white shirt before sundown!" says Hathaway.

*DuPont trademark

goes on to list such nomenclatural (and culinary) extravaganzas as “Lobster Jupiter—Greatest and Best, Poached in Herbs and Wine, Served with Olympian Butter,” “Asian Shrimp, Charcoal Broiled in their Shells, Oriental Relish,” “Chicken Varus in a Shell of Centurian Almonds,” “Country Chicken, Pliny's Favorite,” “Pheasant Scipio, Roasted, then Simmered in the Juice of Oranges, Grapes Africanus, Nutmeats, and Brandy,” “Boneless Columba, a Bird of Rome—Stuffed with a Delicate Mousse, Trimalchio,” “Leg of Baby Lamb, Charcoal Roasted—Sauce of Two Lively Lilies,” “Tart Messalina,” and “Peaches of the Blushing Poppaea.” What a triumph of scholarly knowhow! What a tribute, in part, to the virtues of cold storage! My classical frame of reference, though as lively as a charcoal-roasted lily, was not quite up to the Forum's; “Chicken Varus” floored me, and when I looked up its modifier in Cassell's Latin Dictionary, I found that its first meaning was “bandy-legged” and its second “a pimple or boil on the face.” Its third, thank Jupiter, was “a name of several Roman families [including that of] the celebrated general of Augustus;” Mr. Baum and Hunter College are not to be faulted, although the omission of the *accent aigu* on the last French word of “Filet Mignon Caesar Augustus, with a Rising Crown of Pate and Triumphal Laurel Wreath” gave me a moment's pause. As an addendum, let me say that one is listed simply in English: “Cover Charge.” Fifty cents at lunch and a dollar *sub occasum solis*.

My next literary preoccupation was Leone's, whose menu, twenty-five inches by twenty, invokes Will Rogers rather than Catullus (“It was one night in November, 1924. . . . The lovable Will Rogers ambled in for his dinner . . .”) and devotes several hundred words to an essay on which Academia was surely not consulted: “In 1906, when she could hardly pronounce restaurant, Mamma Leone decided to open one. . . . No one remembers the first customer who wandered in on opening day, but surely he never forgot. . . .” The description of the fare, for the most part straightforward and no-nonsense (“Broiled Thick Pork Chop”), is, on occasion, also cozy and familial: “Famosi Antipasti Della Mamma” and “Mamma's Special Ice Cream with Fruit and Brandy Sauce.”

It remained for the Four Seasons to inspire Mr. Baum and his sub-editors to new flights of rhetoric. These reflect a



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*Estimated to be the equivalent in wear and tear of 100,000 miles of ordinary driving.

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nice grasp of the restaurant's seasonal theme. Just as the salad greens rotate from "Autumn" to "Winter" to "Spring" to "Early Summer" and "Midsummer," so do the desserts, from "Gingered Leaves in Fall Frost" to "Frosted Holly in Snow" to "Strawberry Basket with Violets" to "Violets in Summer Snow." As for the Brasserie, downstairs, its "Petit Déjeuner" menu greets its *patrons* with a "Bonjour! Ouverte à Toute Heure," and plies them, *d'ailleurs,* with a "French Bloody Mary," "Les Cereals [*sic*] Chaud [*sic*] ou Froid [*sic*] au lait," "La Banana [*sic*] à la Crême [*sic*]," and "Pancakes Americaine [*sic*]," while its "Diner" menu proclaims it (a sexual changeling at night) "Ouvert à Toute Heure" and runs a Gallic, or sort of Gallic, gamut from "Le Shrimps Coquetail [*sic*]" to "Jello Chantilly," "La Tranché [*sic*] Glacée Dijonnaise," and "Les Glacés [*sic*] ou Sorbets Assorties [*sic*]."

I MADE a mental note to caution Mr. Baum to place M. Henri Peyre, Sterling Professor of French at Yale, in charge of his French proofreading in future, and then laid off my researches for a bit. A couple of days later, after my *petit déjeuner*, I turned to several pages of typewritten notes that were identified as having been made by Mr. Baum's secretary during some of the Associates' planning-and-tasting sessions before the opening of La Fonda. They read, in part:

> A baby-beef tasting. Noisette steak (rump baby beef). This was served very rare and also called "Filet Falsa." Although it was somewhat *chewey,* both Mr. Brody and Mr. Baum considered it real tasty.
>
> Chocolate de Canela Mexicano. Mr. Baum brought out a new idea as to how we can make it foamy. Forced steam was a thought to be considered.
>
> Sangrita. Too much lemon. Mr. Baum would like it to have more of an orange taste (a very delicate one).
>
> Guiso de Tripa con Arroz—Mondongo con Arroz-Argentina. Stewed tripe with rice. Mr. Baum said before and Mr. Rufe now says we should discontinue all tripe dishes. The average "Americano" does not go for this dish.
>
> Bife Brazeado con Naranja Rio Grande del Sur—Brazil Braised Shoulder of Beef. N.G. A little too native and not suitable for La Fonda del Sol.
>
> Biscuelos de Rumita—Arg.—Humita Biscuits. This Indian dessert might be good with a less controversial filling. Has a good appearance. Try fruit filling with corn. Tomatoes doubtful.
>
> Chinaware: Salt and pepper as now designed is 50 cents. Try to find a less expensive type as they will be stolen.

I exchanged this document for another, entitled "Waiters Training

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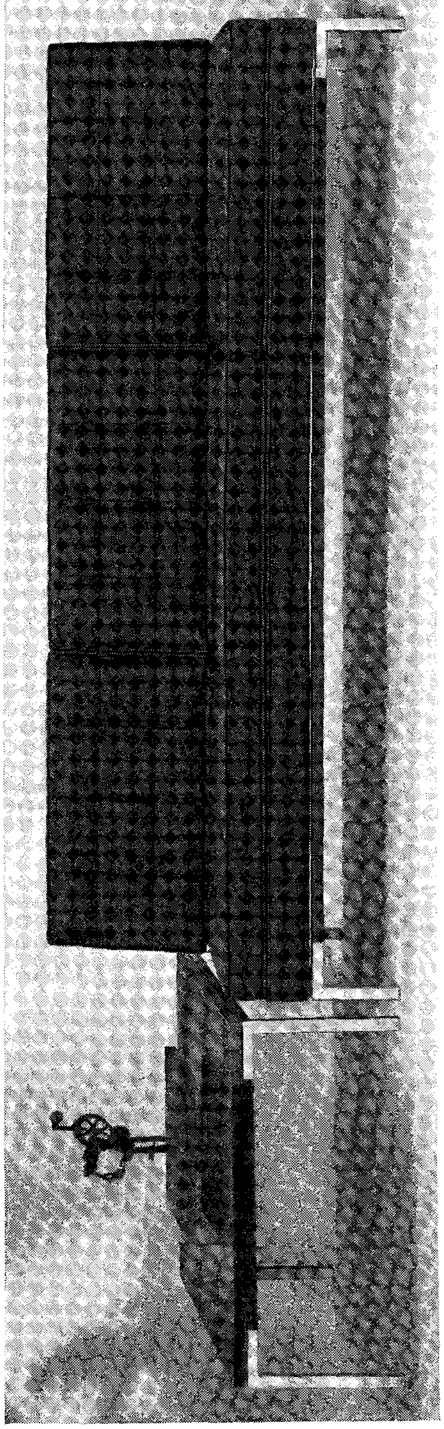

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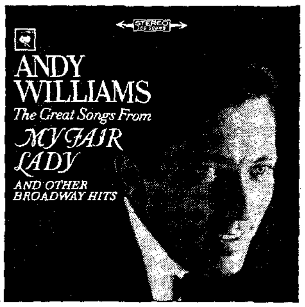

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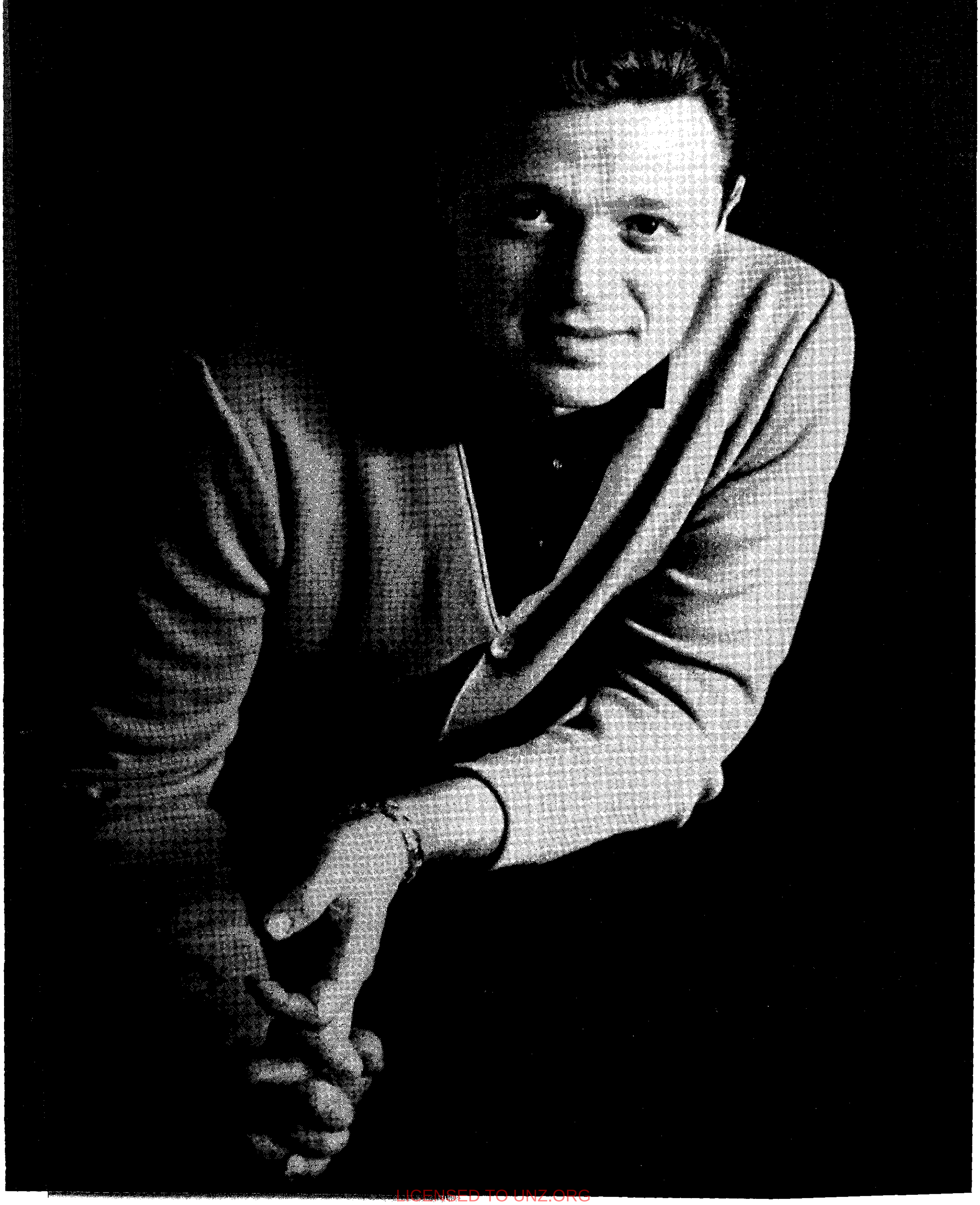

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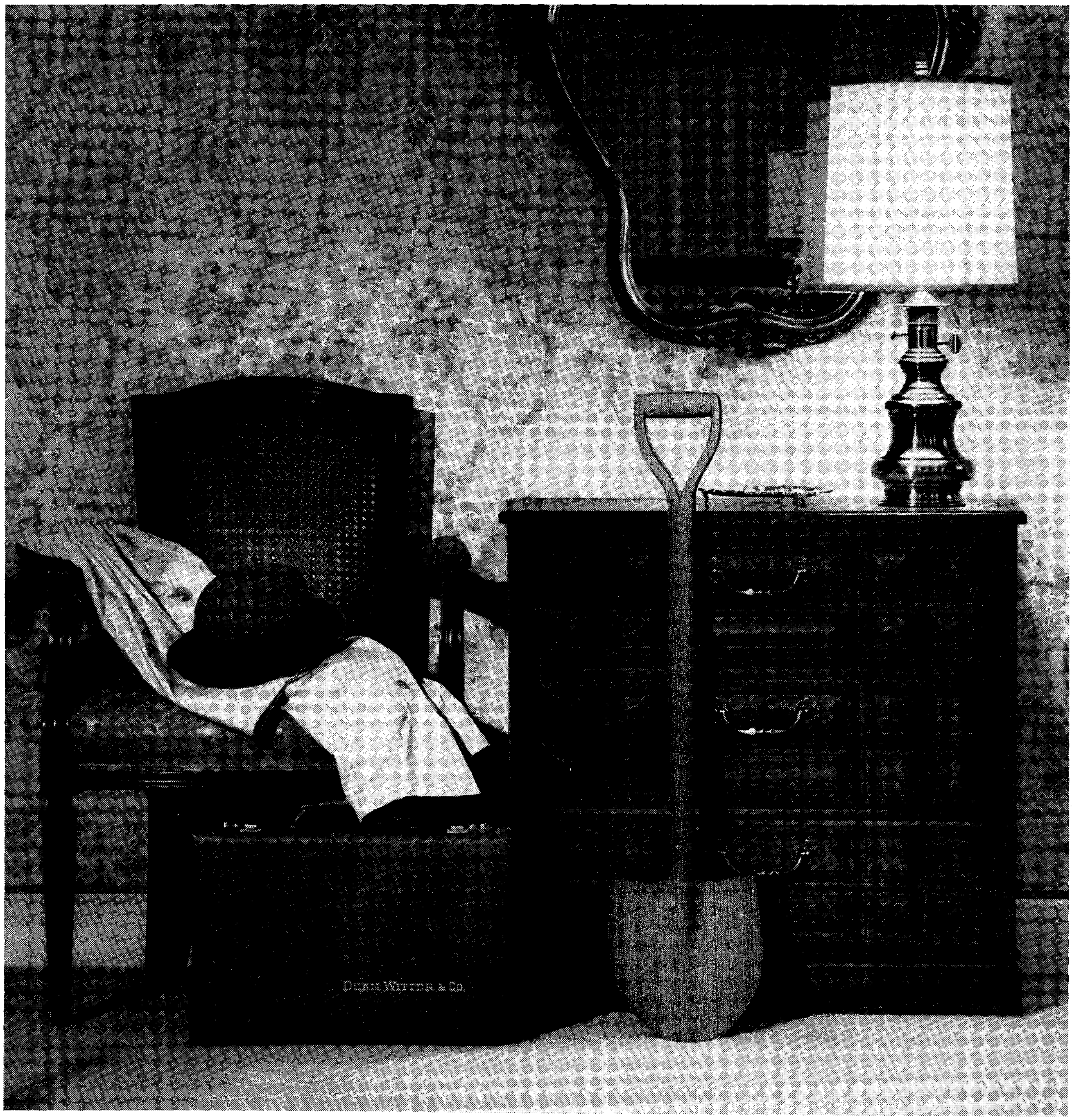
Manual." "Make a habit of being on the job ready to work a few minutes before schedule so you can get last-minute instructions," it began, under "A. Reporting for Work." I had just worked my way past "B. Personal Appearance and Health: Your feet are part of your livelihood. If they break down, you won't be able to work. Take care of them" and into "C. Courtesy: The appearance of any guest is a matter of personal interest, perhaps, to other guests, but whatever opinion you may have you will have to keep to yourself" when I realized that it was nearly the hour of my appointment at Restaurant Associates headquarters.

This turned out to be a squat, unprepossessing two-story grayish-white stucco building just west of Tenth Avenue on Fifty-seventh Street, between an empty garage with a "For Lease" sign and another garagey-looking structure bearing a large sign reading, "Roberts' Technical & Trade Schools—Auto Mechanics, Auto Transmission, Auto Body, Diesel Welding, Furniture Upholstery, Drafting." I climbed two steep, narrow flights of stairs to a floor of executive offices, where I found Mr. Baum smoking a pipe in a rather ramshackle room containing a desk, a large table littered with papers, and half a dozen chairs. "Welcome to the den," he said, and he introduced me to two of his vice-presidents—George E. Lang, who directed the Tower Suite when it opened and is now in charge of the World's Fair units, and Harold Simpson, who is in charge of food-and-beverage purchasing. Stuart Levin and Alan Lewis were also present, and I shook hands with them.

"This building used to be our commissary, but the units now do their marketing directly through Central Purchasing, Mr. Simpson's department," Mr. Baum said, sitting down at his desk and offering me a chair.

The door to the room was open, and a man came in and stood in front of Mr. Baum's desk. "I want to talk to you about smoke ovens," Mr. Baum said, and the two talked about smoke ovens, for smoking sausages at the Zum Zum. Presently, his visitor left, and another man entered, carrying a coffee cup with "Zum Zum" inscribed on it. "The colors aren't strong enough," Mr. Baum said. Still another man came in (Mr. Lang told me he was Lee Jaffe, vice-president in charge of purchasing utensils and other equipment), and Mr. Baum pointed to a Chinese Chippendale chair, the only one of its kind in the room, and said, "Lee. One: Will you get the material we discussed



Today the owner of this attache case **dug deep** to serve several different customers. They included a college boy, for whom he bought one share of stock. A retired banker, for whom he bought 20 shares. And a corporate treasurer, for whom he bought 1,000 shares. He would like to serve you, too. Get to know him. He is the kind of man who will **dig deep** for the facts to help make your money work harder.

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for this and send it over to the Tavern-on-the-Green and see how it looks there?" Without waiting for Two, Mr. Jaffe carried the chair out.

Mr. Baum picked up the telephone, asked for Roger Martin, his advertising and publicity director, and said, "Roger, I'd like to have a Trattoria status meeting with the ad agency on Friday afternoon. *At* the agency."

He put the phone down, but it rang at once, and, retrieving it, he said, "Michel! *Comment allez-vous?*" While he was talking, another man came in, and Mr. Lewis, who was smoking a thin brown cigar, observed, "This place is a Mixmaster with people in it." He introduced the new arrival to me as Bruno Bernabò, the director of Leone's. Mr. Baum was still talking, now in English, and I took advantage of this interval to ask Mr. Lewis for the story of his Restaurant Associates life.

"I first met Joe Baum at Cornell, when we were both undergraduates in the School of Hotel Administration," he said, going back a little further. "My father, originally a furrier, had run a country inn in Nyack—the Bob Inn—and I worked there every day after school and for two years after graduating from high school. After four years with the B-29s in the Air Force, I started at the Waldorf as a mail boy—I got the job through Lucius Boomer, chairman of the board of the Waldorf-Astoria Corporation, whom I'd met through my uncle, George Sokolsky. I worked up to assistant front-office manager, and then went to the Ritz as assistant banquet manager. In 1950, when the Ritz was torn down, I joined the Schine hotels in Florida. Joe showed up soon afterward, and in 1954, when he was running the Newarker, he got me up there as his assistant. Later, when he moved to New York to work on plans for the Forum and the Four Seasons, I became the Newarker's director. Most of us in Operations have moved from unit to unit; we're sort of a team."

Mr. Baum hung up the phone, replaced his pipe with a thick black cigar, and launched into a discussion with Mr. Lewis on the recruiting of waiters for the LaGuardia restaurant. The phone rang, and Mr. Baum picked it up. "Hello, Grégoire," he said. "*Comment allez-vous?* You going to come down and have a sausage?" The subsequent conversation made it clear that the caller was Gregory Thomas and that the subject was the menu of a forthcoming dinner of the Commanderie de Bordeaux at the Four Seasons. I learned from Stuart Levin that his boss was a

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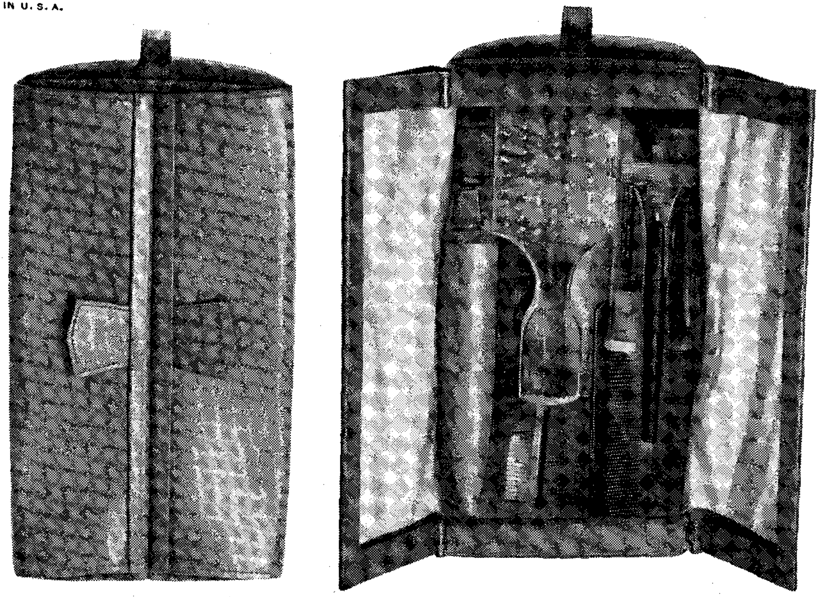

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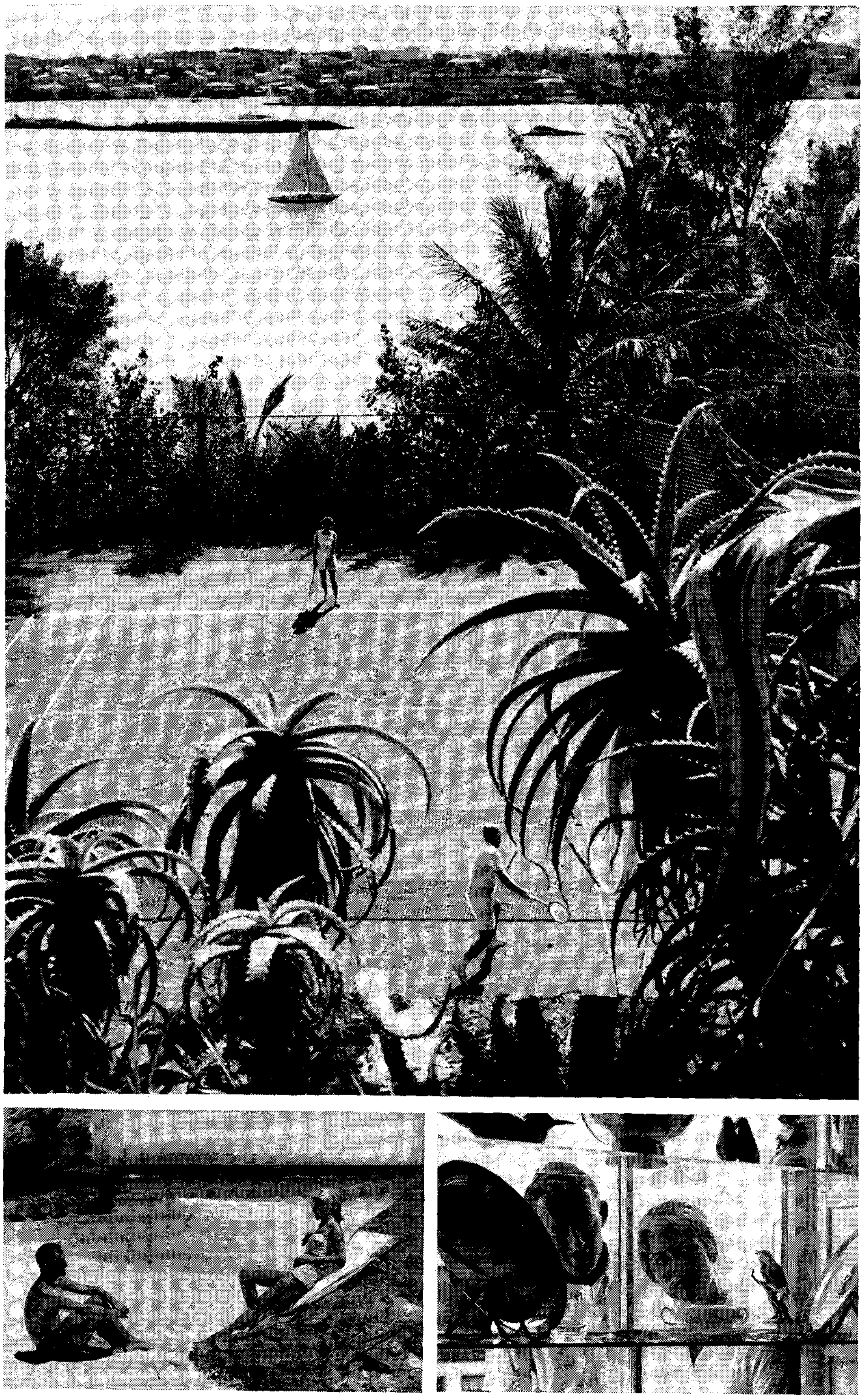
Commandeur both of the Commanderie and of the Confrérie des Chevaliers du Tastevin, and also a Maître d'Honneur of the Confrérie de la Chaîne des Rôtisseurs. "We handle many of these societies' banquets, generally at the Four Seasons or the Tower Suite," he said. "The preparations for them are unbelievable—preliminary tastings, rehearsals, waiters' drills, and so on. New dishes are invented for them and then put on our menus."

Mr. Baum, his telephone briefly cradled, asked the Messrs. Levin, Bernabó, and Lang for a review of the budgets of the Four Seasons, Leone's, and the World's Fair units for the past week. "Our sales for the last ten months are thirty per cent higher than those of the corresponding period the year before," he told me after going over these reports, and then he asked whether I would like to have a more focussed talk with Mr. Simpson in his office.

I followed the Central Purchasing vice-president to the floor below, which is largely given over to the accounting department, and he said, with a New England twang, "We're more of a service department than a designator of what the units will use. The orders flow from the units to my office. Requisitions are made daily. Orders are phoned in by the stores' managers, and we place them with the dealers; there is no contact between the units and the dealers. This avoids kickbacks. The unit manager has the authority at all times to refuse a product he isn't happy with; I then get it pulled out and replaced."

In his office, his secretary handed him some telephone messages, and as he glanced at them he continued, "You can't make money on a perishable inventory, and buying close to consumption gives a fresher product to the customer, so we order perishables daily and staples weekly, with additions when required. I know the uses to which the product is going to be put. I used to be a chef. Before coming to Restaurant Associates, in 1955, I was executive chef at the Boca Raton, the Hollywood Beach Hotel, and the Roney Plaza, in Florida, and at the Greenbrier and the old Mount Washington hotels. I look at meat three days a week—there's a big leeway within grades, so to get the best item you have to see it yourself—and I have six men to handle fish, poultry, produce, liquors, and so on, but their general knowledge is such that they are interchangeable. Wines are handled separately, by Mr. Baum, Mr. Lewis, and George Stich, who's in charge of our



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cellars as well as assistant director of the Four Seasons. Every restaurant we open provides new horizons for food ideas."

I asked what the over-all food-buying horizon was, and, reaching into a desk drawer, he handed me a typewritten list of purchases for 1963, which read, in part:

Ribs of Beef	313,420 lbs
Sirloin Strips	323,175 lbs
Long Filet of Beef	97,460 lbs
Eviscerated Geese	3000 lbs
Suckling Pigs	14/20 lbs, 500 each
Turkeys	300,000 lbs
Chukar Partridge	1200 each
Quail	1000 each
King Crab Meat	7500 lbs
King Crab Legs	11,000 lbs
Live Lobsters	170,000 lbs
Live Brook Trout	2000 each
Brook Trout	18,000 lbs
S.A. Lobster Tails	24,500 lbs
Shrimp	395,000 lbs
Minced Clams	24,000 lbs
Clams	2276 bu
Carrots	88,400 lbs
Garlic	11,960 lbs
Onions (Red-Yellow-Spanish)	270,400 lbs
Peppers (Green-Red)	74,360 lbs
Potatoes (all types)	630,240 lbs
Chives	6240 bdle
Watercress	36,400 bdle
Celery	268,320 lbs
Mushrooms	34,788 lbs
Horseradish	7800 lbs
Parsley	57,200 lbs
Tomatoes	286,000 lbs
Bananas	31,200 lbs
Citrus (Oranges-Lemon-Lime-Grapefruit)	13,572 boxes
Strawberries	35,000 pts
Avocados	5460 flats
Butter	387,348 lbs
Eggs	349,500 doz
Coffee	191,932 lbs
Aged Swiss Cheese	337,000 lbs
Coca-Cola Syrup	17,893 gals
Beer	125,000 gals
Nuts (all kinds)	38,215 lbs

"We buy twenty-two types of olives," Mr. Simpson said. "We also import a lot of exotics—soft cheeses, thrushes, ortolans, turbots, morels, *écrevisses*, and *fraises des bois* from France; smoked salmon, Dover sole, and Colchester oysters from England; venison from Norway; grapes, fresh grape leaves, and peaches from Belgium; rabbits, salmon trout, and Malpecque oysters from Canada; truffles from Italy and France; Mediterranean fish from Marseille—and my department also handles the contracts for linen, cleaning, and rubbish removal. Most of our purchasing is done by phone, but my men visit the produce market two or three times a week, not to buy but to see how the various products are running—whether lettuce, or whatever, is at its peak or not. I like to inspect and buy the meats myself. Logistics are a big problem. Say I have four

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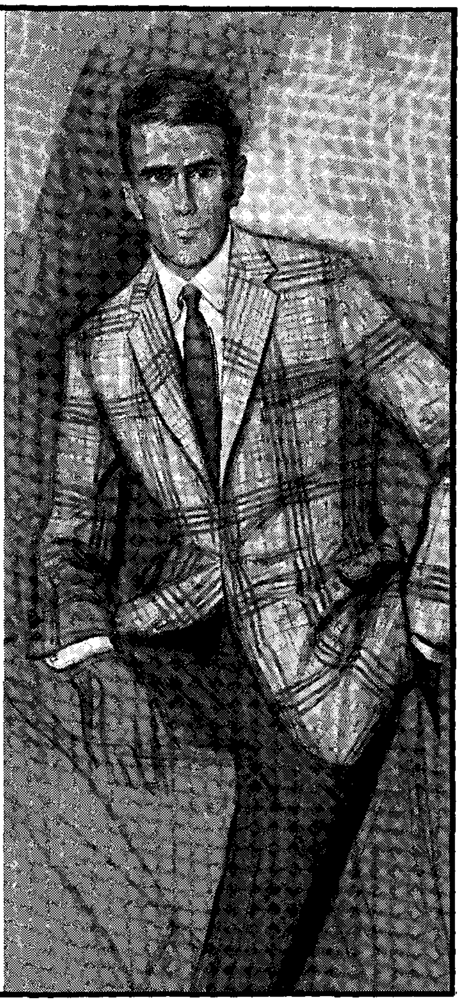

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He was precisely the sort of man who
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they hardly make any more.

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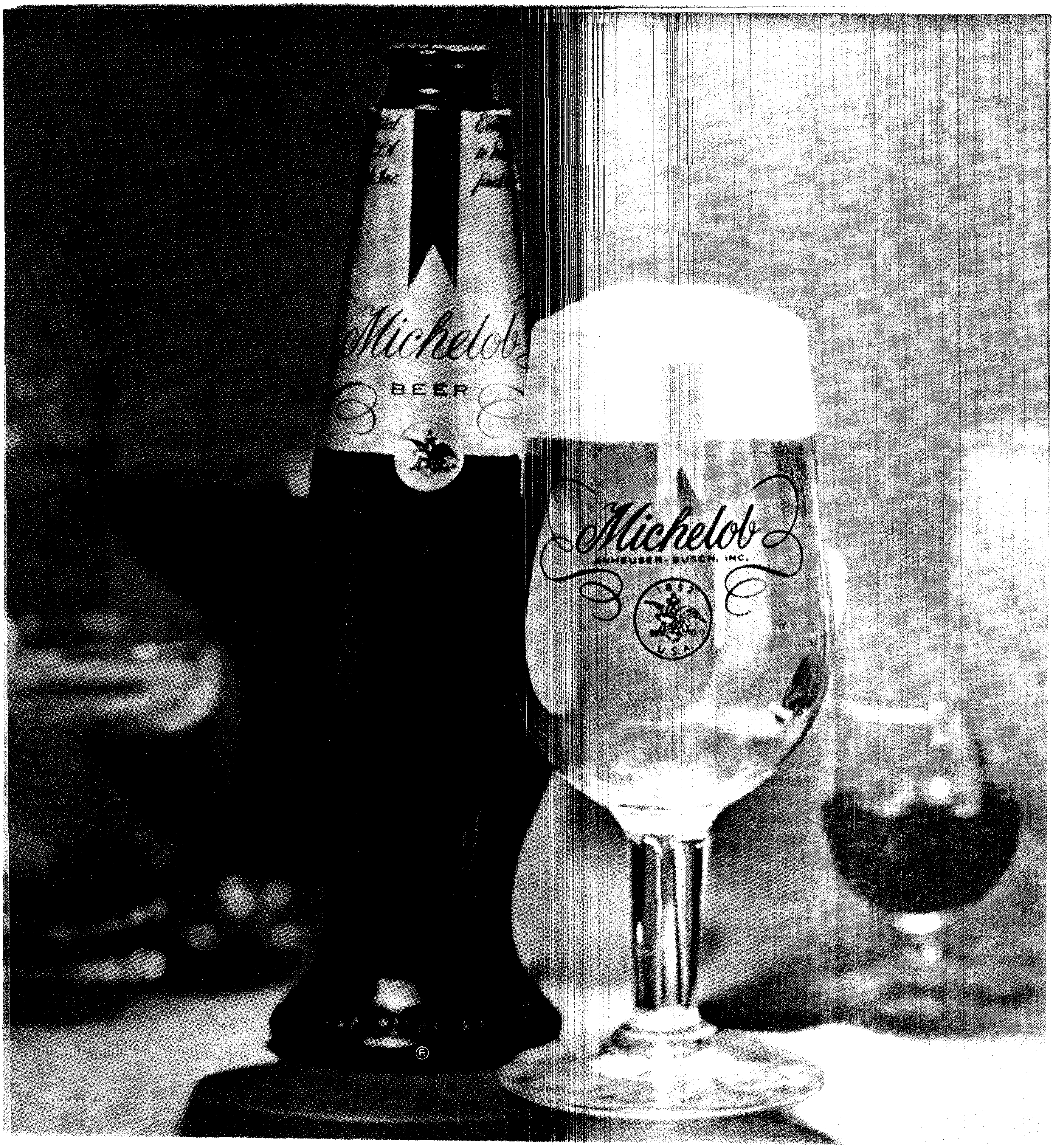

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Why the great mechanic in A.J.'s pit went to the great engineers at Borg-Warner

To win races at 140 mph plus, the clutch in A. J. Foyt's Sheraton-Thompson Special would have to stand up to temperatures as high as 550°—lap after lap after lap. Foyt's mechanic, George Bignotti, heard that Borg-Warner's Borg & Beck Division could build him the clutch he needed. Here's what happened.

MECHANIC George Bignotti had a tough question for the great engineers of Borg-Warner's Borg & Beck Division:

"Can you build a clutch that will help keep us in the money?" he asked.

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That was six races and some $182,000 ago. Foyt's Sheraton-Thompson Special using Borg & Beck's high-performance clutch came through at Indianapolis. Came through at Phoenix. Again at Milwaukee. Again at Langhorne. And twice at Trenton. Some clutch.

Borg & Beck is constantly coming up with improvements in clutch design. They make special clutches for 190 mph desert dragsters. Special clutches for sports cars. Special clutches for drag strip Plymouths and Dodges. At Indianapolis this year, $226,550 in prize money went to drivers using Borg & Beck clutches.

But you don't have to be a racing driver to come across new ideas from Borg & Beck. You can be a *truck* driver: Borg & Beck makes a compact clutch for trucks that has a 40% larger load capacity than conventional clutches without being an inch bigger in size.

Or, you can be a *Sunday* driver: Borg & Beck makes a revolutionary new automatic clutch for stick-shift cars that has *no pedal.*

In fact, there's a good chance that you're driving a Borg & Beck clutch right now. Almost half the American automobiles, trucks and tractors on the road use Borg & Beck clutches.

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That's why A. J. Foyt is one of our best customers—not to mention *all* the major automotive manufacturers.

BORG WARNER

The great engineers

◀ *Chief Mechanic Bignotti (left) in huddle with A. J. Foyt before the "Trenton 150."*

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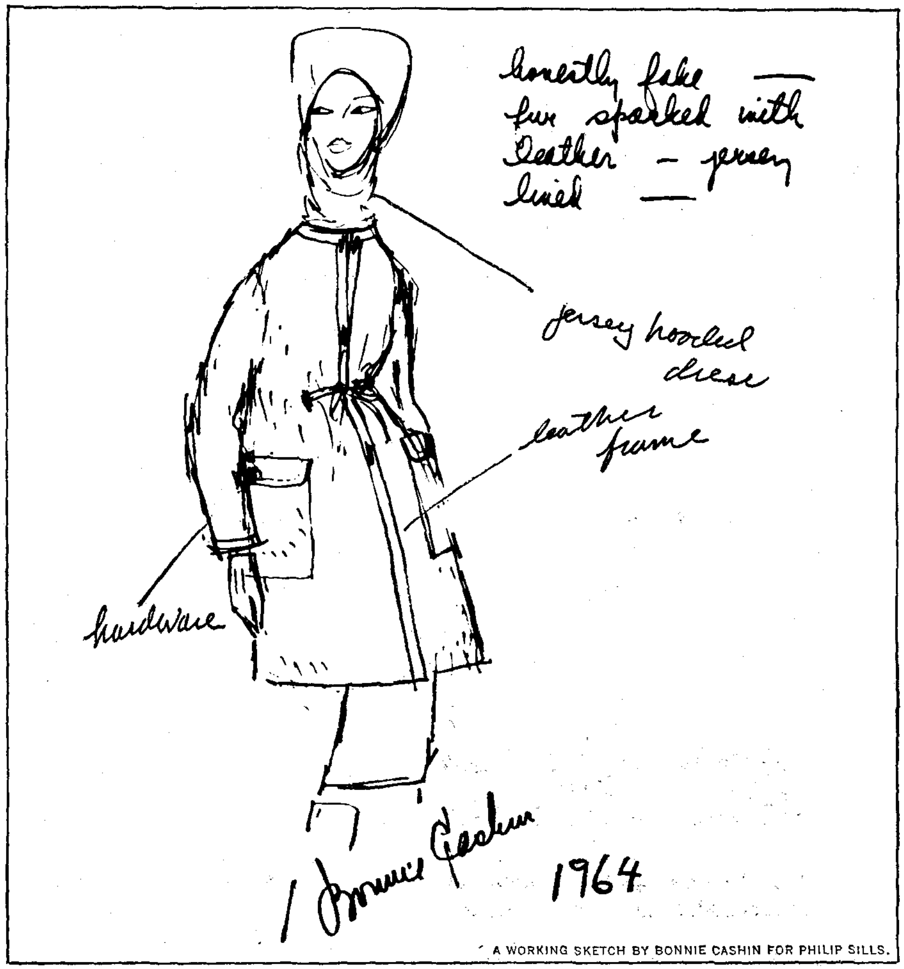
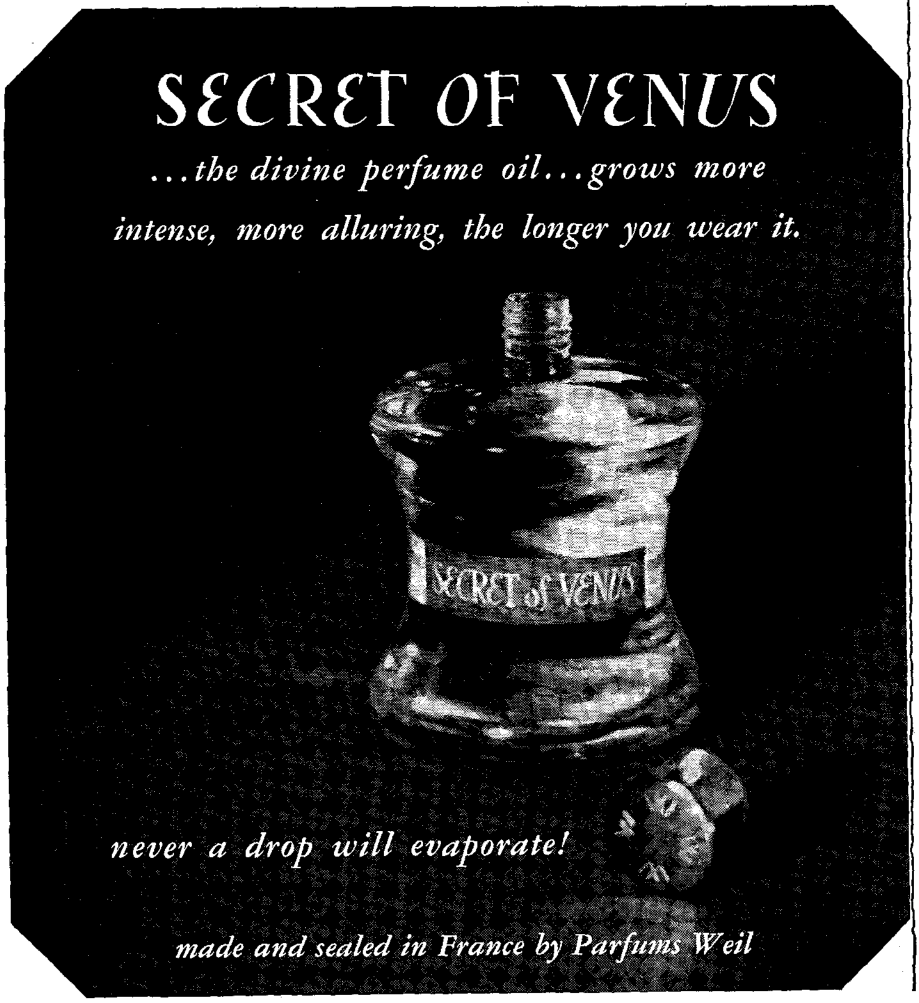


A WORKING SKETCH BY BONNIE CASHIN FOR PHILIP SILLS.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units that need an early-morning delivery of similar items; it's impossible to give all the orders to one dealer, because they wouldn't get there on time, so I split them. We try to work with a low inventory, since our units are in expensive locations and aren't overburdened with storage facilities."

Mr. Baum had once again invited me to lunch, and when I went back upstairs to pick him up he was smoking a cigar and talking to an elegantly dressed man, a good many years his senior, who had an elegant mustache and who turned out to be the first *comment-allez-vous* friend of his morning telephone conversations—M. Michel Dreyfus, head of the wine-and-spirits importing firm of Dreyfus, Ashby & Co., and a Grand Officier of the Confrérie des Chevaliers du Tastevin.

"I'm going to continue to give you the representation for our wines at LaGuardia and at the Fair—except for the American ones, of course, at the Festival of Gas," Mr. Baum was saying. "We may buy our hard liquor elsewhere—we have to stick to our regular purchasing program, you know."

"That's all I want," said M. Dreyfus, and rose to leave.

"*À bientot*, Michel," Mr. Baum said, accompanying him to the door.

At the Hemisphere Club, where Mr. Baum took me for lunch, he ordered cocktails and said, "Clichéd objections keep so many of us from doing things. Restaurants weren't supposed to have two-dollar glasses, on account of breakage, but we have them in the Forum and the Four Seasons. I can afford a two-dollar glass if I don't break it. Who the hell says I have to break so many glasses? You just have to design the right kind of racks and the right kind of procedures. The Four Seasons violates several other restaurant clichés, too—that you shouldn't have a high ceiling or, in the case of a luxury restaurant, a menu that isn't written in French. We don't have any sommeliers there, or anywhere else. George Stich teaches the captains about wine and gives lessons to the waiters; he and Alan Lewis have extraordinary wine palates. I remember that when we were planning La Fonda people said you couldn't have tables opposite a rotisserie, because it would be too hot, and you had to have rugs or it would be too cold, but we've happily disregarded both of those clichéd objections."

Our cocktails appeared, and Mr. Baum told me that he was going to look in on his wife, Ruth, and the youngest of their three children—Edward, who is eight and a third-grade student at the Ethical Culture School; the others are Hillary, seventeen, and Charles, fifteen, who are both at the Fieldston School—at a baseball game in Central Park later that afternoon, and that he and she were going to a concert that evening with the Charlie Bernses, of "21." Both Baums are musical, and Mrs. Baum is a talented amateur sculptress who has a studio where she works mornings. "I may drop in after the concert at one or two of our stores that do an after-theatre business," Mr. Baum said. "I try to keep going. All our people do. I'm an operating president; I'm directed to the product. Taste and style—your décor, your table service, and so forth—are acquired elements; your product is food and service. To be *involved* with the product—this is something I demand of everyone in the R.A. family, and most of all of myself. When we open a new store—add a hetero to another genus—I get a little edgy, I guess. These places are not lightly opened, or lightly developed. There are a tremendous number of failures in our industry, because of short capital and short knowledge. It's too easy to open a restaurant; that's why there are so many failures—I think more than eighty per cent every year. It's a crazy business, but I'm continually enchanted and amazed by its variety."

Mr. Baum beckoned to our waiter and suggested a poached breast of chicken with tarragon cream for lunch, but I was pooped with gastronomy and asked for scrambled eggs.

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Worcester (Mass.) Telegram*]

Nothing about a house gives a better picture of what sort of people the former tenants were than plaster walls. If the walls are full of holes, cracks, patches and blood stains you can pretty well assume that the folks who lived here before were a high spirited bunch always looking for laughs.

•

BOSTON (AP)—"Fanny Hill," the novel about a woman who didn't move in the best of London circles, will begin moving off Boston bookshelves today.

Superior Court Judge Donald M. Macaulay, after reading the 18th Century novel four times, ruled it is "obscene, indecent and impure."—*Plainfield (N.J.) Courier-News.*

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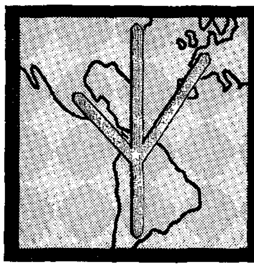

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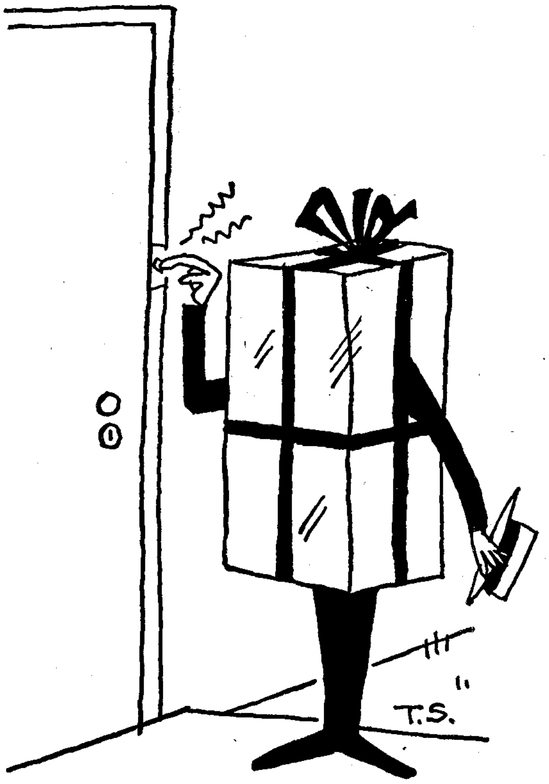
THE THEATRE

LADY PIPER WITHOUT MUCH PEPPER

Samuel Taylor, the author and director of "Beekman Place," at the Morosco, seems determined to keep alive, in this day of violence, fear, and vulgarity, the neat, suave traditions of drawing-room comedy, and I have nothing but admiration for his attempt to swim up a social stream that, as it is interpreted in the theatre, is flooding down. As a new-day Edwardian, though, Mr. Taylor treads the boards with a heavy foot, and so, unfortunately, do the characters of his invention. True, he has spasms of felicity in "Beekman Place," and he assuredly has the services of a fine acting company, but for the most part he's a pretty dull avatar of the old Lonsdale crowd who tried, *post hoc*, to keep the Wilde fires burning. In his current effort, Mr. Taylor introduces us to a top violinist, right up there with Heifetz, who has given up playing the fiddle in public in order to think about his life and its relationship to the eternal verities. (I've never been clear about these verities, and I don't think our playwright is, either.) He has a fine apartment overlooking the East River, a wife who adores him, a superb cook who is also a musician, and a headful of happy memories. One of these memories concerns an incident in England during the Second World War when a billiard table fell on his foot during an air raid, and he details this to his wife, who is taking notes for his biography. Now, who should come over from England but a Lady Piper? Her Ladyship, who is American-born and is accompanied by a gravid but unmarried daughter, is afflicted by amnesia about the identity of her bedmate on an illicit weekend she herself spent, in a rural area of the old country, during the Second World War. She likes to talk about the occasion, recalling, with many a chuckle, that her paramour was wounded in the foot by a falling billiard table. Our violinist's wife, no slouch at putting one and one together, quickly decides that he has been, however briefly, false to her, and takes umbrage. Meanwhile, the pregnant daughter, who has been expelled from England for rioting in ban-the-bomb demonstrations, waits for her lover to join her in the land of the free, and he presently does, accompanied by his father, a department-store owner. In endeavoring to get the violinist, his wife, Her Ladyship, the daughter, the son, and the merchandiser straightened out, Mr. Taylor goes in for all kinds of verbal gambits, but only a few of them come off. However, the cast, made up of Leora Dana, Fernand Gravet, Mary Grace Canfield, Arlene Francis, Carol Booth, Laurence Luckinbill, and George Coulouris, is ingratiating, and every now and then its efforts succeed in giving "Beekman Place" a lively air.



"Cambridge Circus," at the Plymouth, is a revue, patterned on "Beyond the Fringe," in which six men and one woman struggle to create satire out of various contemporary confusions, from traffic jams to espionage. There are glimmers here of Nichols and May and of Flanders and Swann as well as of "Beyond the Fringe," but they are very blurred, and the material, written by the entertainers themselves, never gets far above a coy, slapstick level. As a matter of fact, the first portion of the affair winds up with a pie-throwing scene—something that was done much better by Sennett in the doughy days of the silents.

—John McCarten

OFF BROADWAY

Improvisations on a Theme by Marlowe

The Phoenix is celebrating Christopher Marlowe's four-hundredth birthday by swamping his masterpiece in stunts and endless prancing and monkeyshines. In its elaborate, not to say fussy, production of "Doctor Faustus," Marlowe's mighty line sounds mighty feeble, his humor is frittered away, his tragedy is all but ignored, and his hero is nonexistent. So once again we are torn between gratitude to the Phoenix people for rescuing a dramatic marvel and irritation with them for doing it badly. In the title role, Lou Antonio comes nowhere near the ardent German scholar who turns his back on scholarship and signs away even his hope of salvation in return for magical powers and riches and gratification and adventure. Mr. Antonio doesn't develop the character or mine any of its richness of temperament or inflections of mood. Even his sobbing panic at the end (Marlowe explicitly instructs him not to cry: "I would weep, but the Devil draws in my tears") is far too paltry and tantrummy for Faustus's shattering remorse and his dread and horror at the thought of eternal damnation. James Ray, as an amused, contemptuous, sophisticated Mephistophilis, also sidesteps much of the fervor and feeling of the part—the beautiful key speech, starting "Why this is hell nor am I out of it," in which even he tries to persuade Faustus not to sign the fearful pact, goes for almost nothing—but he can speak poetry and he can be witty. It is only because of Mr. Ray that the production has any coherence at all. Ed Wittstein's double-decker settings, Jules Fisher's trick lighting effects, and the costumes by Patricia Zipprodt and Martha Gould are imaginative. A program note about Marlowe contains the line "It is exciting to hear a passionate voice from Elizabethan times speaking directly to a modern audience." It certainly would have been.

—Edith Oliver

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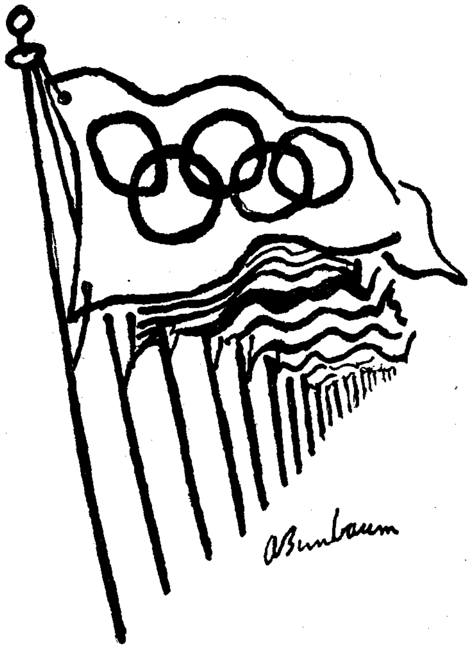
THE SPORTING SCENE

THE TOKYO OLYMPICS



TOKYO, OCTOBER 11

IN one of the countless souvenir booklets pressed upon visitors to the XVIII Olympiad, there is a poem called "One Fine Autumn Day." It appears in seven languages—Arabic, English, French, German, Russian, Spanish, and, of course, Japanese—and the English version ends, "One fine autumn day our city welcomes you with innumerable cars and an old castle—a city of chaotic energy." Some people have been wondering why the summer Olympics should be held in October. They got their answer when competition began today—the finest of autumn days conceivable, with the temperature rising close to seventy and the sky a sparkling, cloudless blue. I could have watched a number of indoor sports this morning, among them water polo, wrestling, and weight-lifting, but it was so pleasant outside that I threw my patronage to field hockey, a sport I know absolutely nothing about. For one thing, I felt sorry for field hockey, because most Americans consider it a silly girls' sport, and because it has been having its troubles here. The United Arab Republic was going to send a team—it's an eleven-man man's game—but decided that the expense was too great and pulled out. Tanganyika was substituted, and it, too, ran into financial difficulties. Indonesia stepped into the breach, and then, the day before yesterday, all the Indonesians, following the lead of the North Koreans, went home in an ideological huff. Another reason I chose field hockey is that yesterday, just after the magnificent opening ceremonies, I fell into conversation with a Pakistani—a policeman who said he had trained with both the F.B.I. and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. His background sounded like something worth hearing more about, and when I proposed a longer chat, he said I could find him this morning at Hockey Field No. 1, in Komazawa Olympic Park, where the Pakistani team, the winner of the 1960 Olympic Gold Medal, would be meeting Japan in a first-round match. I never did find my friend, but I stuck around anyway, along with maybe a thousand other spectators. Today being Sunday, there were a good many schoolchildren in the crowd. I was told by an adult who was riding herd on them that most of them had never seen field hockey played before, but one would never have guessed it from their shrill squeals. They had good reason to cheer, because the Japanese team—even though, to my astonishment, nearly all its players gulped great swigs of Pepsi-Cola an instant before they ran out for the second half—lost to the champions by the close score of 1–0.

It was so agreeable at Komazawa that I decided to hang around and watch a volleyball game. At a refreshment stand, I bought a box lunch of cold hamburger, *yakitori* (barbecued chicken on a stick), a banana, dried prunes, cookies, and tea. The tea came in a plastic flask, and as I took a belt of it I felt like an actor onstage pretending to drink whiskey. The volleyball game featured another champion team—a bevy of celebrated Japanese girls, most of them employed by a spinning company in Osaka, who haven't been beaten at volleyball since anyone can remember. In Osaka, they normally work an eight-hour spinning shift that ends at four in the afternoon, and then practice volleyball until midnight, lashed on by a coach who is merciless in his demands. Last week, I watched them practice at a local high school—they put in a six-hour daily stint there, with twenty minutes off to eat—and everything I'd heard about their coach appeared to be true. He kept trying to take their heads off with a ball he threw at them from just a foot away, to sharpen their reflexes, and he insisted that every time he hurled the ball toward a girl, she execute a somersault. He worked hard himself, and one girl followed him around with a sponge to mop him off. Another girl wielded a floor mop to rid the playing surface of her somersaulting teammates' sweat. Today, this formidable outfit was playing the United States, and I had high chauvinistic hopes that, the underdog having done so well at field hockey, this contest might have a comparable outcome. Japan murdered us, 15–1, 15–5, 15–2, while the Soviet women's team, which will have to tackle the winners a week hence, looked on with mingled interest and apprehension. I comforted myself with the reflection that, as the Olympic Games officials are constantly reminding us, in this carnival of sportsmanship it does not really matter who comes in first.

FLYING west from San Francisco last week, I sat beside a young man who had never been to Tokyo before. On learning that I had, he showed me an international driver's license he had obtained in South America, and asked if I thought he'd have any trouble driving himself around here. I favored him with a graphic account of what it had been like in pre-Olympic times in this chaotic city, with innumerable cars competing for every inch of road surface, but since my arrival I've concluded that I laid it on too thick. Tokyo, which predicted boldly, while the world laughed, that it would build a vast new road network before the Games began, has done just that. True, some of the expressways that now stretch across the city were completed just last month, but they are in service and they serve very well. It is far easier to get to and from the National Stadium, which is the scene of the principal track-and-field events and has a capacity of seventy-five thousand, than it is to cope with the Yankee Stadium traffic at World Series time.

Most of the permanent residents of Tokyo are enormously proud—as well they might be—of what they have wrought. Some are so proud that their newspapers have felt obliged to chide them; it is wrong, one editorial said the other day, for poor parents to waste money hiring vehicles so they can treat

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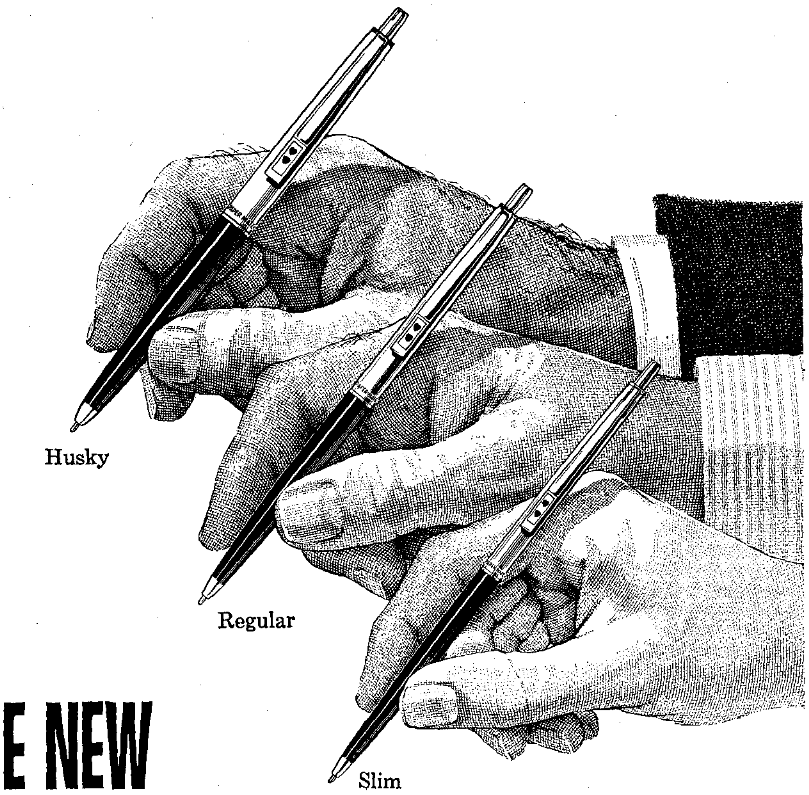

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their children to rides on the new expressways. The dazzling roads and the dazzling buildings that have risen beside them, many of which are connected in one way or another with the Games, have cost the Japanese an estimated three billion dollars, give or take a hundred million. But, as one Japanese told me pointedly, a country that spends only eight per cent of its federal receipts on national defense can afford to put on a proper Olympics.

In creating the expensive and extensive setting for two weeks' worth of hockey, volleyball, and the rest, the hosts seem to have made only one major miscalculation: they have fewer foreign guests than they had anticipated. They had counted on something like a hundred and thirty thousand visitors from abroad, but it was disclosed the other day—a disclosure that the newspapers, which are euphoric over just about everything that is currently taking place here, played way down—that a mere sixty thousand seem to have turned up. The chief sufferers are the Japanese inns, or *ryokan*, which at a fairly substantial outlay, and with some marring of their charm, were persuaded by the government to install Western plumbing and are complaining that no one has materialized to use it. The big hotels, though—one of the newest of which, the Otani, claims to have spent one million four hundred thousand dollars on the stones in its garden—are brimful of visitors, and the Japanese are going out of their way to be nice to them. For instance, Tokyo citizens have been enjoining one another, in letters to the editors of the city's twenty-one newspapers, to be careful not to step, as is sometimes their wont, on other pedestrians' toes. The Games are the biggest thing that has happened to Japan in a long time, and nobody in Tokyo seems to be taking very seriously the restraining advice of the *Asahi Shimbun*, the city's leading paper, which said editorially last week, "Since the rise or fall of the nation does not depend on the Olympic Games, there is no need for the whole country to become hot and bothered about them. The Olympic Games are sports events. They should be conducted in a composed atmosphere." Many Japanese are so far from being composed about them that when some commemorative thousand-yen coins, worth about three dollars, were issued a fortnight ago, with a limit of one to a customer, people stood in line all night to get one, and by noon of the morning they went on sale they had increased fivefold in value.

Baron de Coubertin, who started all

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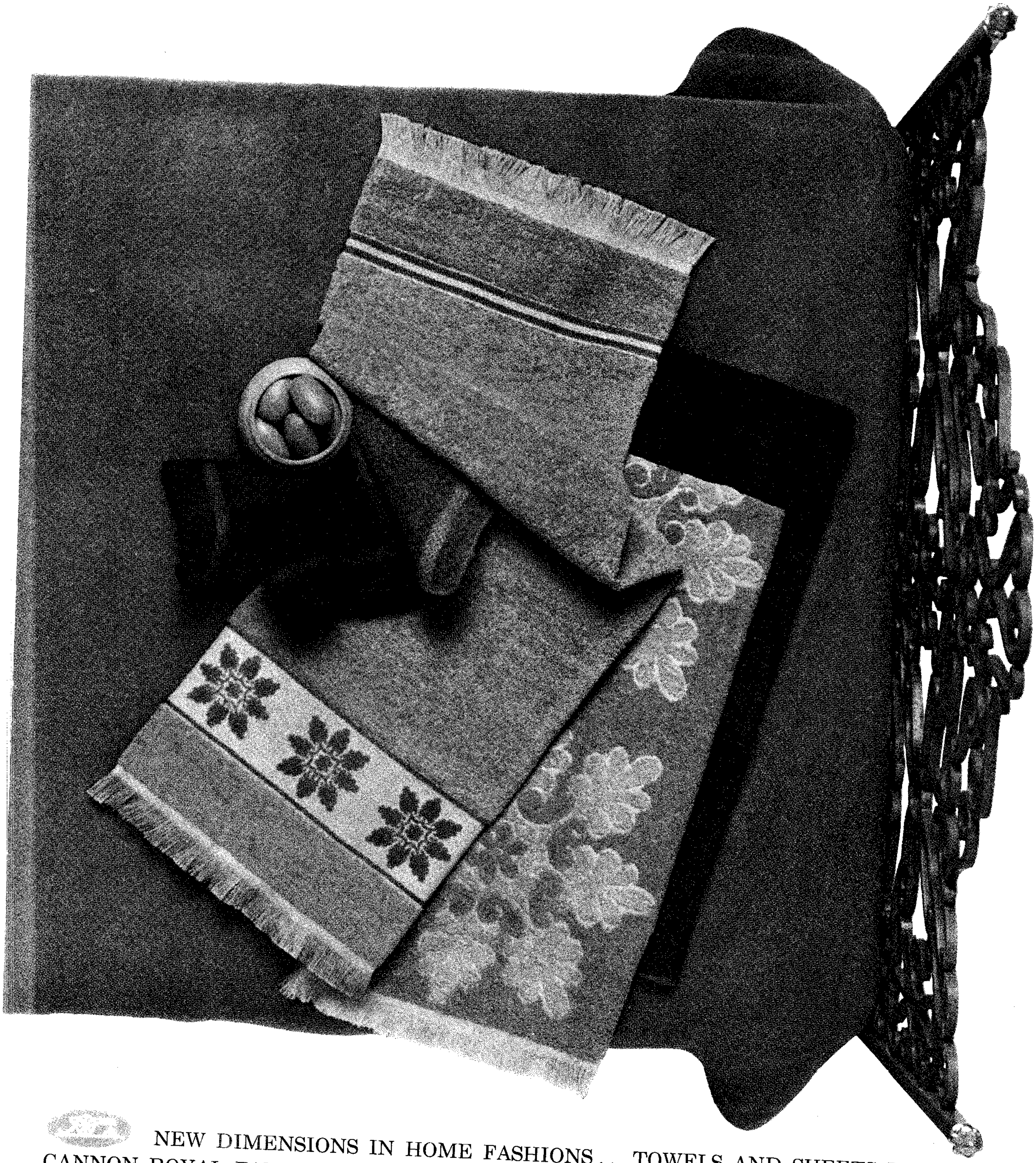

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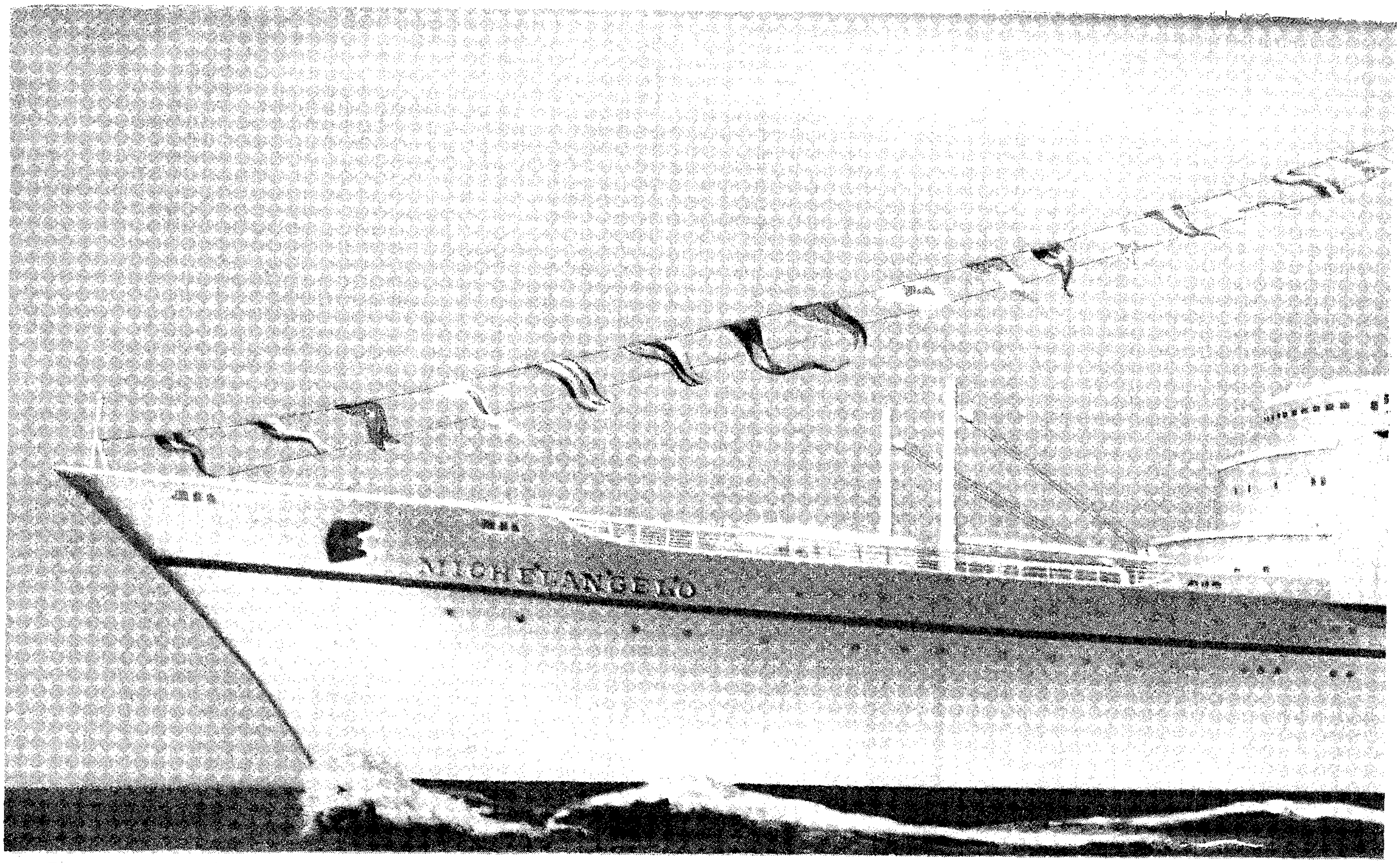
MICHELANGELO

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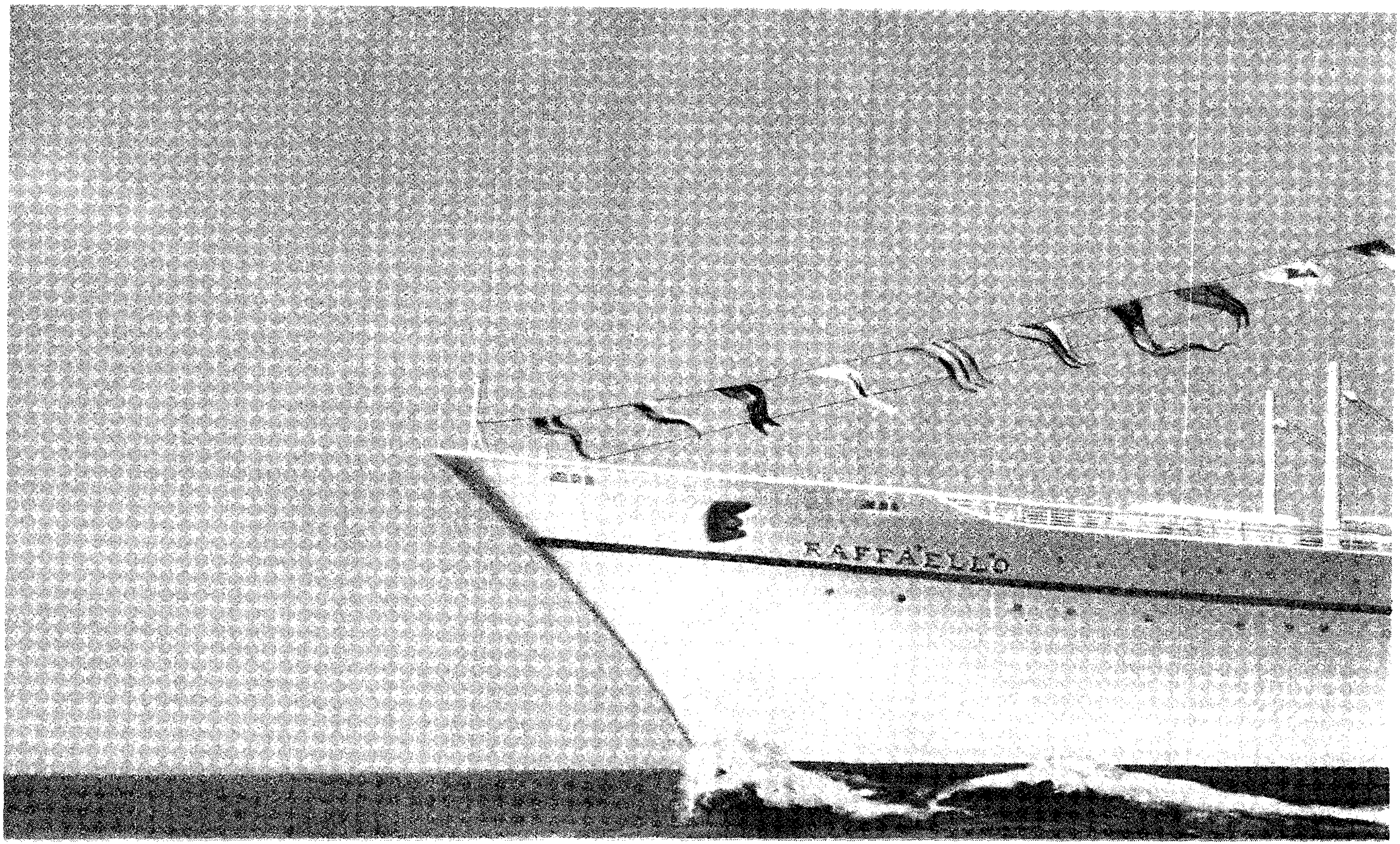
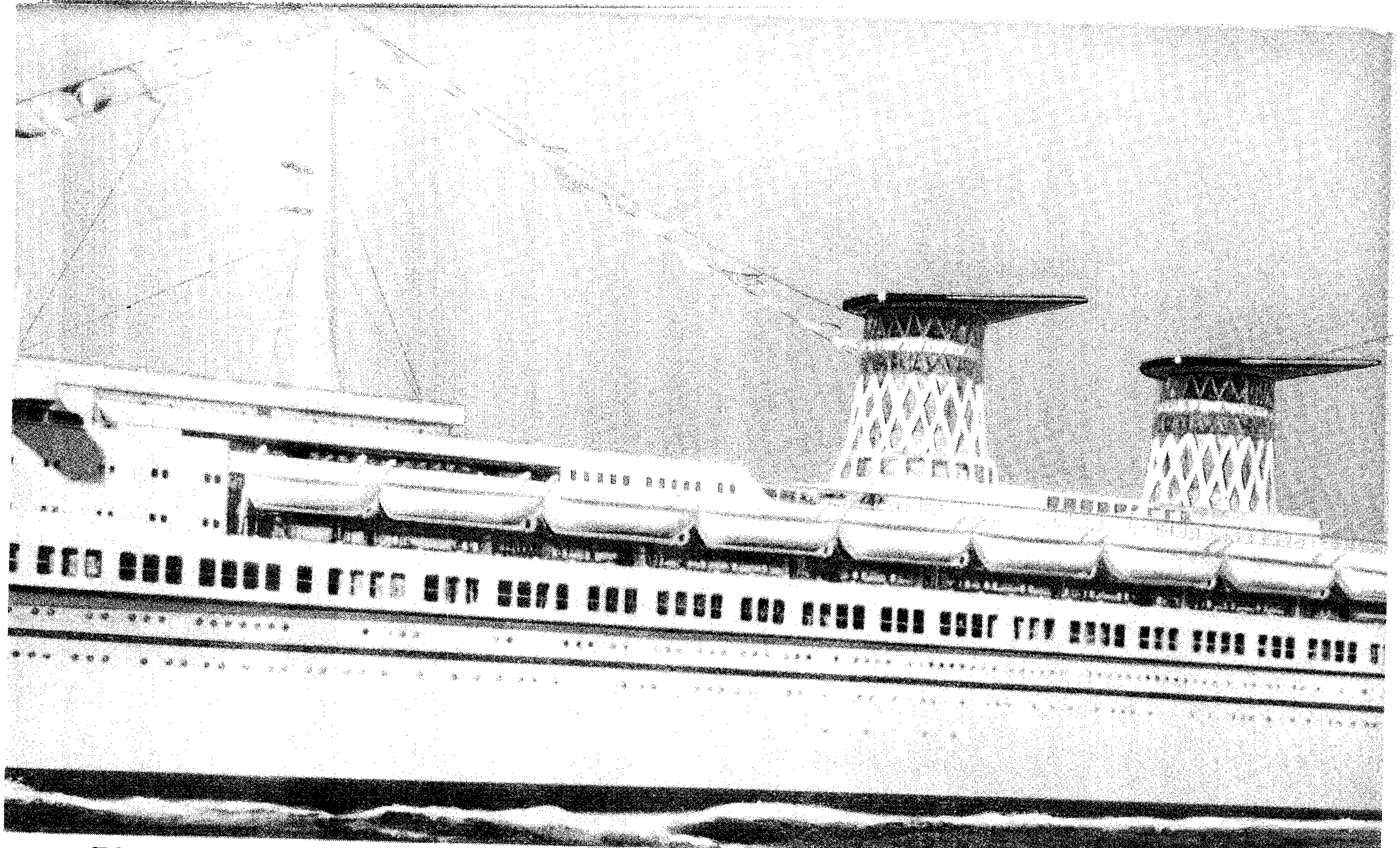


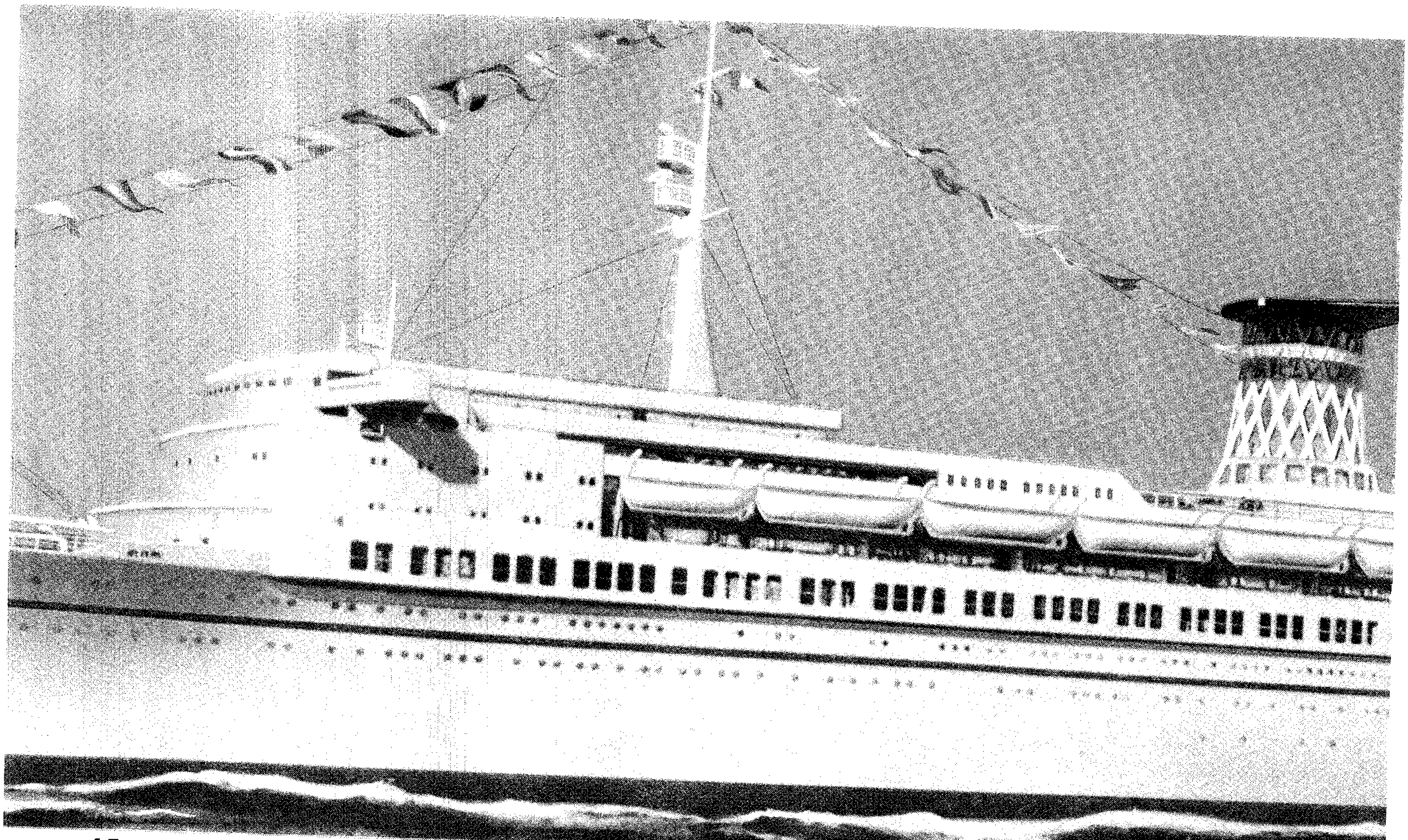
Arriving New York April 30th; Eastbound Maiden Voyage May 4th.

except



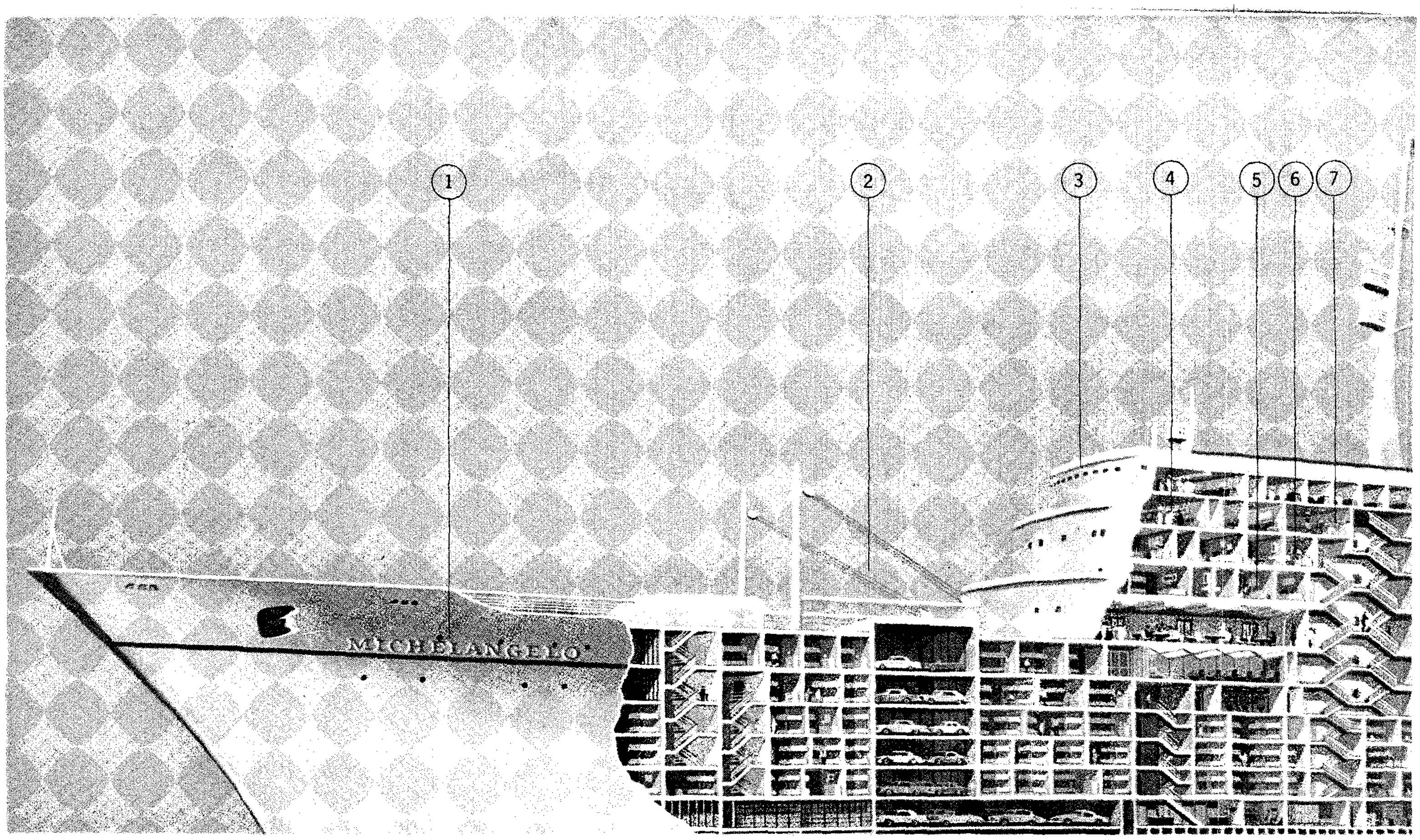
Michelangelo ...

Arriving New York April 2nd; Eastbound Maiden Voyage April 9th.

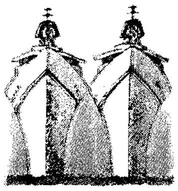


on the new Raffaello! Both coming next spring ...

Please turn the page.

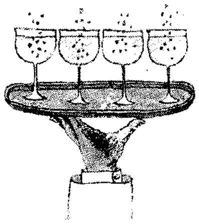


Inside story of Italian Line's two newest, biggest, fastest



1. MAGNIFICENT NEW SHIPS! Designed for superb 3-class passenger service. Aerodynamic styling by Italy's leading architects. Each ship has a slender prow...wide, curved bridges...eleven decks... gross tonnage of 43,000... over-all length of 902 feet ...height of 70 feet to Upper Deck. Completely air-conditioned — special control in each cabin! Top speed: 29 knots; cruising speed: 26.5 knots.

2. 5-DAY CROSSING! The Michelangelo and Raffaello are the largest, fastest superliners on the North America-Mediterranean route...speeding you to Europe in *five days*... Naples in only 7, Genoa in 8 (24 hours faster than others on this route).

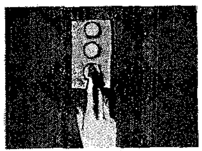


3. A SMOOTH CROSSING is assured by the newest "Denny Brown" stabilizers, the most efficient in the world, with gyroscopic anti-roll control system. And the ships sail an average of some 300 miles closer to the equator, through the Bermuda High, so the sea is calmer all year around.

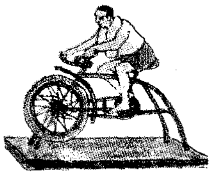
"BUON GIORNO
GOOD
MORNING
BON JOUR"

4. TRI-NATION TRAINING. The chefs, maître d'hôtels, stewards and stewardesses on board both ships attend Italian Line hotel schools, then train in both English *and* French hotels. The charm of courteous, thoughtful service that "speaks your language" is always at your call. (You'll wonder how you ever managed without it before!)

5. MEET THE GOUVERNANTE, meticulous Chief Housekeeper. Only the Michelangelo and Raffaello have such a woman. She is responsible for the needs of ladies in First Class, and for the maintenance of First Class cabins. And she is in charge of all female service personnel.

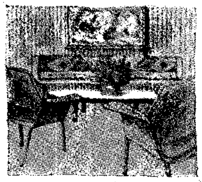


6. DIRECT CALL SIGNALS are exclusive with Italian Line. The press of a button immediately brings a steward, stewardess, valet service to your cabin. Do you want a decanter of ice water? Or something from the bar? A bowl of fruit? Laundry, cleaning? Friendly, efficient service is always right at your fingertips!

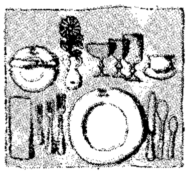


7. *A PROFESSIONAL GYMNASIUM*, with licensed instructor. Work off your last *meal...build your appetite* for the next...with rowing machines, electric horses, bicycles, weights...plus therapeutic massages, light baths. Feel like a *million!*

8. DAILY NEWS BULLETINS are scheduled on closed-circuit television. And take a daily English-Italian newspaper, with the latest world-wide news and features, to your adjustable deck chair. There are stock market reports daily. And you telephone anywhere in the world, from most cabins, on 4 simultaneous ship-to-shore systems.

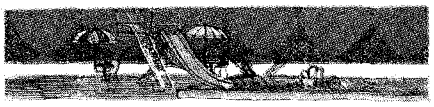


9. SUPERBLY APPOINTED CABINS *have* been carefully planned for your comfort. There are private sanitary facilities in every cabin. Full-length mirrors, inner-spring mattresses, extra pillows, spacious luggage areas. Most cabins singles or doubles. Wall-to-wall wool carpeting...thermostatically controlled baths and showers, that you set yourself, in First Class.

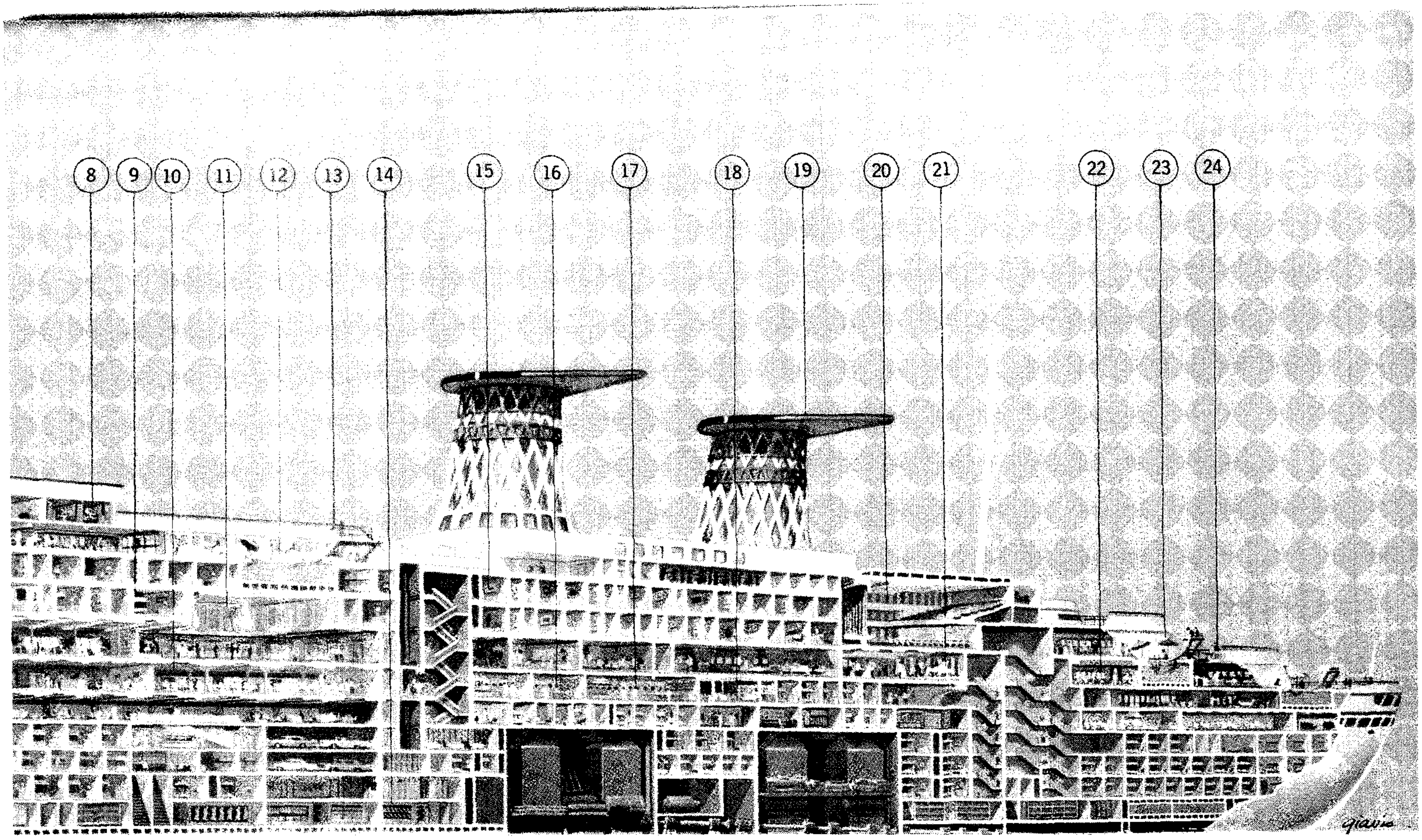


10. LUXURIOUS DINING ROOMS. A sparkling, elegant setting for your meals. Your table is set with gleaming china, decorated in gold patterns...brilliant Italian crystal goblets... highly polished silver... golden dessert service... Belgian linen dining cloths ...freshly-cut flowers. 4 trained table attendants cater to your vigorous, sea-going appetite at every meal.

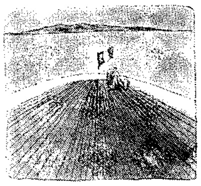
11. ENORMOUS BALLROOMS where you dance tune-filled nights away! In First Class, 2 spacious dance floors of squares of palisander from India. Above you: a magnificent, domed ceiling, 2 decks high. Around you: Flemish inspired tapestries.



12. MORE OUTDOOR POOLS than on any other ship: 3 for adults, 3, adjacent, for children. Refreshing ocean water changed continuously. Lavishly lined in ceramic tile...with specially-designed water slides ...and trained lifeguards on duty at all times.

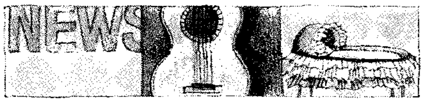


twin superliners: Michelangelo and Raffaello



13. THE LARGEST SUN DECKS for relaxing and promenading...larger than on any other ships in the Atlantic...and more open deck space for Tourist Class than ever before. Stretch out, feel the warm sun...on magnificent, beach-size, open Belvedere decks. Infrared heating system is available in First Class pool areas for the occasional "cool" day.

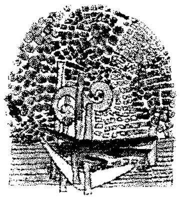
14. 203 DIFFERENT WINES for you to choose from, 40 different types of liqueurs, 15 brands of beer. Champagnes (go ahead, be festive!), whiskies, cognacs, brandies—and Rossese, "the wine of Napoleon," is only 80¢ a bottle.



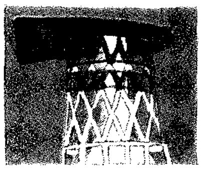
15. 3-CHANNEL RADIO SYSTEM brings you music or news, whichever you select, in the comfort of your First Class stateroom. And Electronic Baby Sitting, on this system, keeps an alert ear to your baby while you are dancing...tanning...at the beauty salon...or the English-leather bar. In suites, deluxe cabins, main lounges of *all* classes: closed circuit TV.

16. 72 CHEFS, COOKS, PASTRY MEN prepare more than 1000 superb dishes daily...or ask for any dish: no request is refused! There are specialties from around the world, where they are freshest and best: oranges from Haifa and Sicily, beef from the United States, veal from Italy, salmon from Scotland, caviar from Iran—and 12 different hams from 12 different countries! Special dietary requirements attended to.

17. DOUBLE-TIERED ROTISSERIE, 8 feet wide, for charcoal broiling superb steaks, prime roasts, tender squabs, baby lamb! Just one of many exclusive features in the most modern, stainless steel kitchens afloat. (Ripening rooms, too, so fruits and vegetables arrive at your table at their succulent best.)



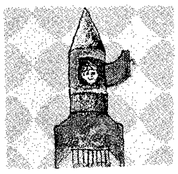
18. ORIGINAL ART TREASURES by Italy's leading contemporary artists, sculptors, create an exquisite atmosphere. Mosaics, tapestries, scenic panels, silver bas-reliefs, handmade chandeliers of Murano crystal . . . sumptuous decor created by 22 designer-teams.



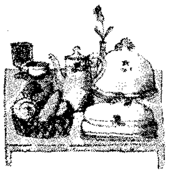
19. UNIQUELY DESIGNED SMOKESTACKS soar 63 feet to the sun. Lattice-worked for distinctive, streamlined appearance. Well astern, they allow you maximum panoramic shipboard view from top deck..."lift" smoke *away* from ships.

20. THREE-DECK THEATRE. You enjoy American and international pre-release and first run films on wide screen. Films change daily...and 500 are comfortably seated at once in cushiony-soft chairs.

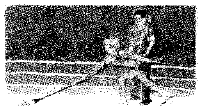
21. ENTERTAINMENT-FILLED NIGHTS. These brilliant new ships have a colorful, informal Repertory Company for evenings of delightful songs, dances. There are Captain's Galas, parties. And you have a dance band in each class: in ballrooms, night clubs.



22. 3 CHILDREN'S PLAYROOMS, fully equipped with the latest in "space age" toys and games, staffed by trained children's nurses. Indoor-outdoor Teen Room gives young people special facilities for dancing, singing, partying.



23. MENUS, MENUS, MENUS! Poolside luncheons...delightful children's meals...dining room menus ...gala night feasts. Breakfast in bed (how long since you've done *that!*)...lavish midnight buffets...snacks.

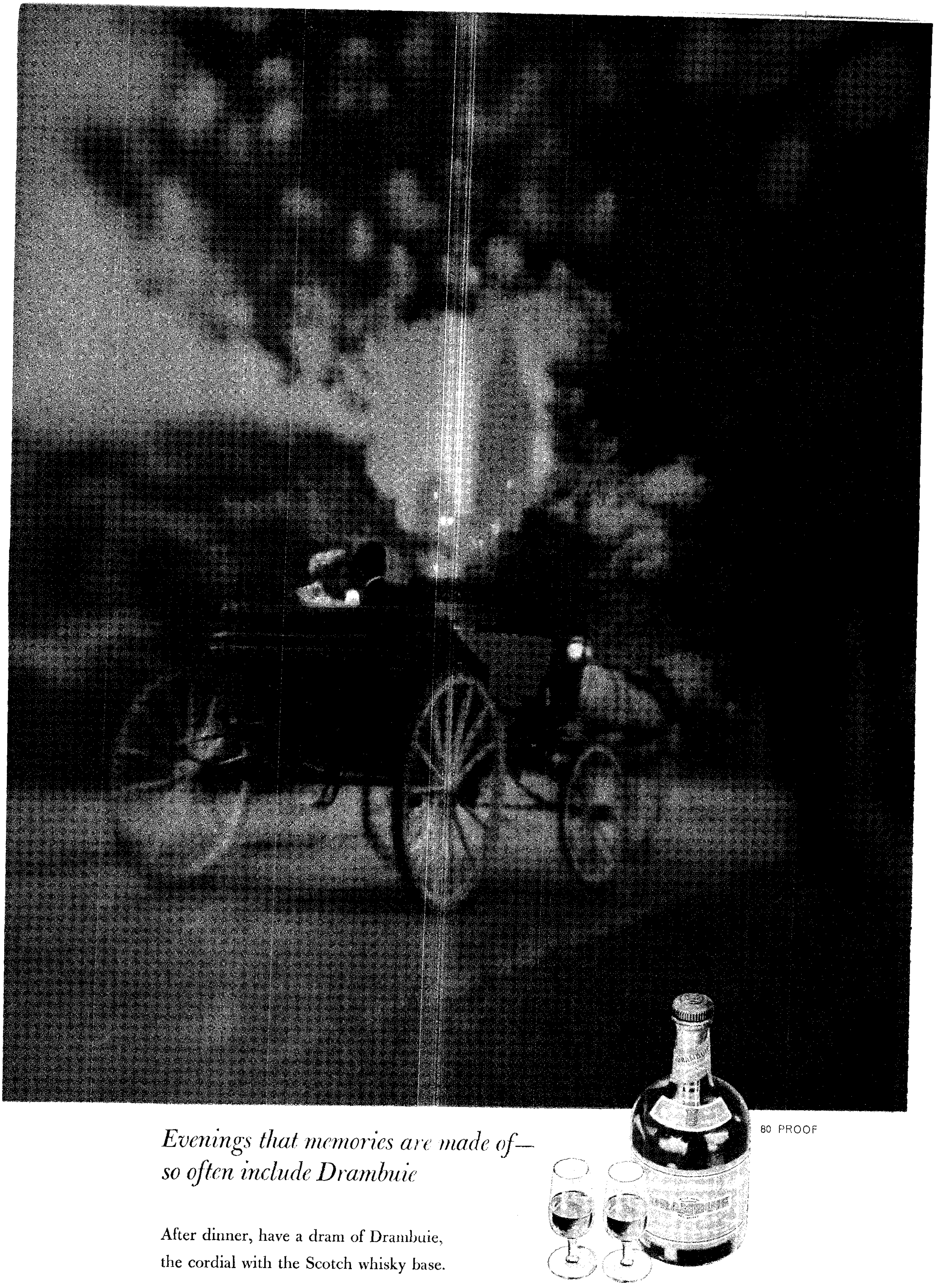


24. ACTIVE OR LAZY? Relax in the sun, or choose your deck sports from strolling to shuffleboard, deck tennis to skeet shooting. Take dance lessons. Take snapshots (have them printed on ship). Select a leather-bound book from the 6-language library. Take cooking or Italian lessons. Or do nothing at all!

See your travel agent, and plan to unwind your way to Europe

Italian Line

Dept. B-1041, One Whitehall St., New York 10004, or
695 5th Ave., New York 10019 Tel: 797-7000



80 PROOF

Evenings that memories are made of—
so often include Drambuie

After dinner, have a dram of Drambuie,
the cordial with the Scotch whisky base.

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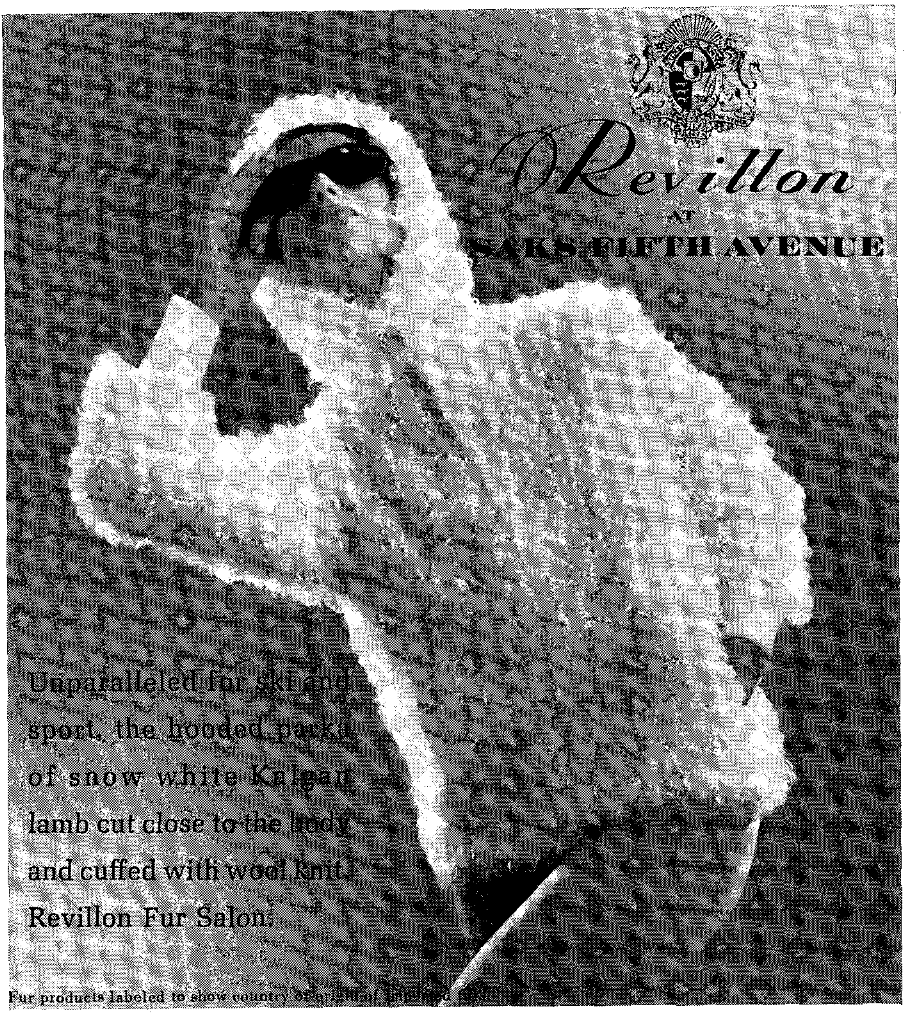
this in 1896, declared that for the successful conduct of the Games, "the presence of the arts in all their splendor is imperative," and Tokyo has duly put on a whole slew of impressive exhibits of ancient and modern art, not to mention performances of Kabuki and *no* and other cultural specialties. With Olympic events going on from nine in the morning until nine at night, though, it is hard for the dedicated sports lover to absorb much of all this. I did take in a performance—two days before the Games began—of the classical and colorful *bunraku* puppets, which are half life-size, or roughly the size of a coxswain.

JAPAN has long been a sports-loving nation, and it is both a prosperous and a compact one as well. Tokyo, in the middle of it, is readily accessible to both ends, and the demand for Olympic tickets among the Japanese, let alone residents of the ninety-three other countries that have participants here, was so great that a lottery was instituted to give everybody an equal chance at a few special seats. (A man and woman who decided, for reasons perhaps best known to themselves, to get married in the stadium on opening day had seventy of their friends apply for tickets so they could attend the ceremony. The lovers were lucky; they got two tickets.) All kinds of stories have been making the rounds about tickets. There are good Samaritans who, hearing of the despair of people who couldn't get into anything, have shared their own small bounty. There are honest souls who, having found tickets that others have lost, have resisted temptation and returned these jewels to their mourning rightful owners. There are also rascals who have reaped astronomical sums. Some opening-day tickets had a face value of eight thousand yen, or more than twenty dollars. That might seem like a tidy sum to pay to witness a ceremony lasting under two hours, but just before the big day the speculators' going price for a mere two-thousand-yen, or five-dollar, ticket was reliably said to be somewhere between a hundred and a hundred and fifty thousand yen—that is, between two hundred and fifty and four hundred dollars. It is understandable that a great many Japanese decided to take the easy and economical way out and simply follow the spectacle on television. Not that there haven't been plenty of collateral events that they could see, and enjoy, for nothing. Every day for weeks, until yesterday, Japanese have been assembling to watch the progress


Revillon
AT
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

Unparalleled for ski and sport, the hooded parka of snow white Kalgan lamb cut close to the body and cuffed with wool knit. Revillon Fur Salon.

Fur products labeled to show country of origin of imported furs.

A cooperative apartment house built to face the world

The twin apartment towers overlook the formal gardens of the UN, the East River and Beekman Place. A wide variety of floor plans, from one bedroom apartments to five-bedroom duplexes, is now being shown in the office of the agent. Call PLaza 3-5050.

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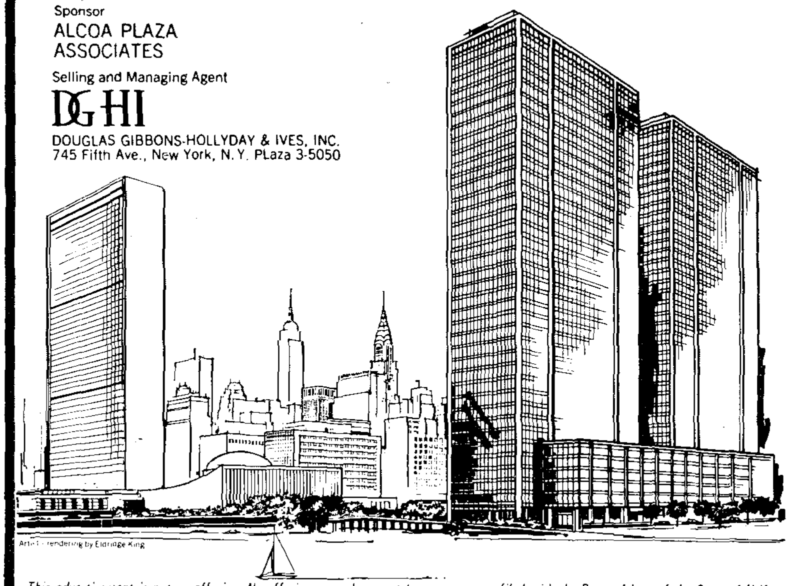
Artist's rendering by Eldridge King

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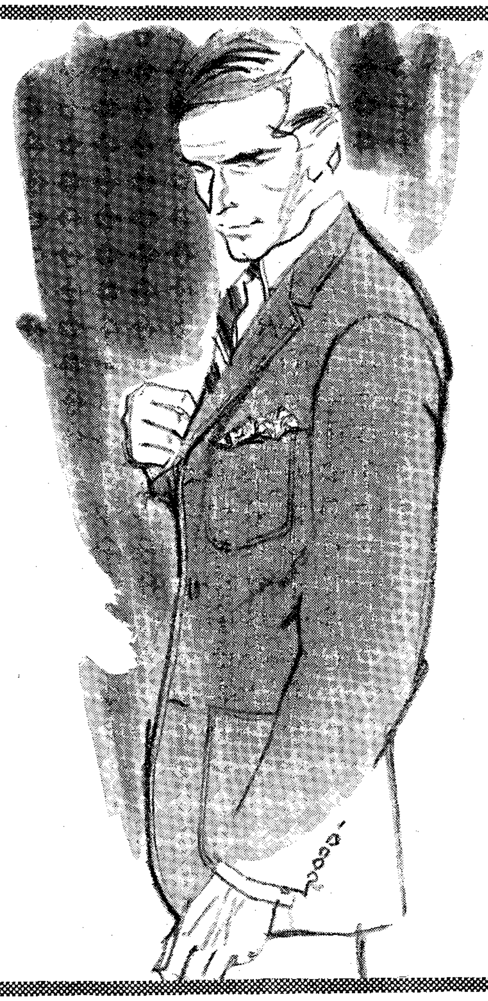

sports fabric original

Express yourself...in our distinctive bouclé sport coat lavishly hand-customized by Hickey-Freeman craftsmen. A fine mohair loop blended with a crisp, resilient worsted combines a subtlety of colorwork, lustrous texture and soft-draping comfort. Navy or black. **$125**

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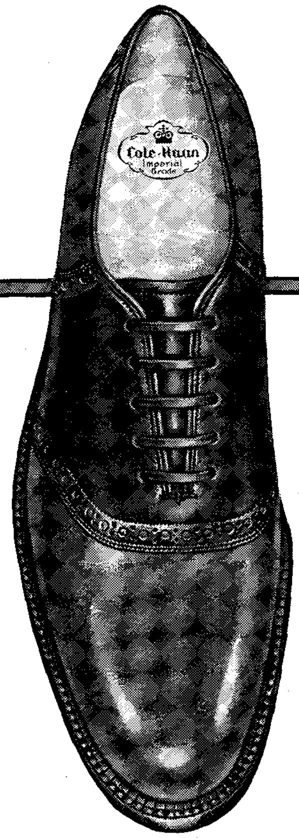
15 Fine Men's Stores
In Greater New York



Found only in fine traditional shops

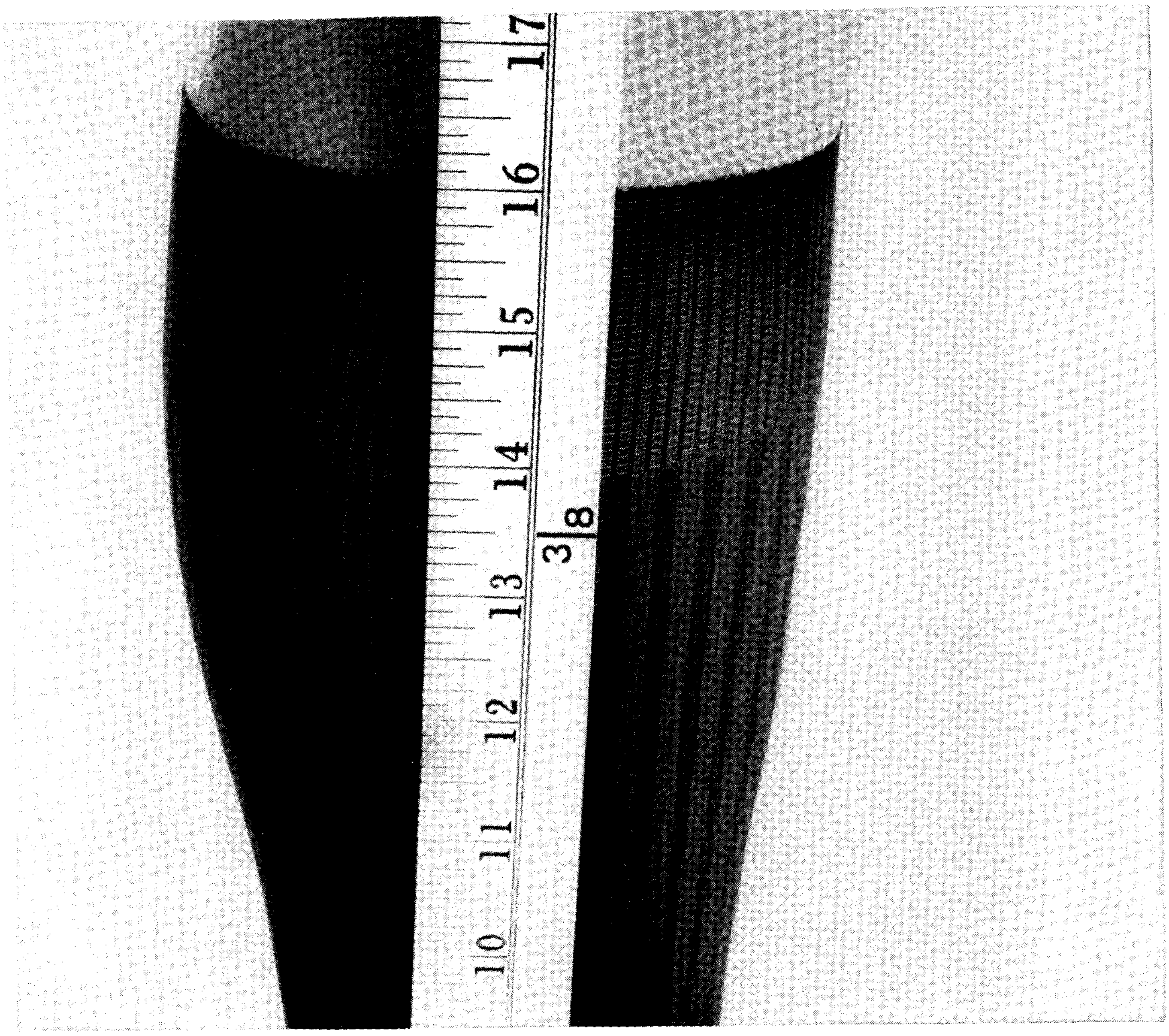
Cordovan Classic – the favored traditional saddle shoe with custom niceties including round edge double sole. Style 7111 magnificent dark shell cordovan with black cordovan saddle. Style 7112 all black cordovan. Most styles from $23 to $35.

COLE-HAAN
Dept. C-11, Freeport, Maine

Cole Haan *See Cole-Haans at the Fair, New England Pavilion*

of the Olympic torch toward Tokyo. There were, actually, four torches—a device conceived to insure that each of the country's forty-seven prefectures would have the flame carried through it. The movement of the torches was quite a logistical operation in itself, for nearly a hundred thousand high-school boys and girls were involved in it as runners, assistant runners, or accompanying runners, and to arrange for them to carry out their mission with split-second timing took months of work by at least as many adults. I went out to one run-of-the-mill torch-passing point, in a northeast ward of Tokyo, the other morning, when Torch No. 4 was scheduled to come by, and saw a crowd estimated by the head of the ward's Torch Committee at ninety thousand that had gathered to watch a ceremony occupying only a few seconds. Later, at a party thrown to celebrate the completion of their task, I talked to some of the boys and girls who were involved. Those running directly behind the torch carrier said that the white smoke billowing from the torch had bothered their noses a bit but that the honor more than made up for the slight discomfort. The torchbearer himself, a seventeen-year-old beaming with relief and satisfaction, said that the run had been a cinch. His instructions were to cover sixteen hundred metres in exactly seven minutes, and in a school meet, when he wasn't under wraps, he'd done two thousand metres in six minutes and thirty-five seconds. (Everyone in Tokyo is very conscious of the time it takes to cover various distances on foot.)

In addition to acclaiming torch carriers of their own nationality, the Japanese have been showering adulation on the Olympic athletes with such intensity that some of the athletes are getting a little fed up with it. Autograph seekers cluster around every entrance to the Olympic Village and pounce on everyone who emerges wearing sweat clothes, whether he or she is a potential gold-medal winner or a sure also-ran. The areas where the various events are being held—"venues" is their formal designation—seem to have an almost mesmeric attraction for the Japanese. A week ago today, for instance, admirers of the handsome new National Gymnasium, where the swimming and diving events are held, began queuing up soon after daylight for the privilege of paying fifty yen to enter the place and watch a bit of practice, and the serpentine lines were still there in the late afternoon. It was a sight that would have made Robert Moses wistful. The



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Top Brass is the perfect dress sock. That's our money-back guarantee to you. We've designed Top Brass to reach up 16-inches from your ankle to just over the calf. It stays there. Comfortably. Securely. Handsomely. Without garters. Your men's store has every possible style you might want, from stretch nylon ($1.50) to cashmere blends ($4). Go ahead. Try a pair. Then, if you're not completely sold on Top Brass get your money back! Just return the socks and the sales receipt to the store where purchased within 30 days. But we bet you won't. We've put our money on it.

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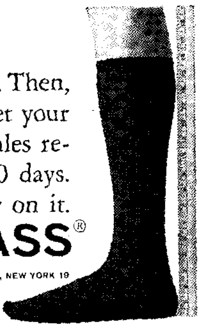

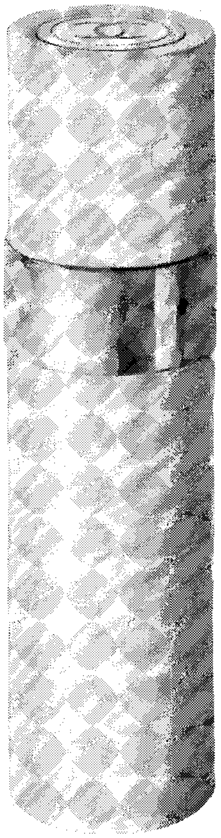

Chanel yourself all over with new Nº 5 After-Bath Oil Spray

Step from your shower or bath into a soft, silken veil of fragrance. Every beautiful inch of you feels luxuriously smooth to the touch, with not a trace of oily film. In the new white-and-gold unbreakable spray case, 5.00.

CHANEL

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Olympic Village itself is not much to look at, being a refurbished United States military installation. The Pacific edition of *Stars & Stripes* ran a two-page picture spread on the Village the other day and captioned it "Old Homestead Has Changed." (The photographs were taken by a colonel, the Chief of Protocol of the United States forces here. Military-photographing protocol must have changed, too; in my day, Army cameras were wielded by corporals, or, at the most, sergeants.) The old homestead hasn't changed very much, at that. Its principal transformation is its occupancy by an extraordinarily fit aggregation of men and women in many-hued work clothes—the red of Poland, the blue of Northern Rhodesia, the yellow of Hong Kong, and so on back and forth across the spectrum. Most of the male athletes are housed according to geography. The United States, though, is way off at one end, with West Germany, and separating the men of these two countries from the rest of the Western Olympic gang are Russia, Mongolia, Rumania, and some empty rooms that were to have been occupied by North Korea. The women athletes are segregated behind barbed wire—a precaution that has caused some amusement, for while men are refused admittance to this enclave, there are no restrictions on women's going out of it. Much of the movement within the Village, which offers its temporary inhabitants the services one would expect on an Army post (the Japanese have been complaining about the food; it's too Western for their taste), is by bicycle. The Village has tried, and utterly failed, to persuade the athletes that it is dangerous for two or more individuals, especially husky ones, to ride on the same bike at the same time. Visitors to the place have concluded that the doubling up of unarmed sprinters or swimmers is probably less of a threat to them, anyway, than the approach of a single cyclist with two long vaulting poles on one shoulder. The Village has a club where free Ovaltine is available and where tea ceremonies are periodically held. Next to the tea-ceremony area is posted one of those signs that often result from a Japanese attempt to communicate in an alien tongue: "Please don't take a photograph as you like."

A few seconds' sprint from the club is a Village store where, in addition to the cameras and watches and lacquerware and silks with which this city is so richly endowed, the athletes may buy track shoes, trophies, and medals. (No one need go home from this Olym-

From Madeira . . . our own Morning Glory design beautifully hand-embroidered on fine white cotton percale, blue and green. French-back pillow sham **6.00**; pillow case **4.00**; twin sheet **20.00**; full sheet **30.00**. *Altman sheets and cases,* fourth floor, Fifth Avenue and at White Plains, Manhasset and Short Hills.

OUR SWINGING SCOTS KILT TRIMINGHAM-TAILORED IN 18 PURE WOOL SCOTTISH TARTANS, MUTED OR TRADITIONAL AND OUR EXCLUSIVE TARTAN-PATTERNED BERMUDA PLAID IN MISTY TURQUOISE, GREEN AND RED INSPIRED BY OUR SEA, FOLIAGE AND FLAMING SUNSETS. ORDER BY CLAN OR COLOURINGS PREFERRED. 24-30 WAIST, $19.75. HERE OR BY MAIL.

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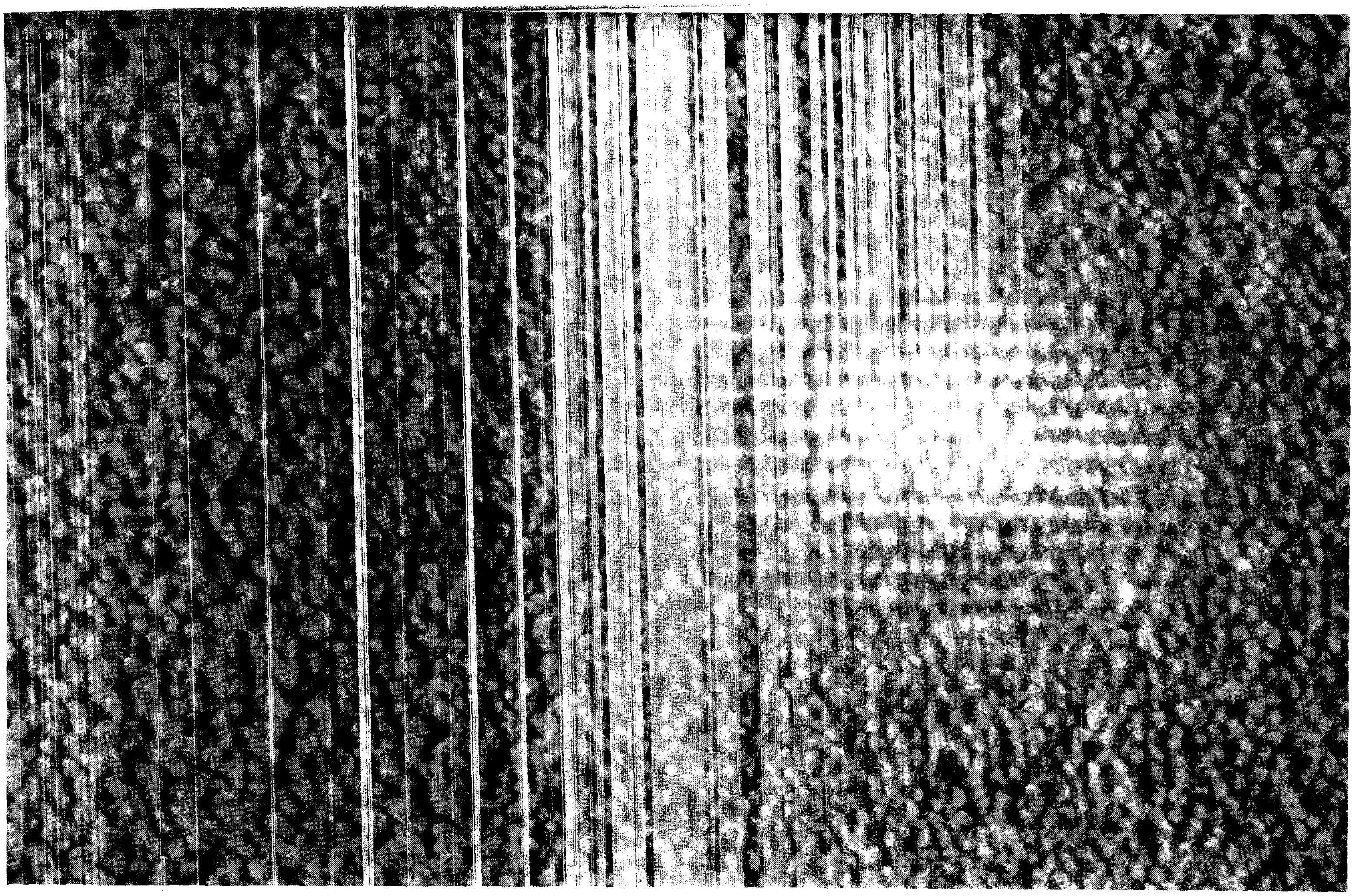

Some carpets will get bald before their time. How can you spot them?

That's the rub. You can't. Most carpets look okay in the store. But watch out. Sometimes trouble shows up in no time.

There's only one way to be sure.

Look for a good name in carpets.

Like Lees.

Are we saying that anything with the name Lees on it is impervious to age and wear?

No, but we are saying this.

We make every carpet the exact same way, whether it's high-priced or low-priced.

We use the best wools, nylons, acrylics.

We don't spare the fibers. Don't cut corners. Don't skimp on pile. Don't use cheap backing. Don't look the other way when there's a flaw.

Naturally, if you buy one of our $20 a square yard carpets, you'll get a thicker pile that might hold up longer than one of our $10 carpets.

But when Lees, bold and clear, is on the back of any carpet, you can count on that carpet to be bright-eyed and bushy-tailed for quite a while.

Your husband may get his first bald spot before your Lees.

For a lot of good, down-to-earth reasons, "those heavenly carpets by Lees."

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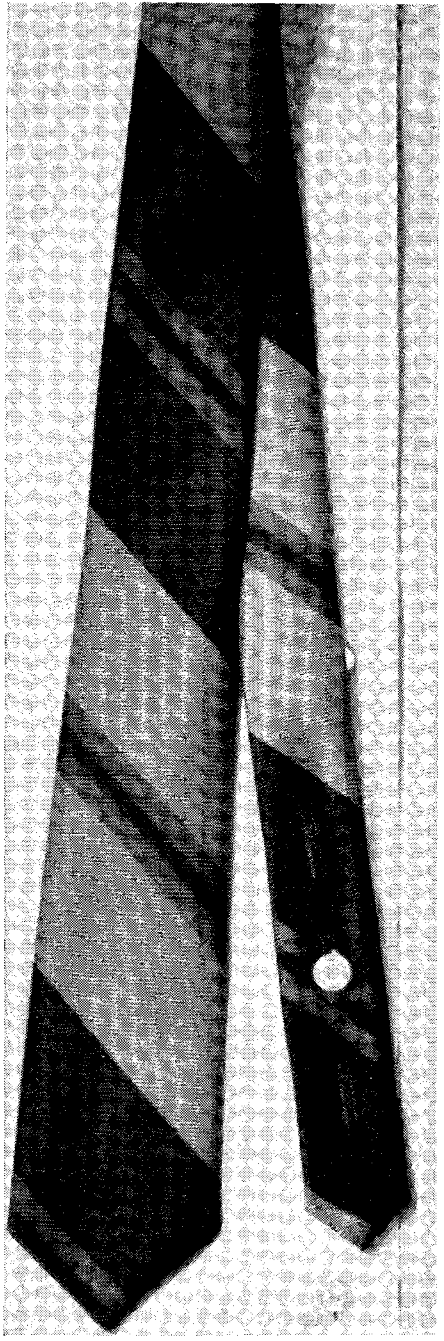

Prince Consort ties have holes in them

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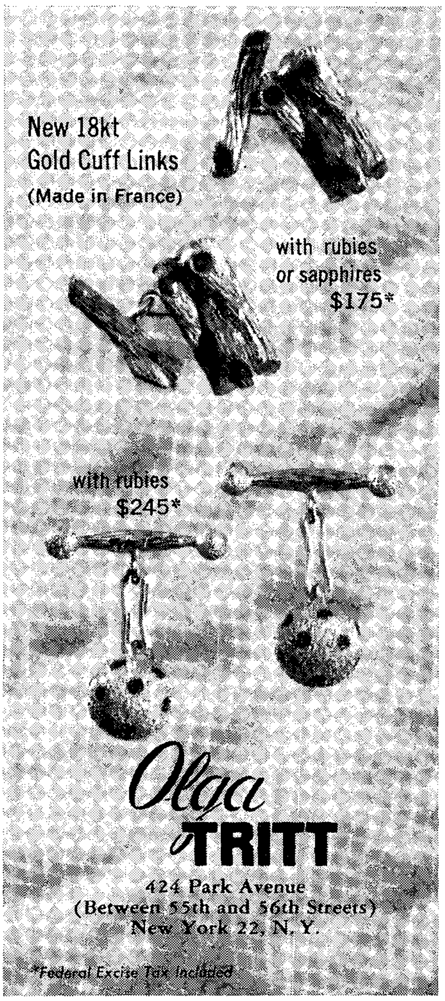
pics empty-handed.) Near the club and the store is an open expanse of sward—once, I suppose, an Army parade ground—that is ringed by flagpoles. As each new delegation checked into the Village, its flag was solemnly hoisted, with appropriate band music and appropriate speeches. The day before the opening ceremony, there was a catch-all flag-hoisting for some latish arrivals—Algeria, British Guiana, Colombia, Costa Rica, the Dominican Republic, Greece, Iraq, Lebanon, Luxembourg, the Netherlands Antilles, Peru, Puerto Rico, Taiwan, Thailand, and the Republic of Vietnam. I hadn't realized that Puerto Rico had a team of its own, and afterward asked one of the men on it what the reason was. The explanation was simple enough: by thus separating itself from the rest of the United States, the island has retained its eligibility to take part in various Latin-American games and inter-island games in the Caribbean. The Puerto Ricans like to have it both ways, however. When they weren't invited to a party that the American Ambassador here gave to welcome the United States team, they saw to it that their unhappiness was made known to the Embassy. The Ambassador, who had had no idea there was a United States team on hand dressed in other than United States colors, quickly invited the Puerto Ricans to his shindig, and they had a very good time. Whatever medals they may win, though, will not count in the United States total. There were a couple of conspicuously unadorned flagpoles—those of Indonesia and North Korea. How the North Koreans might have felt about residing in the Village barracks, which not so long ago gave shelter to soldiers enjoying a brief respite in Tokyo from fighting against North Koreans, will never be known, for in their three-day stay in Japan—not long enough for them to do much more than stir up a good deal of agitation and earn themselves a farewell party—they never set foot inside the Village. Few of the athletes from other nations cared much whether these Koreans turned up or not, except that there was a good deal of curiosity about the famous woman runner, Sim Kim Dan, and eagerness to see her in action. A lot of Koreans living in Japan did care, though. Of the half-million Koreans in this country, slightly more than half are thought to lean ideologically toward the North, and the other day a sizable crowd of these partisans gathered across the street from the Imperial Hotel, where



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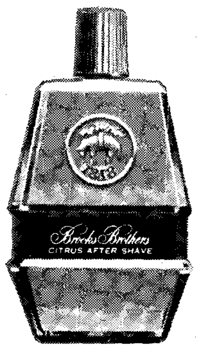

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the International Olympics Committee has its headquarters, to protest what they viewed as prejudicial harassment of their heroes, six of whom had been banned from the Games for having participated in a rival Indonesian sports contest, against orders of the I.O.C. I chanced to pass by the spot just after the demonstration broke up, and saw one group of elderly Korean women, in their distinctive native dress, sitting on the curb. They had all taken off their boat-shaped rubber shoes and were massaging their feet.

There were rumors that North Korean or Indonesian sympathizers might try to disrupt yesterday's opening ceremony, but nothing like that happened. Anyway, people here seemed far more concerned about the weather. It had rained hard forty-eight hours earlier, and it was cloudy twenty-four hours earlier, and, as one Japanese Olympic official glumly put it, even the Emperor can't control the weather. Yesterday was as clear and bright as today, though, and all went off smoothly. It should have; never, perhaps, was a ceremony so thoroughly rehearsed. Last week, for instance, there was a full-scale run-through, with schoolchildren standing in for the athletes, and with seventy thousand spectators—most of them people who couldn't wangle tickets to the real thing—in attendance. The real thing was a splendid performance, and a tidy one as well, with plastic bags passed out for trash, and metal tubes a little larger than lipstick size distributed to smokers, along with the printed admonition "Let's banish cigarette butts from all the streets in the world." There were one or two minor flaws—one of the girls assigned to release balloons let loose a whole cluster of them too soon, and one uncoöperative dove either couldn't or wouldn't fly—but no one has had anything but loud praise for the bands and the banners and the fireworks and the touching dash around the red dirt track and up the green-carpeted stadium steps of the most important torchbearer of them all. There have been scattered grumbles, though, about the selection for this honor of a young man who was born almost at the moment that Hiroshima was destroyed; choosing him, the grumblers argue, was a gratuitous way of reminding all concerned, at this peaceful gathering, of the war that Hiroshima ended. Curiously, I have heard no one grumble that President Johnson, who nearly always wears in his lapel the ribbon of the Silver Star, which he won in that same war in an air action against the Japa-

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nese, was not minded to remove the decoration when he appeared on television here, by courtesy of Comsat, on the eve of the Games. It was a strange sensation, by the way, for Americans here to watch their President on television and hear Japanese words come out of his mouth.

The most colorful sight of all at the opening ceremony, practically everyone agreed, was the entrance of the five thousand-odd athletes. (Not every one of the athletes took part, some of those who had events today being excused.) There was an engaging lack of uniformity in the behavior of the various teams. Some, like the Australians, doffed their hats in salute as they passed the Emperor's box. Others, like the Rumanians and the Americans, kept their hats on. The Cubans—in staid black business suits, which looked odd on a bunch of Castro's boys—unfurled small Japanese flags as they marched past the imperial box. The Turks waved Turkish flags. The Russian women waved bright-red bandannas, and the Russian men waved bright-red handkerchiefs. Some contingents marched by stiffly, and some were notably relaxed; one Hungarian fell out of line to snap a picture of the Emperor. The flowing robes of Ghana, Chad, and Niger drew applause, and the appearance of the French inspired someone in the stands to break out a brilliant yellow banner with the word "*Superbe*" imprinted on it. The Belgian men wore white gloves, the Bermudians wore Bermuda shorts, the Panamanians wore Panama hats, and the high-stepping, arm-swinging Mongolian women, in sleek white satin dresses, looked remarkably like Tokyo bar hostesses. That the United States team wore broad-brimmed hats of the kind associated with President Johnson need not cause the Republicans undue alarm; many of the Americans here have already cast absentee ballots and are beyond persuasion. In any case, for the next two weeks nobody around here is going to pay much attention to Barry Goldwater or any other candidate for American office unless he enters the decathlon.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

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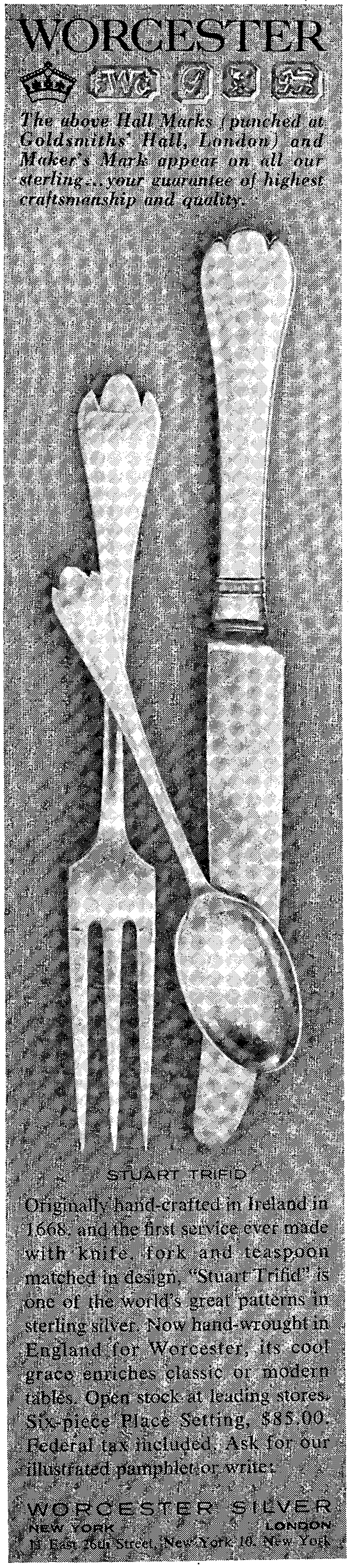
The transport, carrying 55 passengers and a crew of 13, departed on a routine flight from Hickam Air Force Base near Honolulu to Moffet Field a Navy Base. ttttt ttttt ttttt t hm rf hr hmhm Its No. 4 engine went dead when it was behond he point of no return.

—*New Haven Journal-Courier.*

No vivid writing, please.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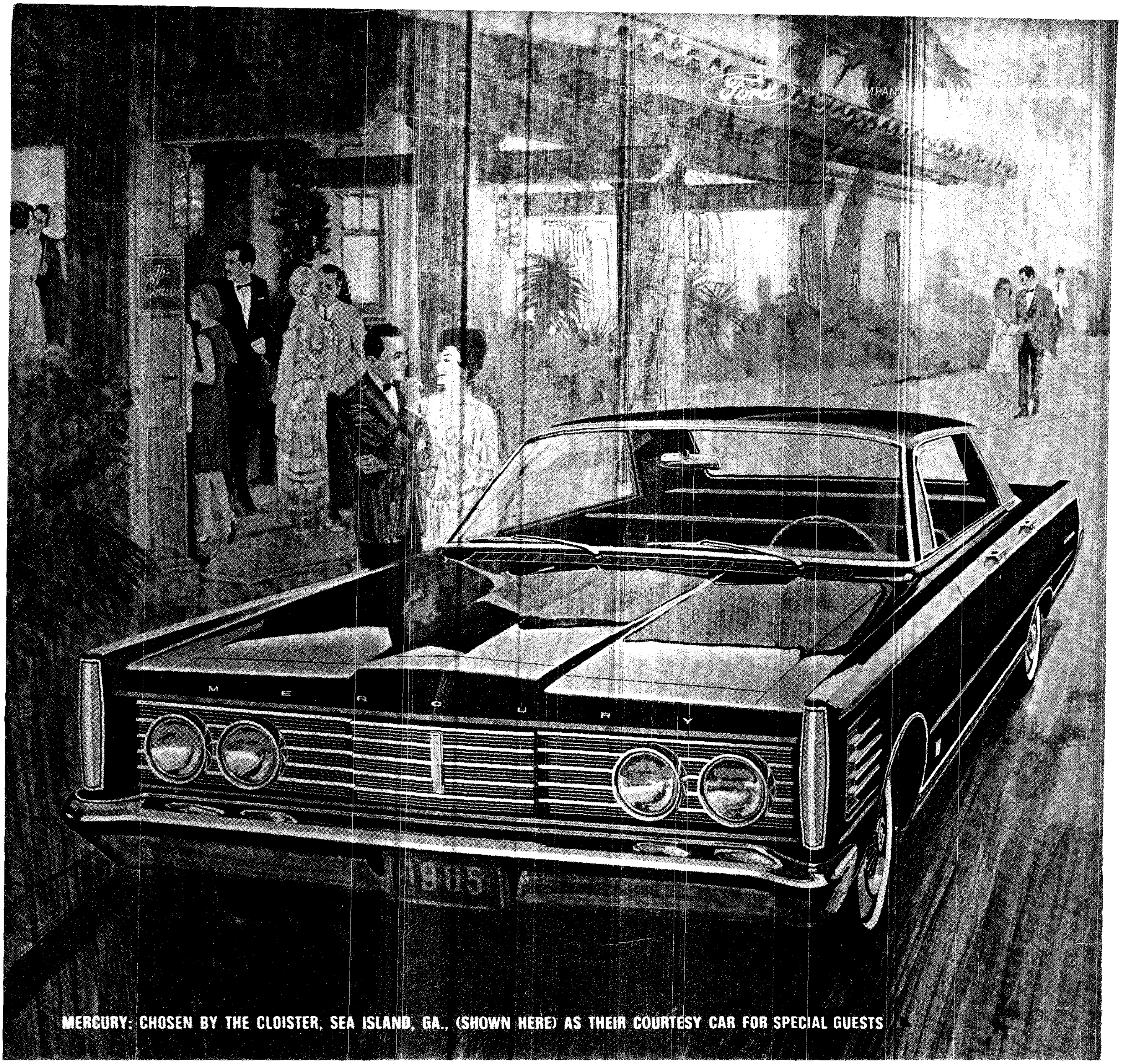
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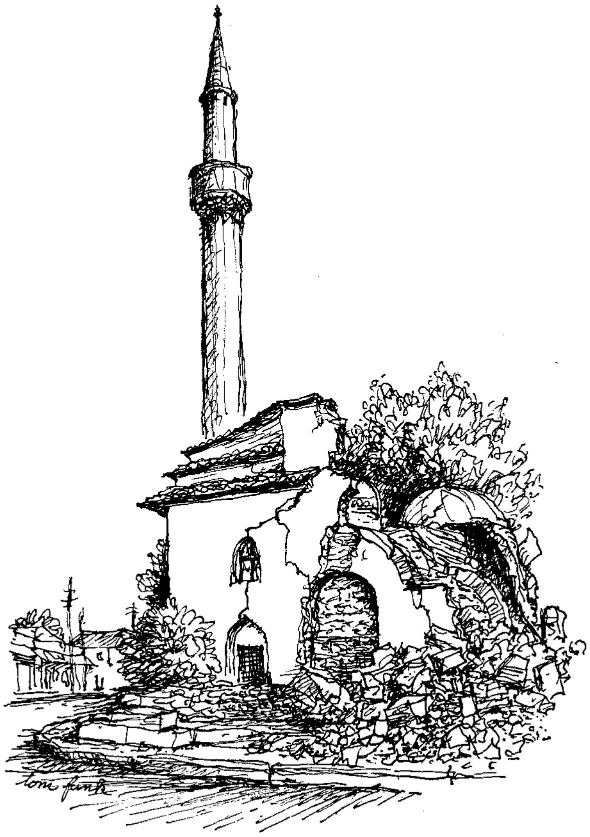
LETTER FROM SKOPJE



FROM a distance, the surviving buildings of Skopje seem not to be badly damaged. It is only when you come close to one of them that you see the collapsed roof, the great fissure running up the wall, or (in several extraordinary cases) the absence of the ground floor, which has settled in upon itself, letting the structure down a notch. In the earthquake that struck Skopje a summer ago, hundreds of buildings disintegrated, but now much of the wreckage has been cleared, giving this city, the capital of the Socialist Republic of Macedonia and one of Yugoslavia's cultural and industrial centers, the look of having been bombed. In Skopje, which lies on the banks of the Vardar River, about a hundred miles north of the Greek border, there is nowhere to escape from evidence of the earthquake, and to be here is to be unable to think about anything else for more than a few moments at a time. Climb the stairs of a superficially unharmed government office building and you will see that the terrazzo of the treads has been jaggedly cracked across; turn a corner of one of its hallways and you will see that a large patch of plaster is missing, exposing cracked and separated brickwork. And, as though yet further reminders were necessary, the earth itself has refused to forget, and has gone on quivering reminiscently. Just before I arrived here, there was a new tremor—the three-hundred-and-ninety-second since the original shock.

Damage by bombing, irrational though it may be, is still more or less comprehensible, for what causes it is human. Damage by earthquake is different. The intelligence at first refuses to take in the fact that the very ground moved out of its place. An earthquake, moreover, happens only to the people who are there. After the Second World War, all the ravaged cities were in a similar condition, and this was the result of an effort at mutual annihilation in which, one way or another, most of humanity had played a part. Skopje does not have any such consolation; it is isolated in the awareness of its loss. Visitors are welcomed with almost pathetic eagerness, because they reveal that the outside world exists, and because they may carry away some faint message of Skopje's distress. The people of Skopje can see little ahead but a long-drawn-out struggle merely to survive, and the goal of a "normal" existence seems to them so far off that the idea of working toward it strikes them as somewhat ridiculous. They can neither stop struggling nor wholly convince themselves that the struggle is worthwhile. Though life goes on in Skopje, it is a life of strain and discomfort. All its amenities and many of its necessities are in short supply. Largely because of the rebuilding, Skopje is now a boom town of sorts, in the sense that there is money here, though there is not much for money to buy. There were about two hundred thousand people living in Skopje at the time of the quake, and one thousand and seventy were killed, but there are more people here now. Even with the rapid building of prefabs and the hasty repair of only partly destroyed apartments, thousands of them were still living in tents many months after the quake.

Yugoslavia is that strange animal, a not quite Communist country, and in every sphere its style is an uneasy balance of Eastern drabness and Western smartness. At the best of times, and even by Yugoslav standards, Macedonia was an underdeveloped area, and since the earthquake Skopje has gone skidding down into shabby deprivation. People live in cramped quarters (relatively lucky ones have a corner in a room that some really lucky friend is willing to share), and they seem to be everywhere—working, waiting for buses, thronging the streets all day and well into the night. In the late afternoon, the packed masses of a purposeful, somnambulistic crowd begin spilling over from the sidewalks onto the roadways; this is the *Korzo*, the traditional Mediterranean promenade of those who, like the Italians, live close together and have little to go home to or, like many of the people of Skopje, have no home at all. The air here can grow smoky and thick. The fuel used throughout Yugoslavia is lignite, or brown coal, and it drapes an acrid pall over all the large cities but most especially over Skopje, which lies about two hundred miles south of Belgrade and a hundred miles east of the Adriatic, walled in among mountains. When the smog has accumulated, the sun hangs in the sky like an orange wafer.

The apex of luxury in Skopje is represented by the Turist, the second hotel to reopen after the quake. (The first bears the unprepossessing name of Invalidski Dom—after an association of wounded veterans, which built it.) The Turist can never have been classified as *grande luxe*, and when I registered there, at five-thirty one morning, a corner of the building was still being patched together, and across the façade one could see the replastered portions, like a branching tree, four or five stories high. The halls were muddy and dark, and one had the feeling—familiar from hotels in countries far less advanced than Macedonia—of being constantly surrounded by dirty concrete. I had been brought from the railroad station by an interpreter, who advised me, "Stay away from the walls if they are wet." On the bed lay fragments of plaster and dust that had drifted down from the ceiling. A puddle of water leaked across the concrete floor from the radiator, but the radiator itself was, blessedly, warm, and I soon came to understand that this—together with hot water, which the Turist nearly always has—is in Skopje the height of physical comfort.

In Skopje, everyone comes to the

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Turist. Ministers of the government come to its dining room for lunch and stand by, just as we foreigners do, while the tablecloth is flipped over, so that the latest grease spots will show from the bottom side. Much of the time, the hotel's café is even more crowded—with patient-looking men who are presumably the local regulars, and a miscellany made up of Slavic entrepreneurs in bulky fur-collared overcoats, British construction engineers, homesick Russian soldiers, a few stray Americans, and as many young Macedonians and their stylish-looking girl friends as can afford this modest essay in *la dolce vita*. The café produces an acceptable breakfast of *čaj*, *hleb*, and *djem*—tea, bread, and jam—plus bottled fruit juices that are universally available and uniformly good. During the day, there is nearly always someone drinking *slivovica* or Turkish coffee in the café, but it is toward four o'clock that the place really fills up. Sitting in the Turist café and reading a newspaper is the high point of Skopje night life, and a glance through the door makes one realize how important a newspaper can be, even when it is full of Socialist rhetoric, and how much a little light and warmth and sociability can mean when there is not much of them to go around.

"WHAT you have to understand is that Skopje wasn't just a city," an American at the Embassy in Belgrade told me. "It was the flowering of an entire people. It was the living, breathing heart of Macedonia. If you wanted to make a comparison purely in terms of size, you could say that losing Skopje would be like losing Dayton, Ohio. The difference is that, if necessary, Ohio could get along without Dayton, while without Skopje, Macedonia would not exist." Indeed, Macedonia, as a modern state with at least some power over its own affairs, has existed for only twenty years. It did not even have a written language of its own until 1944. Its history is mainly an account of oppressions, periodically interrupted by uprisings brutally put down. "Macedonia is not a country, it is a disease of the Balkans," an old Central European statesman once remarked to Konrad Bercovici. It sits astride the path of any Balkan power wishing to control the entire peninsula, and it has been perennially trampled upon by its neighbors as they tried to reach each other's throat. In a single century—the thirteenth—it changed masters nine times. It has been overrun or occupied by Thracians, Il-

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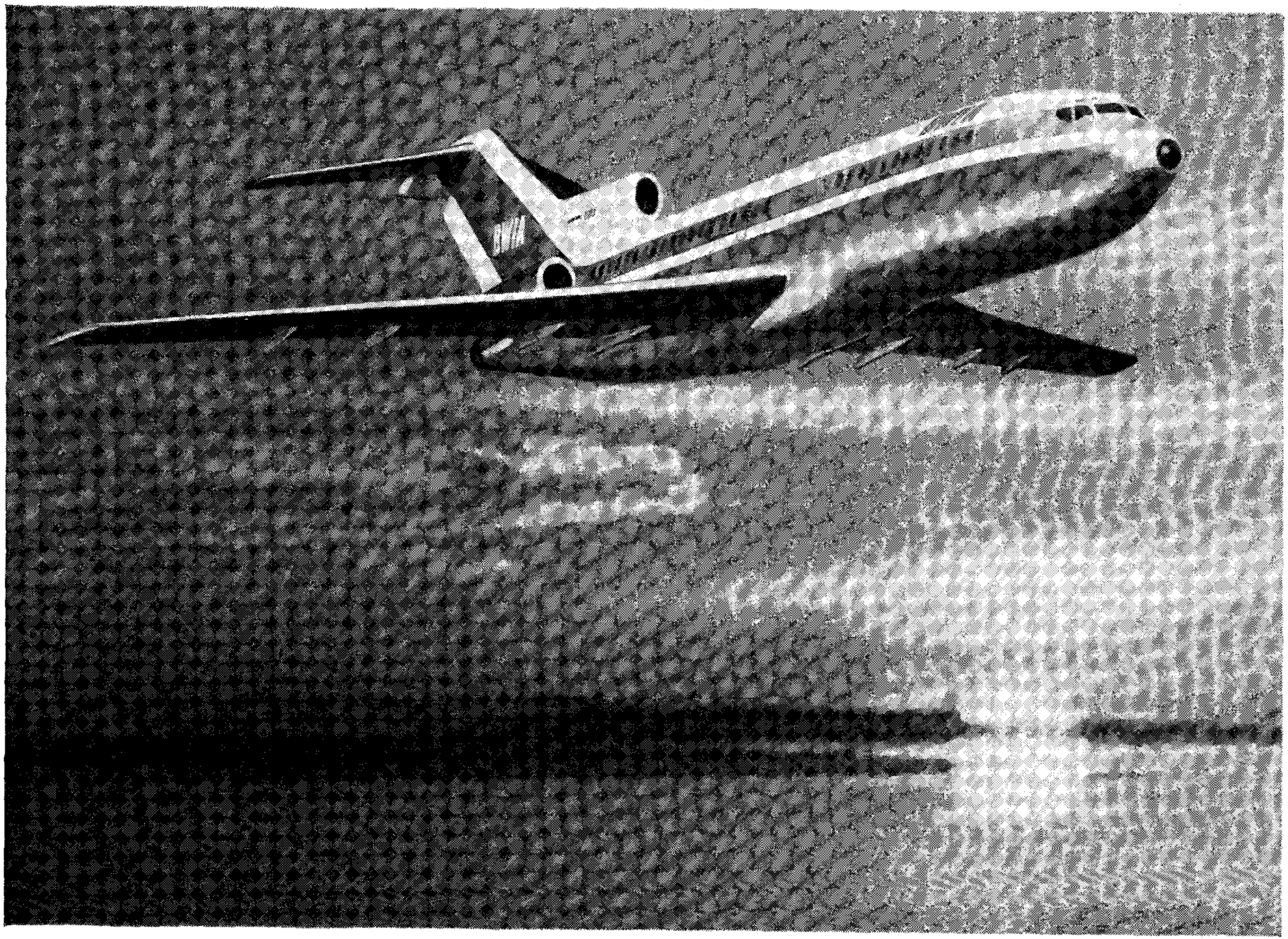

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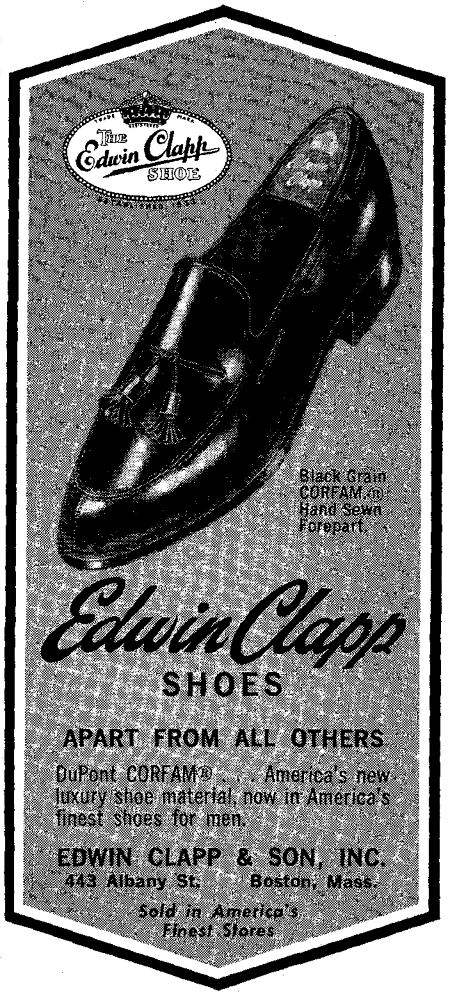
Age-old persecution has left the Macedonians just as proud as anyone else, if not prouder, and in their view most of history has revolved around Macedonia. From its hills came the bearers of the Orphic religion—the cult of Dionysus—to civilize a relatively backward Greece. From its hills, too, came Philip and Alexander to conquer the known world for the culture that to the Macedonian way of thinking is so wrongly described as "Hellenistic." Christianity first penetrated Europe through Macedonia, when Paul preached at Philippi. In Macedonia's monastery churches, there are still superb Byzantine frescoes, several of which—for example, those in St. Pantelejmon, at Nerezi, not far from Skopje—anticipate in their drama and realism the new art that (I quote from the official Macedonian tourist guidebook) "came to be known in Italy as the Renaissance." And, not satisfied with starting the classical age of antiquity, the Hellenistic age, European Christianity, and the Renaissance, the Macedonians also started the Reformation. In this, their presumed agents were the Bogomiles, members of a medieval heretic sect of Balkan origin so hated and harassed by both the Eastern and the Western Church that we know of the group almost entirely from its enemies, a dubious source. The Bogomiles appear actually to have been dualistic, pacifistic, proletarian, vegetarian, democratic, anticlerical, and extremely strong-minded. Despite centuries of effort to extirpate them, they successfully passed on their notions to



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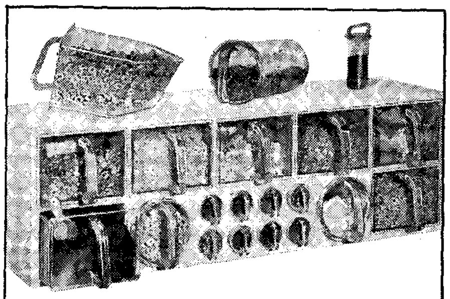
such other premature Protestants as the Cathari, the Waldenses, and the Lollards.

If the foreigner detects a note of defensiveness in these claims, or if they have a slight air of having been got up after the fact, it should be remembered that the Macedonians have not previously had an opportunity to advance them. They are a hard-luck people, and their capital, in particular, has experienced disasters without number. In fact, Skopje was hit by major earthquakes twice before 1963—in the year 518 and again in 1520. The earlier quake destroyed the ancient Illyrian city of Skupi, which had been an important Roman provincial center—a place of large squares, temples, theatres, and baths. All were levelled to their foundations by a tremor that devastated three other Macedonian towns as well. During the reign of the Emperor Justinian, who is said to have been born nearby, in 483, Skupi was again a thriving city. Then, in 695, the Slavs overran the Balkans and occupied Skupi, rechristening it Skoplje. But nominally, at least, Macedonia remained under Byzantine rule, and there were sporadic revolts, in the course of which Skopje was often the scene of strife and slaughter. In the ninth century, Macedonia came under the Bulgars, who had begun expanding westward, but then at the end of the tenth century it achieved a momentary independence under a king of its own, named Samuel. At the beginning of the eleventh century, his army was defeated by the Byzantine Emperor Basil II, who caused fourteen thousand Macedonian prisoners to be blinded, leaving one man in each hundred with a single eye to lead his comrades back to the encampment of Samuel, who thereupon died of a heart attack.

Skopje's history continued in this mournful vein. In 1040 and in 1072, the Macedonians rose again, and were soon again put down. In 1180, Skopje was plundered by Normans who had crossed the Adriatic on their way to Constantinople. Several other short-lived Macedonian states interrupted a procession of Bulgarian, Byzantine, and Serbian rulers, until finally, in 1392, the Turks arrived and occupied Skopje, changing its name to Üsküb and making it a strategic military post and slave market. (The going price for a pretty Macedonian girl was a pair of boots.) In 1413, a sultan named Musa destroyed Skopje, and in the next century it had its second serious earthquake, followed by a devastating fire. In 1697, the Austrians, with the assistance of Macedonian insurgents, cap-



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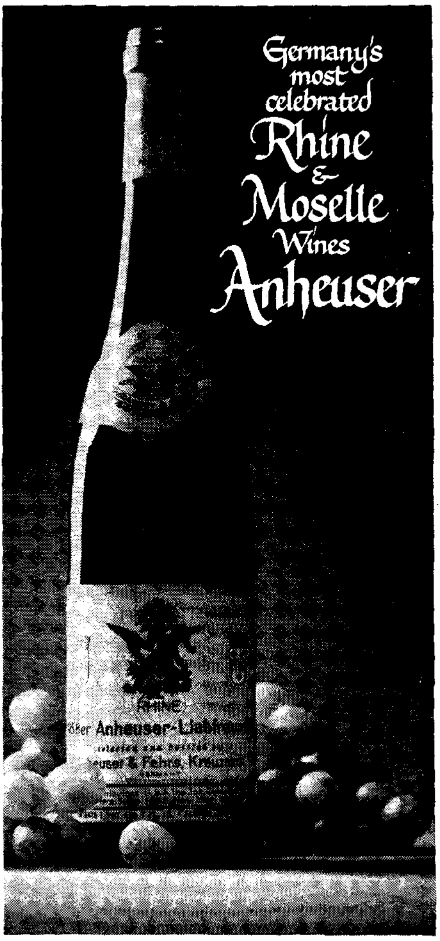

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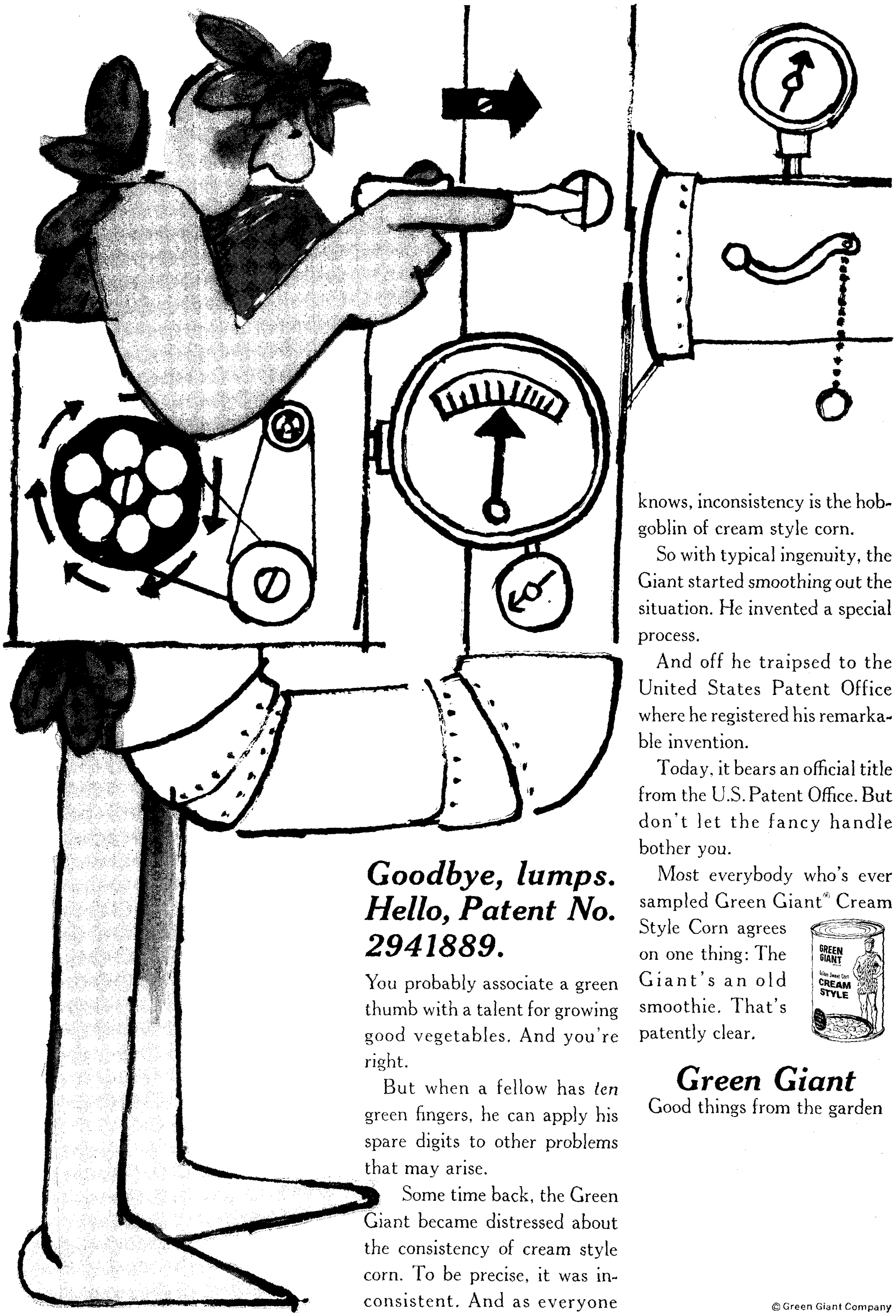

Goodbye, lumps. Hello, Patent No. 2941889.

You probably associate a green thumb with a talent for growing good vegetables. And you're right.

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THE MEN'S STORE
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

tured Skopje, held it briefly, and then burned it so effectively that the town took two hundred years to recover.

The Macedonians continued to resent the ruling Turks, and late in the nineteenth century yet another resistance movement, and a vigorous one, developed. In 1897, the cruelty with which the Turks were suppressing a minor disturbance, caught the attention of a British journalist, and after looking into the situation he was able to alert his readers to the existence of the Internal Macedonian Revolutionary Organization, or IMRO, which had been founded in 1893. Its members were the legendary *komitadji*, or committeemen—heroes with glorious mustachios and rakish fur hats, who stare out from the old photographs dressed in makeshift uniforms, holding antique rifles, and carrying bandoliers of ammunition on their shoulders. IMRO was so successful that it sometimes controlled entire districts, but it could not free Macedonia. In 1903 came the uprising known as Ilinden, after St. Ilija's Day, August 2nd, when it began. That night, bonfires were lit on the mountaintops, the village bells rang, and explosions and rifle shots resounded through the land. In the course of the revolt, which lasted three months, more than two hundred thousand Turks and fifteen thousand *komitadji* were involved in two hundred and thirty-nine separate engagements; the Turks burned two hundred villages and twelve thousand houses, and killed nearly five thousand Macedonians, either by burning them alive or by other equally brutal means. The Macedonian statistics go on to record, with unconvincing precision, that three thousand one hundred and twenty-two Macedonian women were raped and a hundred and seventy-six taken away to harems. In any event, the suppression of the revolt constituted a crushing blow for the Macedonians; a hundred thousand were left homeless and thirty thousand fled to Bulgaria.

It could thus be said that a generation or two ago there was scarcely a Macedonian whose immediate family had not known death by violence, and the same had been true as far back as anyone could remember. Under Tito, for both doctrinal and practical reasons, the objective of Yugoslav national policy has been to make these beleaguered people feel that they have found a home at last—to convince them that they are better off under Belgrade than they would be under Bulgaria. In practice, this has meant taking money away from the prosperous northwestern industrial region of Slovenia and other prosperous parts of Yugoslavia and giving it to

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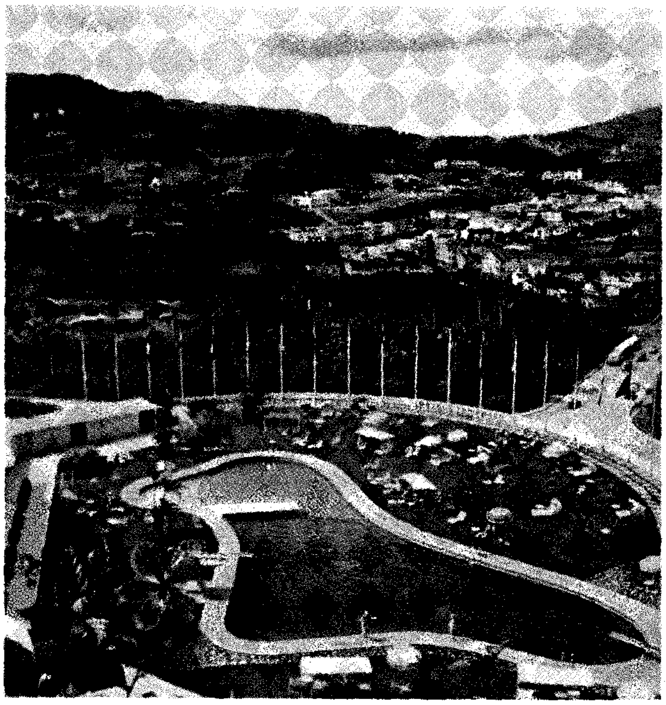
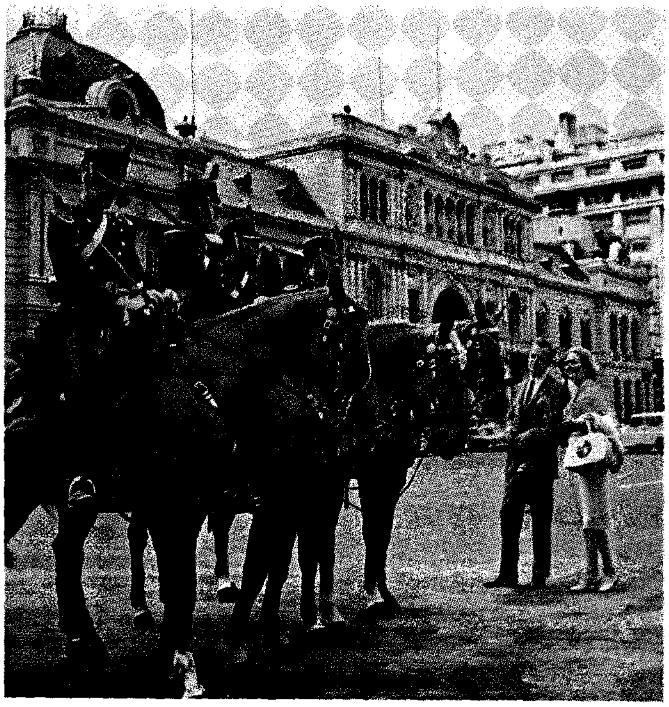
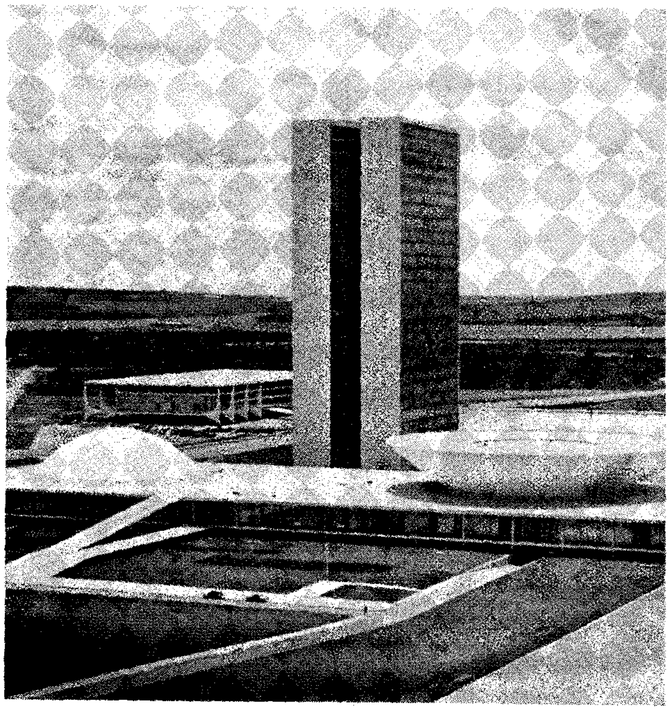


Places to stay: in Caracas, it's the Hotel Tamanaco.



Things to see: Casa Rosada, for instance, in Buenos Aires.

Things to do: go for the big ones on the Chilean lakes.



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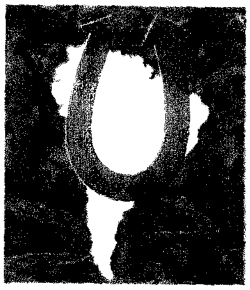

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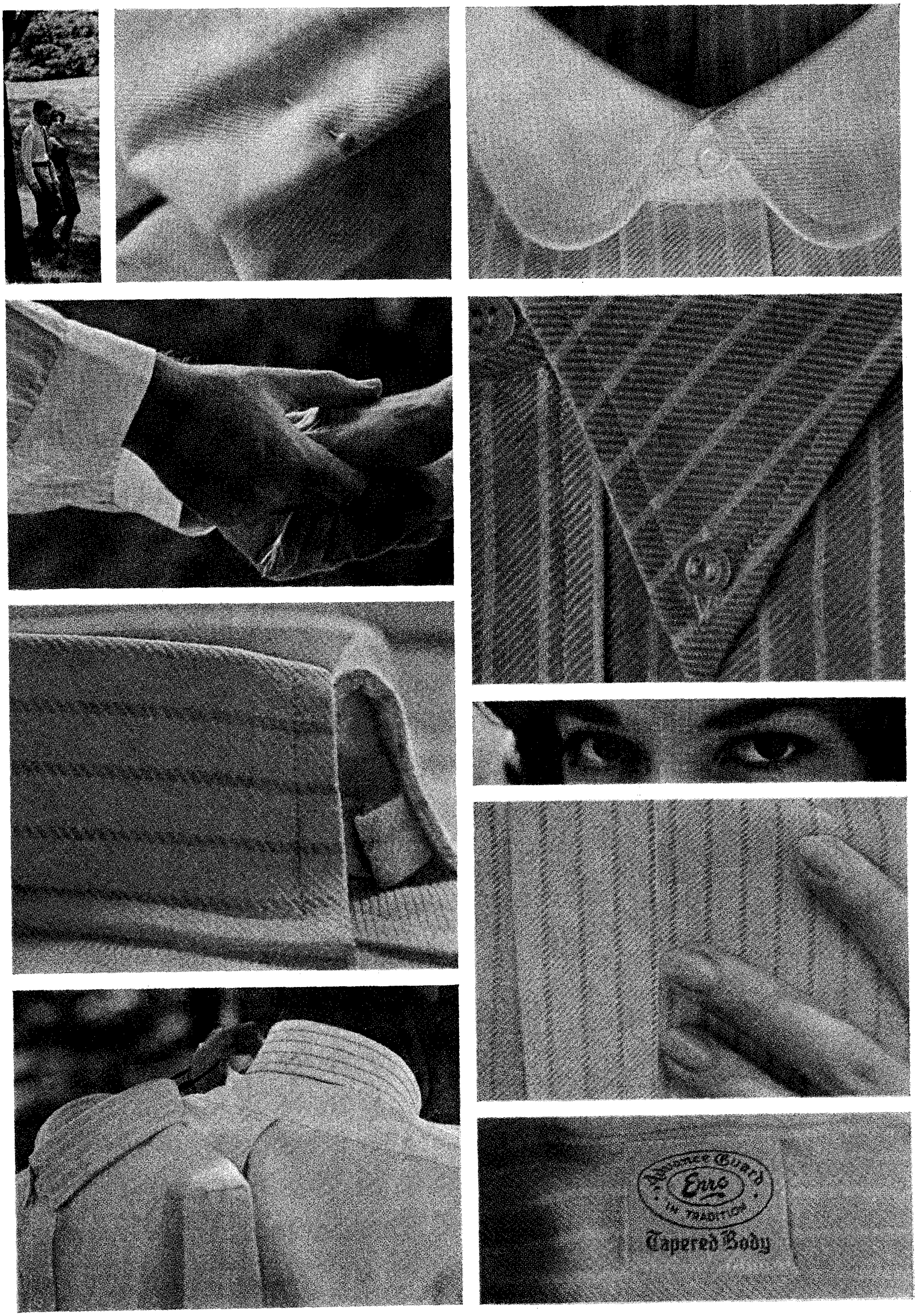
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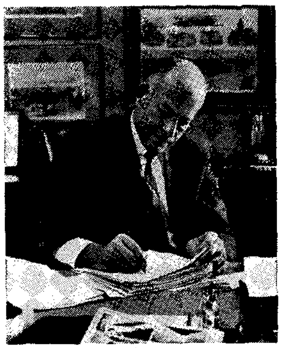
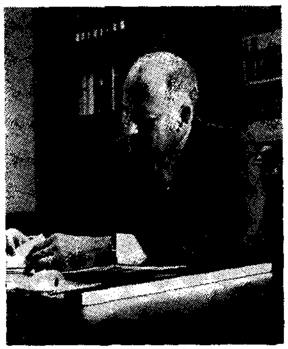
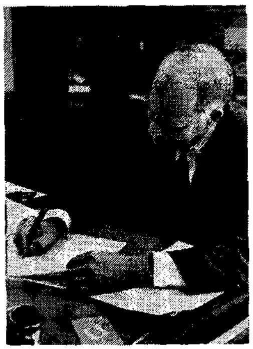
Enro shirt company discusses change with prospective advertising agency



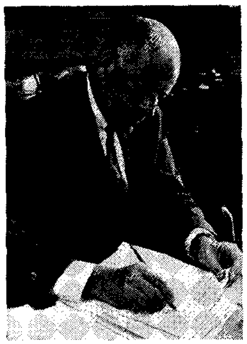
Mr. M., we've been **talking** about advertising for almost a year now.



Time we show people what our shirts **look** like . . .



. . . tell them where they can **buy** Enro shirts . .



The board of directors think so . . .

the salesmen think so . . .

our stores think so . . . the readers think so . . .

and **I** think so.

tell me Mr. R. . .

does this mean we can't have any more **meetings?**

Enro

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unprosperous Macedonia. Like the people of most underdeveloped areas, the Macedonians, from the start, wanted the money to be used where evidence of their progress would be most visible—in a single show place, in their capital, in Skopje.

And so Skopje grew. In the years after the war, its population grew faster than that of any other Yugoslav city, moving it up by 1961 from eighth-largest to fourth, after Zagreb, Belgrade, and Sarajevo. Simultaneously, it changed from a sleepy Balkan provincial town, with oxen blocking its narrow streets, and a crumbling Turkish quarter clustered around a mosque, to a fair facsimile of a bustling, if banal, metropolis. Fifteen-story glass-and-concrete office buildings rose in the business center, along with hotels, museums, theatres, and department stores. New residential districts, with row on row of medium- to high-rise apartments, spread out from the city's core. That *sine qua non* of every aspiring impoverished nation, a steel mill, started to go up on the outskirts. Before the war, Skopje had had a college with about a hundred and fifty students; by the time of the earthquake it had a university of seven faculties—complete with laboratories, institutes, and a four-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-volume library—and was graduating a thousand students a year. The city also had about a hundred other educational institutions and fifty other libraries. It had two art galleries, three professional theatres, an opera company, a ballet company, and a symphony orchestra. It had, in short, all that Macedonia had dreamed of for so long—and all this, when Skopje went down, went down with it.

The city lies astride the Vardar, with its old section north of the river, and the more modern area, including the main square and the railroad station, to the south. Skopje's climate is Mediterranean, and its summers tend to be hot. Surrounded as the city is by mountains (which have the resonant names Vondo, Jakupac, Suva Gora, and Skopska Crna Gora), its heat can be considerable, and even visitors who have found Skopje a pleasant place in summer admit that it is dry. Each July and August, the people who could get away generally managed to vacation on the Dalmatian coast, and this may well be a major reason the death toll from the quake was no larger. A certain kind of hot, static weather has been called typical of earthquake conditions, but otherwise the city had no warning of this one. There had been tremors in modern times—sizable ones in 1818,

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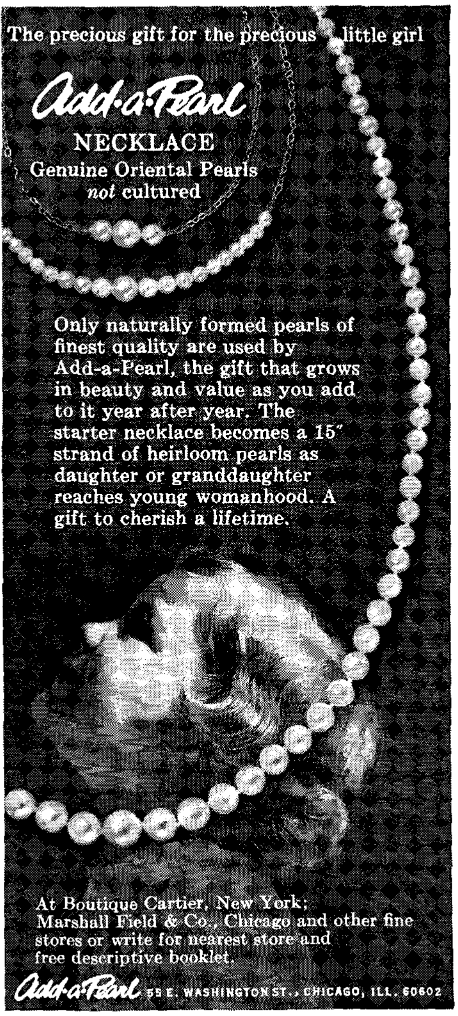

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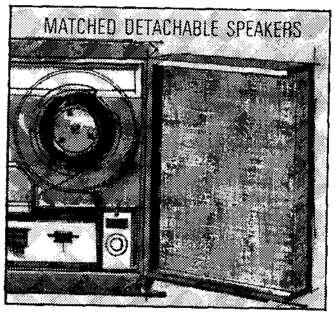
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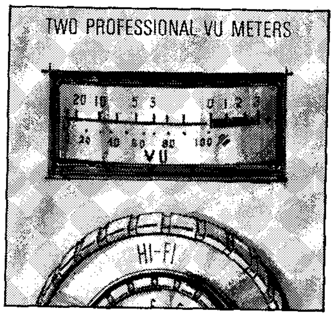
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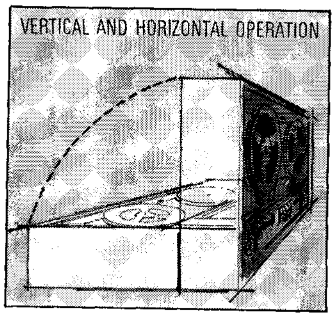
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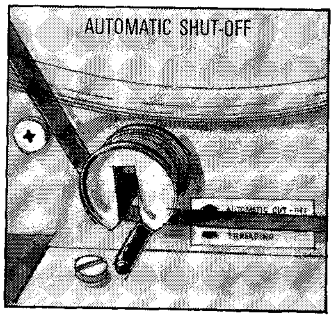
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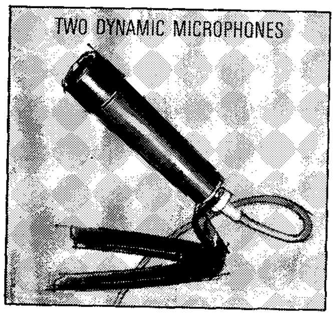
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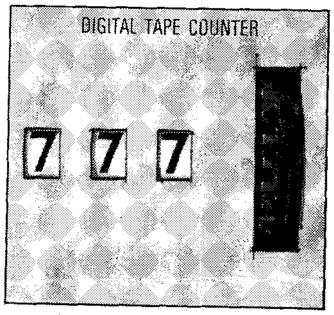
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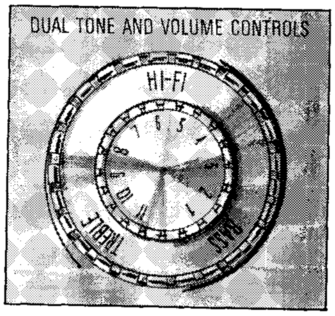
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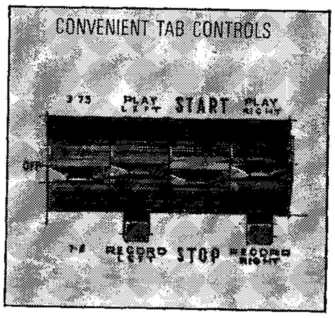
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1890, 1904, and 1921—and, indeed, the Skopje Seismological Institute had registered five between 1958 and mid-1963, but these had ranged in intensity only from what seismologists call grade three to grade five—that is, they had been only strong enough to spill a glass of water, to swing a door closed, or to move pictures on the wall. Then came a grade-ten quake.

AT five-fifteen on the morning of Friday, July 26, 1963, most people in Skopje were asleep. Among those who were up were Trifun Nikolovski, a baker, who had set out for his shop, leaving two sons and a daughter at home; a French tourist named Guy Mialle, who had camped out in Skopje Park with his wife and a friend, and who was driving in toward the center of the city; and two German girls, Ingeborg Weiss and Ingeborg Schuppke, who were leaving the Hotel Makedonija for the airport, to catch the morning plane to Belgrade. Aleksandar Blagojevic, the pilot assigned to fly that plane, had just got up and was looking out the window toward the railroad station, where a number of people had gathered to meet the Athens-Cologne express, just pulling in. The station clocks stood at five-seventeen, and there they stand to this day. In twenty seconds, with a deep, grating whine—"like the earth snarling," someone said—Skopje was shaken to the ground.

What seems to happen in an earthquake is that a fracture occurring somewhere—often far down—in the earth's crust sends out waves of vibration. This is most likely to occur along the planet's two earthquake "belts," one of which circles the Pacific and one of which runs from North Africa across the Mediterranean and through the Middle East to India. From time to time along these belts, tension accumulates in the underlying earth strata to the point where they simply snap apart. Sometimes a fracture will be visible on the surface, perhaps along a line of many miles, like the San Andreas Rift, in California. Sometimes a fracture may set off a chain of earthquakes along the belt; on that July 26th, central Italy was shaken for the sixth successive day. But more often a fracture announces itself only by the vibrations it sends up through the ground. These complex oscillations, which can vary from a tiny quiver to a single enormous lurch, constitute the quake.

As the base of each building in Skopje shifted, the structure bearing down on it fought to stay in

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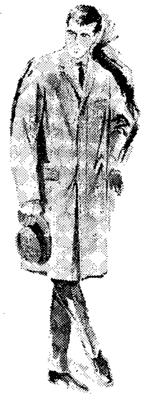

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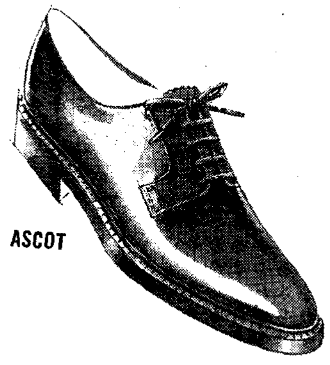

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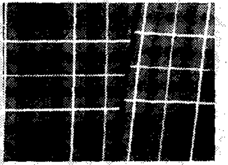
[R.M.S.F.S.S.]

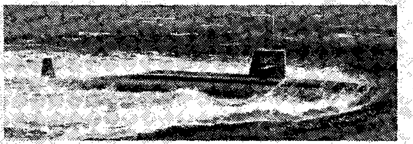
Last week a dastardly blow was struck against the true sons of Scotland who cherish and revere The Real MACKENZIE scotch as their very own. Some money raking bunch of scoundrels want to go and ship off The Real MACKENZIE to America!

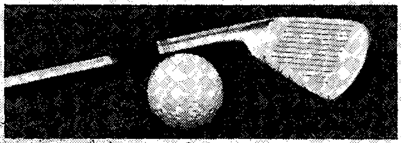
Not that our gentle natures hae anything to tak' a scunner with you fine lads in America. It just being the fact that we Scotsmen have had The Real MACKENZIE to ourselves these 138 years and would enjoy keeping it that way. So we're clannishly forming a sept and calling ourselves The Real MACKENZIE Scotch for Scotch-Men Society.

Sure, we would be the first to admit there's nothing to equal the delicately light and real smooth, smooth full flavour of The Real MACKENZIE. And in payment for you missing the pure delights of The Real MACKENZIE'S excellence, bide a wee and remember how gladly we share our wools, our dogs, our submarine bases, our game of golf and many other fine whiskies with you American lads. We dearly hope you can consider it a fair trade for staying clear of our MACKENZIE.

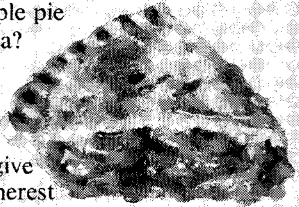

Wools

Scotties


Sub bases


Golf

Can you no' put yourself in our shoes but a moment. Would ye be liking it if some blethering idiot wanted to export all the apple pie in America? Eh?



Perhaps that can give you the merest suspicion of how we're feeling about The Real MACKENZIE and why we canna' stand the burden of parting with so much as a wee drap of its bonnie flavour.

Och, let us bare our hearts to you good Americans. We've grown so fond of The Real MACKENZIE it would be like cutting off an arm o' two to see it be quaffed anywhere but here in the noggins we Scotsmen hold high above all others.

Maybe a bit of an analogy would help you to ken the implications. We're thinking it's like the stirring skirl of the pipes should 'n'ae be heard except at the gathering of the Clan. Or who among ye could imagine the purple heather spilling over the hills like so much wine in any other nook n' cranny but in the beloved Highlands? Are you beginning to get the way of it?

Now perchance you can see you'd be doing us no end of a fine kindness if you would consent to take our feelings into your hearts and keep your hands off The Real MACKENZIE.

And if you could be seeing your way to back our cause, we'd be proud if you'd do us the honour of joining us. Send in free to Box 900, Louisville, Ky. for our Real MACKENZIE Scotch for Scotch-Men Society pin. It's a lovely little bauble with the letters of our mission (RMSFSS) stamped out bold and clear for all to read and admire. We only ask you to wear it proudly lads. And if you would be taking any sort of giff o' gaff from those who would curse our good cause, keep Bobbie Burns' words close in mind when he was saying, "Liberty's in every blow, let us do or die, long live the RMSFSS! (Begging Rabbie's pardon, the last stanza being our own).

MACKENZIE
Scotch Whisky

R.M.S.F.S.S.

REAL MACKENZIE STAY HOME!

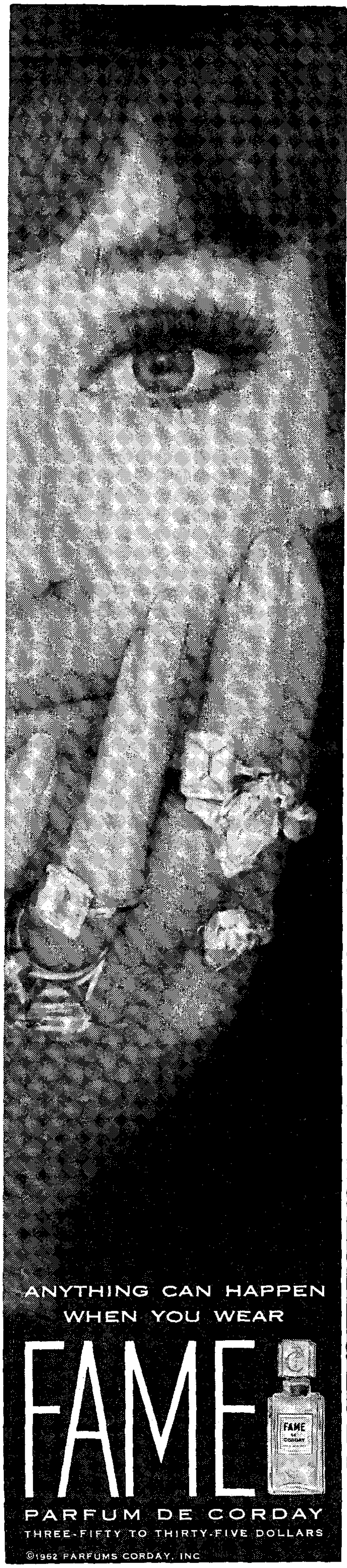
This ad sponsored by The Real MACKENZIE Scotch for Scotch-Men Society.

Blended and bottled in Scotland at 86 proof. Sole importers Thompson Cellars Company, Louisville, Kentucky ©1964 place. Where the columns and floors were sufficiently strong and resilient to move as a unit, the building escaped major damage, though the walls, if they were of ordinary masonry, tended to break apart. Bricks and mortar can bear heavy loads, and so can concrete, but all have poor resistance to what engineers call lateral stress; that is, under forces that act from side to side they may come apart, and badly made mortar or adobe may turn to dust. When the principal supports between floors give way, the floors fall through, pulling the walls in on top of them—which is why the streets are relatively free of rubble after an earthquake.

An earthquake is like an automobile collision in that it usually does not kill directly. What kills in the collision is the interior of the automobile as the occupants rattle around inside it. What kills in an earthquake is the building as it collapses. Earthquakes are therefore of special interest to engineers and architects, who want to learn what they can about the forces involved in order to judge how various materials and methods of construction react to them. Their best evidence, of course, is the damaged buildings themselves, yet this is often confusing. For example, the walls of many of the surviving buildings in Skopje show a diagonal fracture somewhere in the first ten feet above the ground. South of the Vardar River, the cracks are often high in the west and low in the east, suggesting that the earthquake's motion there was westerly. But not always. Sometimes they run the other way, and sometimes they run both ways, making a cross that is characteristic of earthquake damage.

In the old section of Skopje, on the north bank of the Vardar, ninety per cent of the houses were destroyed. Damage to the more modern structures south of the river was less uniform, but, at its worst, equally intense. Apparently, the epicenter of the quake—the point on the earth's surface directly above the subterranean fracture—was slightly beyond Skopje's main square, on the southwest bank of the river. An inspection team from the American Iron and Steel Institute that visited Skopje a few weeks after the earthquake found this area to be the center of maximum destruction. In their opinion, some seventy-five per cent of the buildings in downtown Skopje were either totally destroyed or damaged beyond the point where they could be safely and economically repaired.

Minarets toppled. Lampposts of pre-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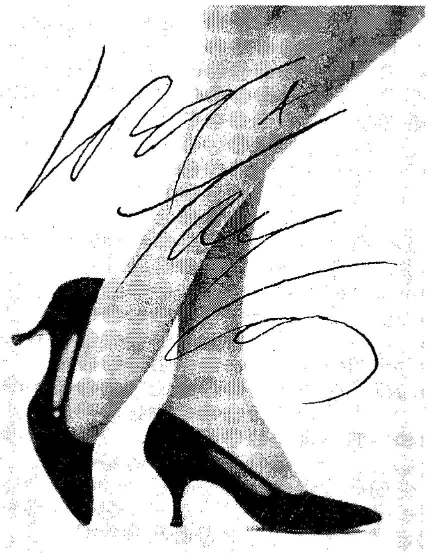
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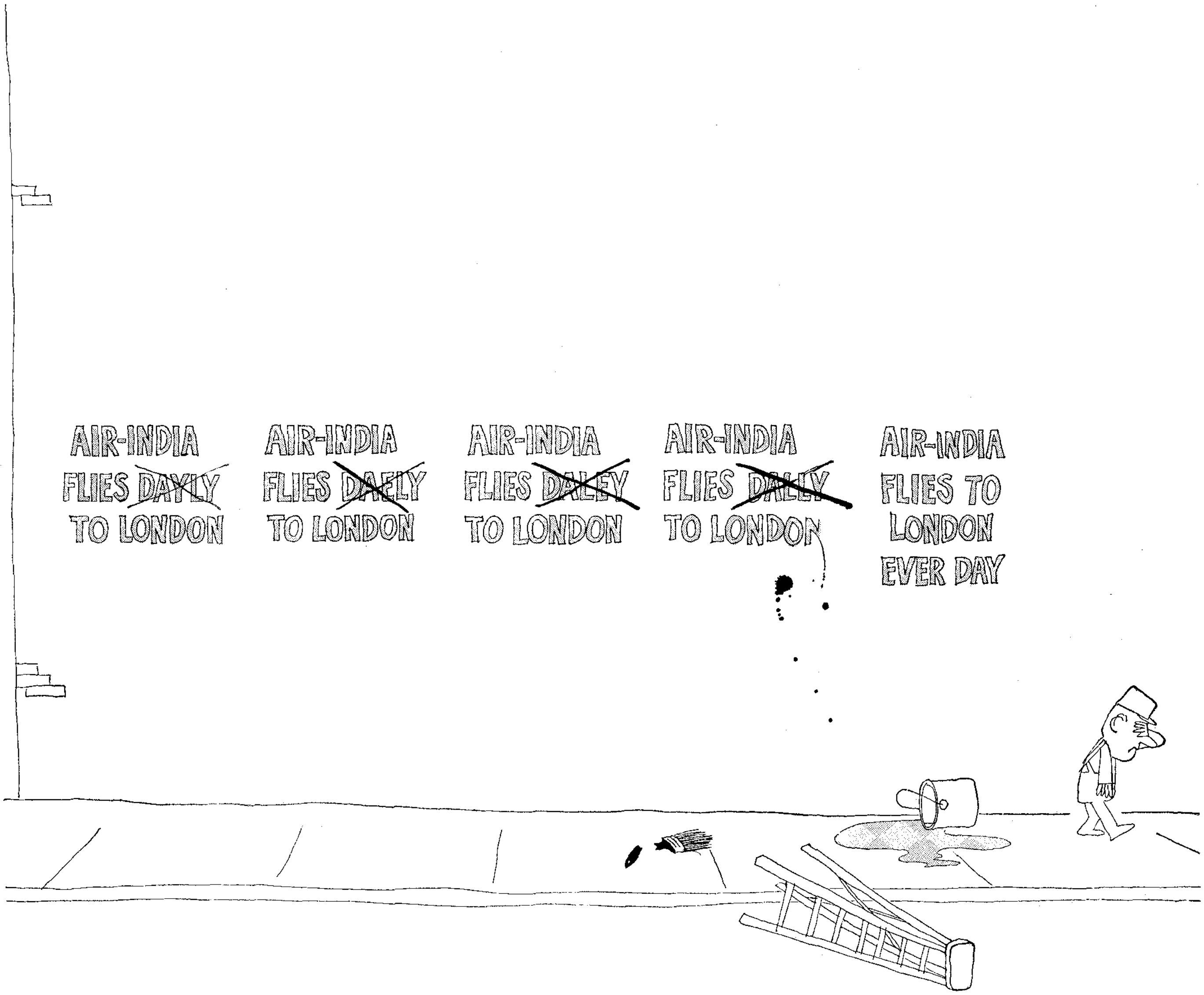
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stressed concrete sheared apart. Thirty large public buildings were almost completely destroyed, including those that housed the State Archives, the Historical Museum, the Archeological Museum, and the State Philharmonic Orchestra. In Karpoš, a new residential suburb to the west of Skopje, consisting of a complex of about forty apartment houses of between five and fifteen stories, six or seven of the lower buildings disintegrated. One of the most disastrous of the total losses was the Hotel Makedonija, a concrete structure built in the nineteen-twenties. Well over a hundred guests were registered there on July 26th, including three Americans—Staff Sergeant Harold R. Stacy, on furlough from Germany; Nancy Hamilton Harrison, daughter of the cartographer Richard Edes Harrison, on her way to Greece for a vacation; and Miss Harrison's fiancé, George Scriabin. These three were the only Americans to die in the quake. Of the people who were up and about when the quake occurred, Nikolovski, the baker, survived. (His three children, at home, did not.) The two German girls who were leaving the Makedonija had walked scarcely twenty yards when the ground began to vibrate, and, looking back, they saw the hotel sway from side to side, buckle, and collapse. As Pilot Blagojevic watched from his window, he saw the railroad station, as he later described it, "fold in on itself"—and on the waiting crowd, scattering fragments of wreckage over the arriving train. Guy Mialle, in his car, drove into Marshal Tito Square just as the ponderous masonry Army Club came apart, and, he recalled later, "huge stones flew about like cannon balls."

Stanley T. Gordon, a program associate from the New York headquarters of the Ford Foundation, whose duties take him often to Yugoslavia, was in Ohrid, a lake resort seventy miles southwest of Skopje, across the mountains. He and his wife had left Skopje the day before; indeed, they would have been in the Makedonija that night except for a last-minute change in plans. Gordon remembers that his wife awakened him in Ohrid in the early dawn of Friday and told him to stop shaking the bed. The next couple of days were difficult ones in Ohrid. Communication with Skopje was completely cut off except for the Skopje radio, which came back on the air Friday afternoon and by eleven o'clock that evening had begun to broadcast lists of the dead. Every set in Ohrid must have been tuned to Skopje, and the station filled in the long in-

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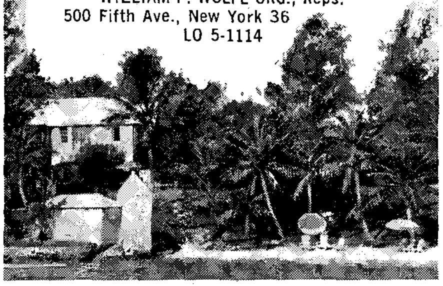

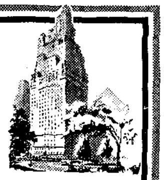

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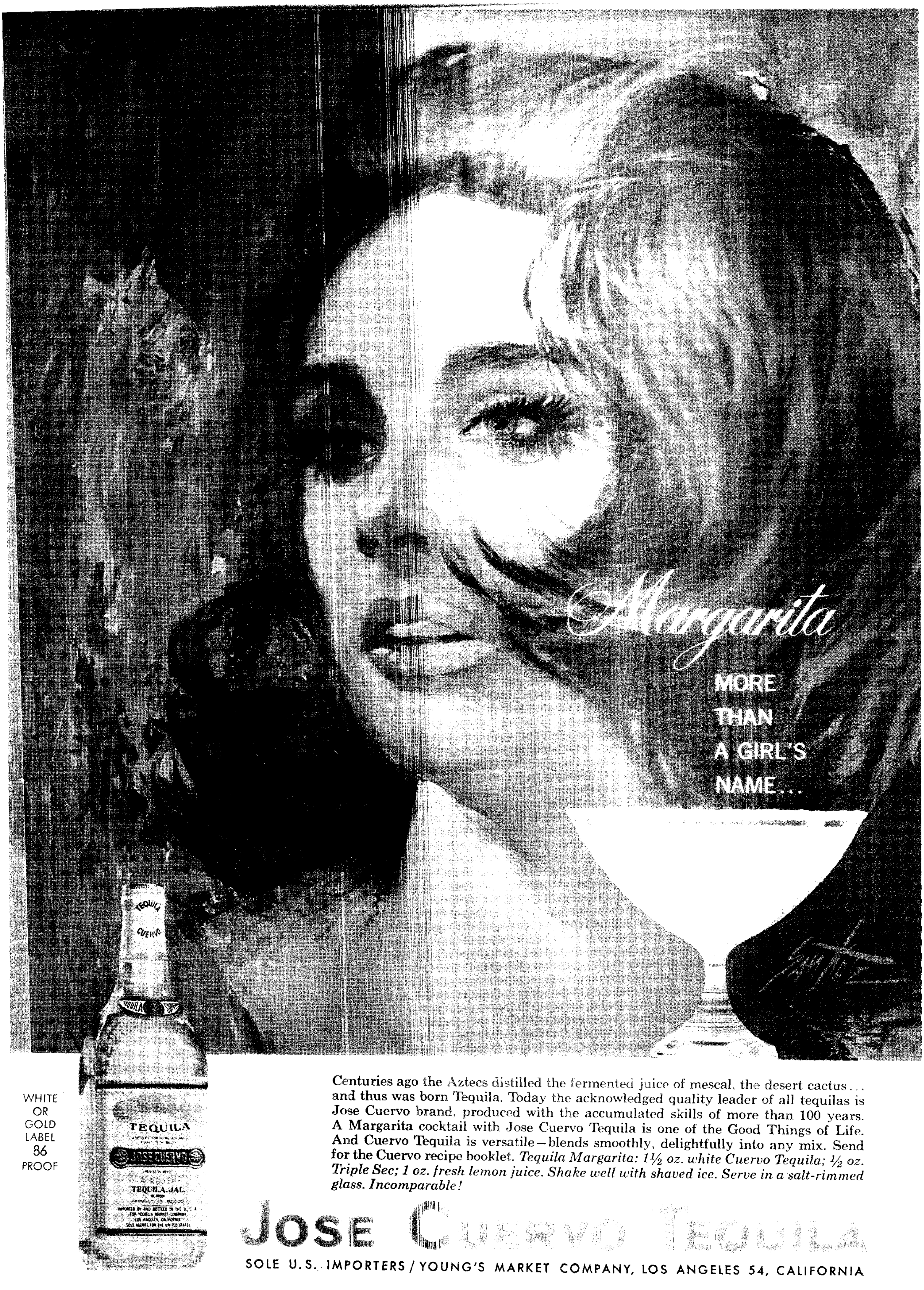
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DOING ONE THING WELL

tervals between bulletins with its musical call signal, a set of notes in falling cadence, which to Gordon came to suggest the essence of mournfulness. He noticed that clusters of people would form in the streets around anybody with a transistor radio, and then people would dart from group to group in the hope of hearing a new report or a new rumor. And as the names were read, here and there in the crowd someone would suddenly clutch his head in his hands.

The first news was both so fragmentary and so exaggerated that on hearing it citizens of Skopje far from home had no other thought than to get back by the first available means. The Caravelles of JAT, the Yugoslav airline, began making a continuous circuit of major European cities—Frankfurt, Paris, Rome—sweeping up Macedonians, as well as foreign relief workers, and bringing them to Belgrade, where they would try to beg, borrow, or push their way aboard transportation going south. One of the returning citizens of Skopje was a red-headed girl named Ljubica Todorova, who had been studying in England. Her mother and father—he was then an editor of *Nova Makedonija*, the Skopje morning newspaper—lived in a third-floor apartment on Orce Nikolov, a pleasant, tree-lined street in the heart of town. After a ten-hour delay in Frankfurt, Miss Todorova got to Belgrade on Saturday, along with a team of engineers from Skopje's synthetic-fabrics factory. "We bought all possible papers," she recalls, "and in a news photograph of survivors one of the engineers recognized his wife and child. On Saturday, the Belgrade paper *Politika* carried a list of the first known victims—about twenty of them—but on Sunday the list was long. Searching through it was terrible." She managed to get on a train to Skopje, and when she arrived, the remains of the railroad station were filled with people trying to leave (passage was free) and shouting "You fools, go away!" or "No! Let them see what it's like now in Skopje!" From a radio came a voice speaking in German, and this, together with the wreckage of the buildings, reminded her of war movies she had seen. She began to run. She said later, "I think perhaps we were able to survive those days only because everything was like a nightmare—so unreal." She ran down Marshal Tito Street to the square, where the Army Club and the Yugoslavia National and Investment Bank and the Ethnological Museum were all in ruins, and when she had run a few hundred yards farther, she saw that the

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apartment house in which she and her parents lived was still standing. On the curb across the street from it sat a man she knew, who told her that her mother and father were safe, that her mother was out, and that her father was at his office. As she turned to leave, having forgotten, in what she now refers to as her "selfishness," to ask about the man's wife and children, she overheard him say to someone else that they were all dead. (This was not true, as she was soon able to tell him, to her great joy.) She ran to the *Nova Makedonija* building and ran up the stairs shouting "Papa! Papa!" Just then there was another of the many aftershocks, and though she was soon safely reunited with her father, she realized how dangerous life in Skopje now was.

In accusing herself of "selfishness," Miss Todorova illustrates a common state of mind in Skopje now. The people there have been judging themselves by a different standard since the earthquake. "Before, I didn't think I had enough friends," a young official of the Macedonian Republic named Tome Momirovski told me. "Now I think perhaps I have too many. We have to be open with one another now—our good qualities, our bad qualities." Many persons in Skopje in those days did more than anyone, including themselves, had supposed they could. "It was wonderful how the atmosphere could make heroes out of those we had thought to be cowards," Tošo Popovski, the editor-in-chief of *Nova Makedonija*, recalls.

At the moment of the disaster, Skopje's machinery of civic order ground to a halt. The officials of the city government and the Macedonian government had nowhere to go but into the streets; there were no offices, no communications, no way of knowing who was alive and who was dead. There was no electricity, and the water was soon turned off, for fear of contamination. The earthquake had set the stage for a series of possible additional catastrophes—fire, epidemic, mass hunger, riots—and had destroyed all means of forestalling them. The fact that not one of them occurred is an indication of how rapidly and effectively Skopje recovered its self-possession. More than one American observer has commented that the aftermath of the earthquake was amazingly unchaotic. Within twenty minutes after the first shock, Bora Čaušev, who was the Macedonian Republic's Minister of Interior at the time, had set up a headquarters in a park and had begun to organize the work of rescue and relief.

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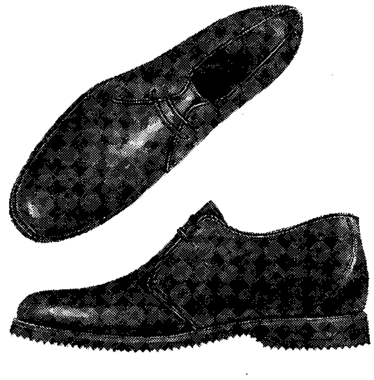

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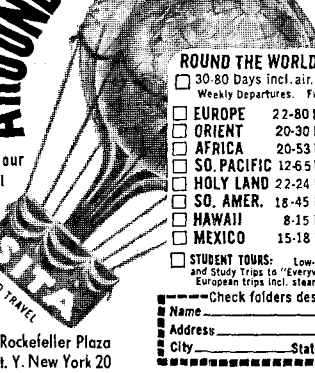

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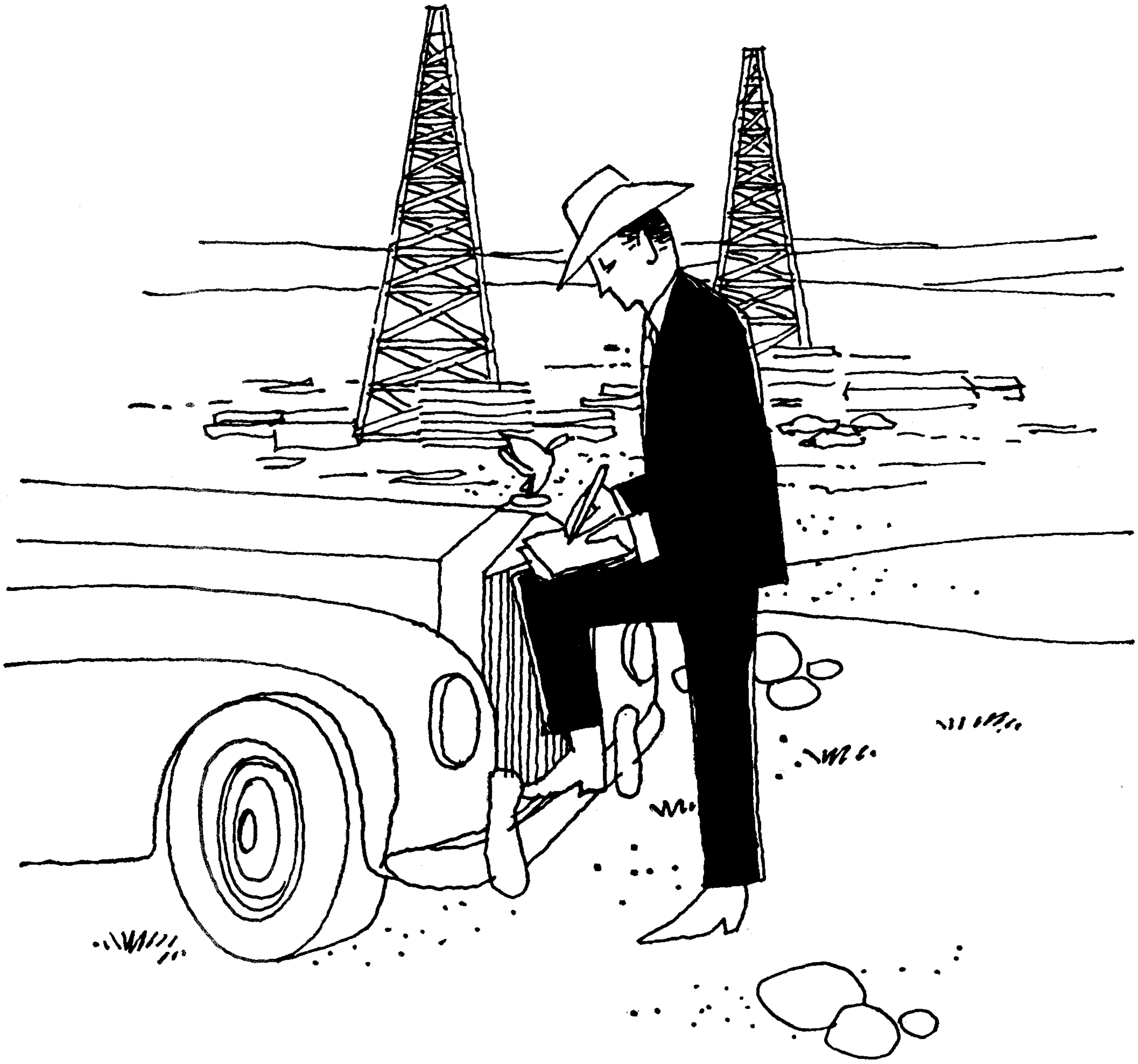

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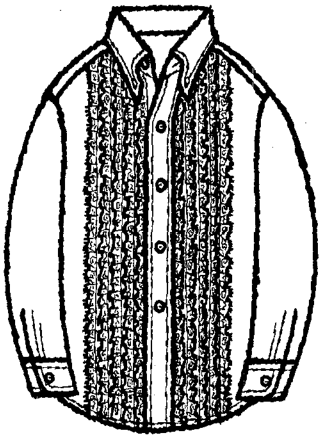
after the quake, the New York *Times* correspondent in Yugoslavia, David Binder, reported that Skopje was quiet and disciplined. The Army had moved in. Water was being brought in by military tank truck, and field hospitals had been established in the countryside surrounding Skopje. Teams made up of survivors and soldiers—they were joined later in the afternoon by men from the Kostolac mines, in Serbia—were starting to dig out the trapped. They recovered three hundred and twenty-two survivors the first day. Meanwhile, more than sixteen hundred people were being treated for injuries, and more than two hundred open-air operations were being performed. By the evening of the first day, reception centers had been set up outside of town, with tents for twenty-five thousand people. In another early dispatch, Binder reported that there had been no looting. The Skopje authorities who gave him this information now concede regretfully that it was not completely true. The quantities of goods involved were trivial, however, and one incident reflected nothing but credit on a "known and recognized" local criminal. Business enterprises were in a state of shock and bewilderment, and soon found themselves lacking all kinds of supplies. At the office of an electrical-equipment organization called Distributor, there appeared a man named Franz, bearing papers supposedly from the municipal authorities and looking for work. Franz was hired, and he proved to be invaluable; nothing was too difficult for him to get. He would set off cheerfully in search of the rarest items, and return with them in no time. Only later did Distributor discover that Franz's methods were familiar to the Skopje police, and that his papers had been forged.

Among the many things that are in short supply during an emergency is accurate information, and in the case of the Skopje earthquake this lack is still being felt. Even now, the answers to many obvious questions about what happened then are simply not known, and it was a matter of months before anyone was able to spare the time even to try to fill in gaps of this sort—by compiling, for instance, an exact list of the volunteers from foreign countries who had come to work in Skopje, or of the gifts that people all over the world had sent. Foreign correspondents began to arrive by the dozen during the first week (eventually there were several hundred), and later came experts and inspection teams and visiting firemen of every variety. All

Lady Milton Bravo Shirt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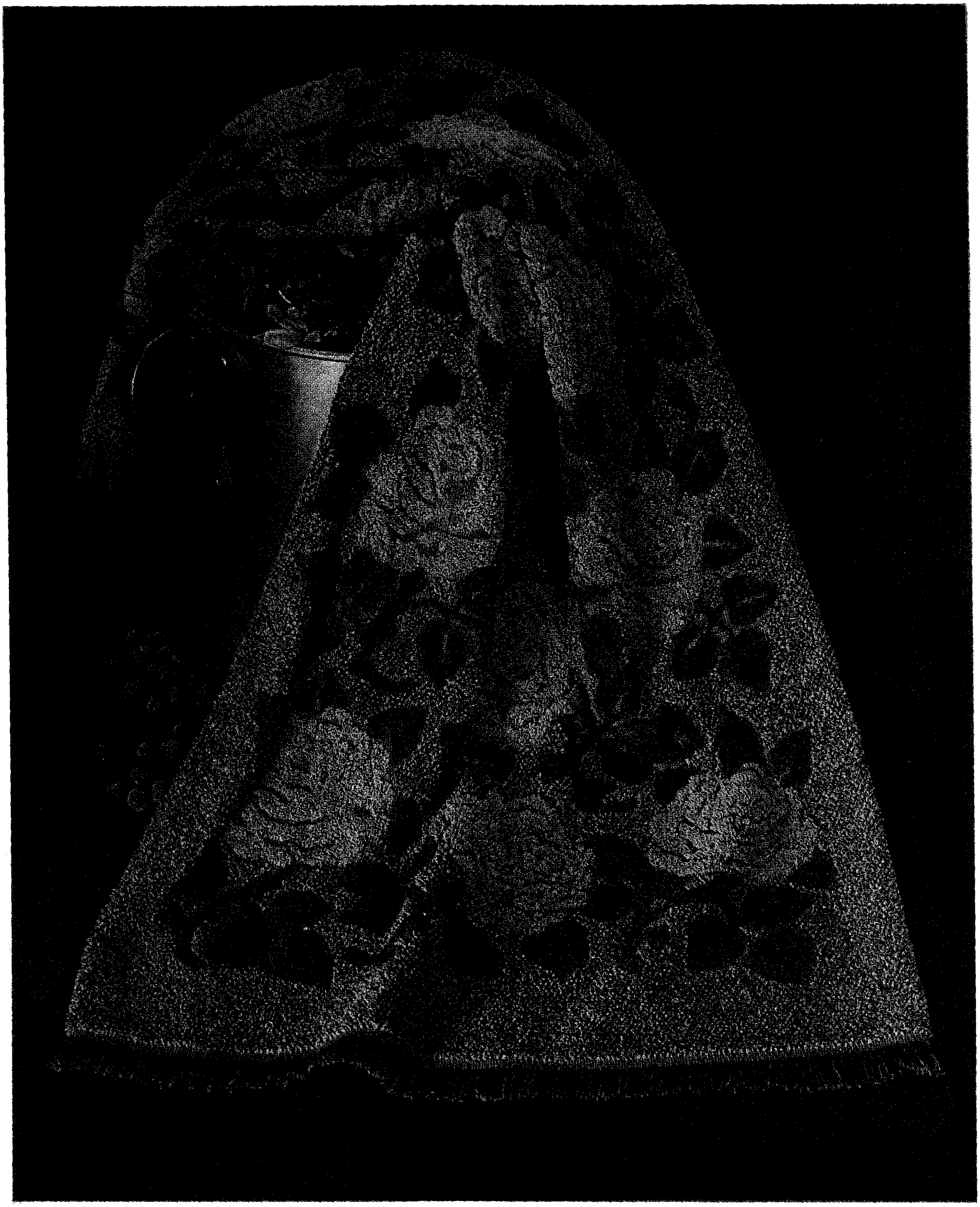

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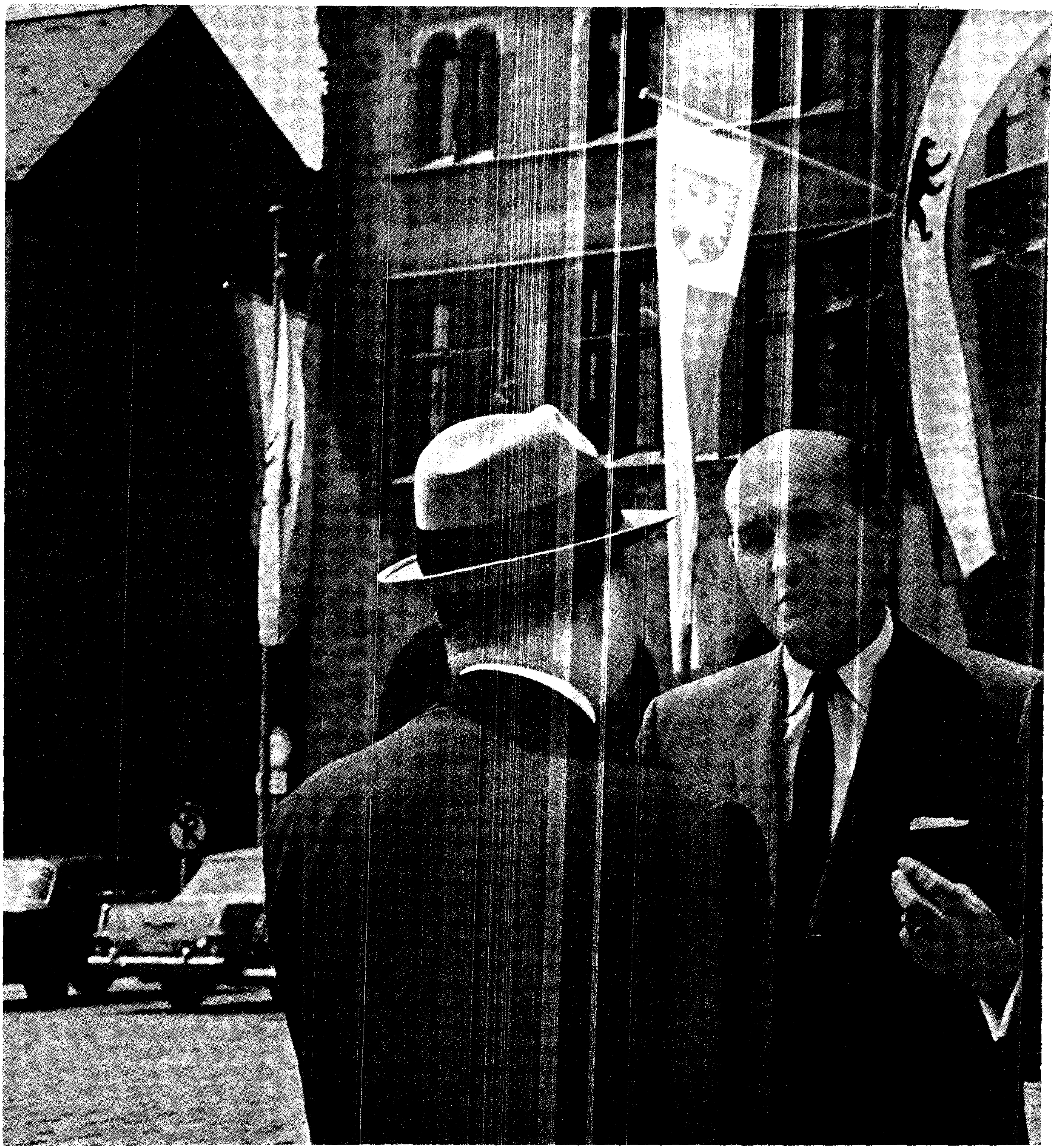

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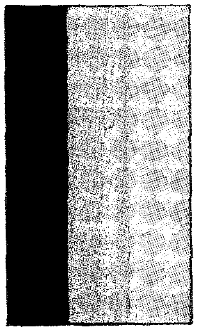

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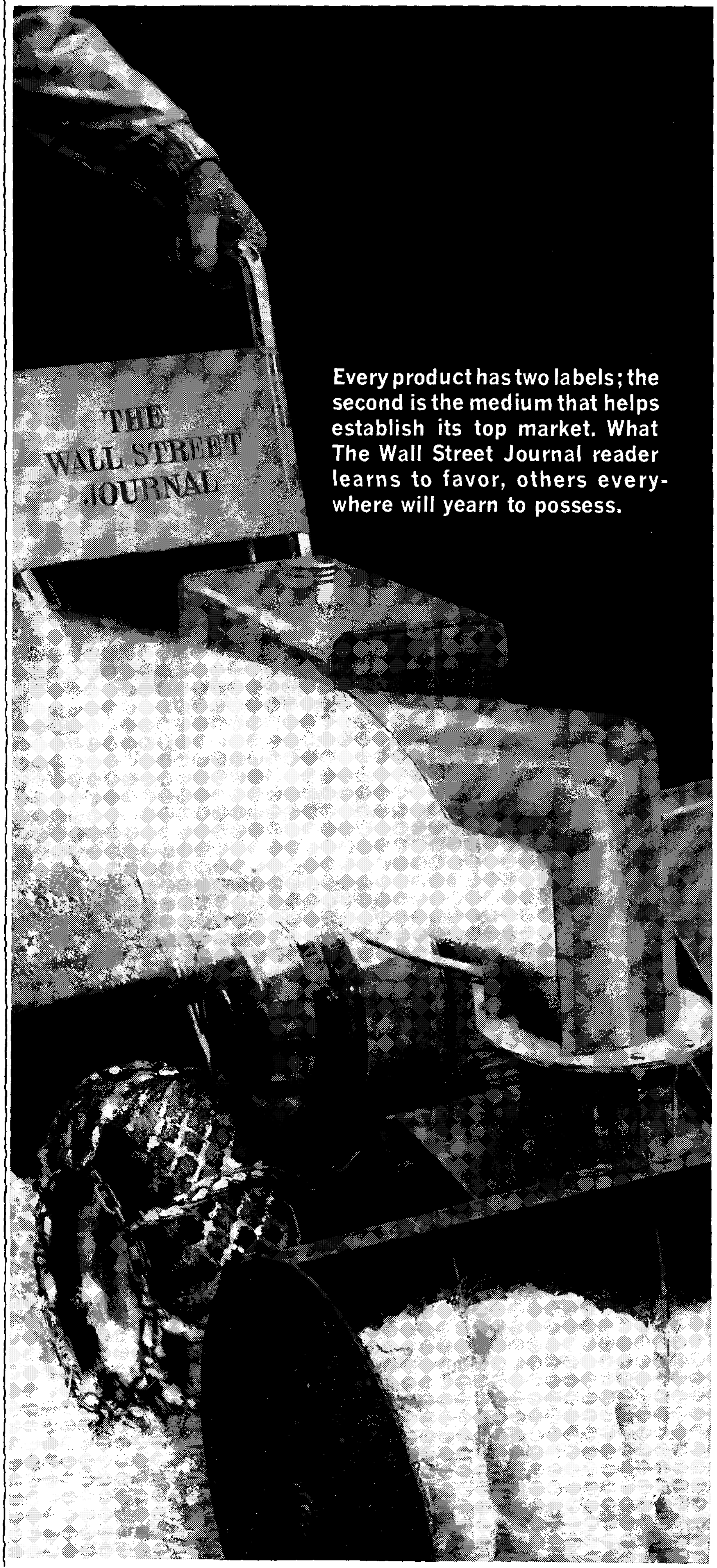
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation had to be housed and fed and—most urgent of all—provided with facts. To cope with the influx, the Macedonian Ministry of Information put up tents in a park. A number of Skopje girls went to work there, among them Ljubica Todorova. Another was Ivanka Koviloska, who had been teaching English Literature at Skopje University for several years. Miss Koviloska, a student of the works of F. Scott Fitzgerald, had just finished a year of study in the United States on a Ford Foundation grant, and, like Miss Todorova, had been in England when the earthquake struck. Having flown to Belgrade, she had talked her way into a ride south with a television team from the American Broadcasting Company, to find that her mother, her sister, and her niece had been killed, and that her home and all her books and notes had been destroyed.

The first official visitor to Skopje from Yugoslavia's capital was Petar Stambolić, the president of the Federal Executive Council, who arrived five hours after the earthquake, bringing assurances of full support from the government. The next day, President Tito came, accompanied by Vice-President Aleksandar Rankovic, and so did planes, buses, jeeps, and trucks carrying food and medicine. Much else happened that day, too. Teams of doctors and disaster experts flew in from Zagreb and Sarajevo. In Montenegro, young people's work brigades were being formed to come to Skopje and help out. Farmers from the countryside around Skopje brought their produce in as usual, but now, upon arriving at the places where the markets had been, they simply laid it on the ground, for anyone to pick up who needed it. Blood-donation centers were opened in many places, including Belgrade, where one of the first donors in line was George F. Kennan, the American Ambassador. (Not far behind him was the Cuban Ambassador.) This was Ambassador Kennan's next-to-last day in office. He had resigned in part because he was dissatisfied with congressional obstructionism and delay, and he later remarked that giving blood was one thing Congress couldn't stop him from doing.

The Yugoslavs revere the late John F. Kennedy for many reasons, but they recall with special warmth what he did for Skopje. On Saturday afternoon, a C-130 Hercules transport plane landed at Belgrade's airport with twenty thousand pounds of medical supplies and five thousand pounds of blankets, flown from the United



Every product has two labels; the second is the medium that helps establish its top market. What The Wall Street Journal reader learns to favor, others everywhere will yearn to possess.

States Air Force Base at Ramstein, in West Germany. The next afternoon, a Boeing 707 jet transport landed with forty thousand pounds of American Red Cross supplies, flown from Andrews Air Force Base, near Washington. Then President Kennedy sent Skopje a hospital. It was a hundred-and-twenty-bed unit of the Army's Eighth Evacuation Field Hospital, staffed by twenty doctors, thirty nurses, and more than a hundred and fifty other persons, and it was flown from Ramstein in twenty-four Air Force C-130s. Its commanding officer, Lieutenant Colonel George G. Santos, had his orders by three o'clock Saturday afternoon. The hospital then had to be assembled from units all over West Germany, but it was on its way to Belgrade at seven that evening. It left Belgrade in a motor convoy on Sunday morning and set up its tents at an unused Second World War airport on a plateau overlooking Kumanovo, a town fifteen miles northeast of Skopje, on Sunday night. At 9:30 A.M. Monday, it received its first patient. At first, the Yugoslavs hardly realized what had been set down on their doorstep, and it took time for them to get the serious cases headed to Kumanovo. "When they saw what a field hospital really was they almost wept," a member of its staff recalls. "They had been evacuating patients we could have handled." (Actually, the hospital had been put together by guesswork, since the doctors had no way of knowing in advance what types of injuries, or how many of them, they would have to treat; they had come prepared to handle victims of fire, for example, but fortunately there were none.) Moreover, the Americans at the Embassy in Belgrade were, in their way, just as ignorant as the Yugoslavs about what such a field hospital would amount to. They expected it to be totally self-sufficient, and there was some confusion when they discovered that it would have to be kept supplied with food, and in some way that would not put another burden on the hard-pressed Macedonians. The Ambassador's emergency fund paid for the food, which was flown down to Skopje daily from Belgrade in DC-3s furnished by our air attachés there and in Vienna.

According to Ray E. Benson, the press attaché at the Embassy in Belgrade, the American Army doctors thought the Yugoslav performance admirable; nowhere, they said, did they witness any lack of effort or failure of humanity. Practice helps, he noted, pointing out that the Eighth Evac

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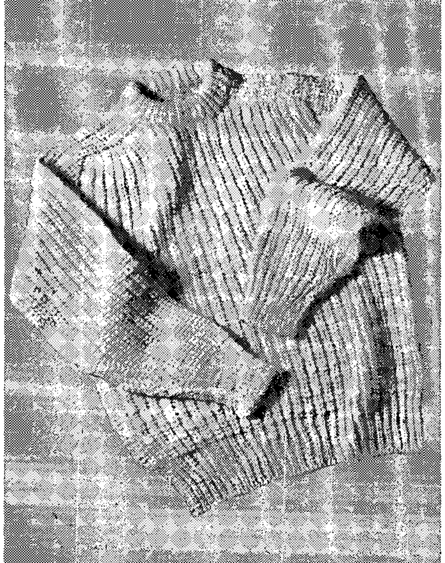

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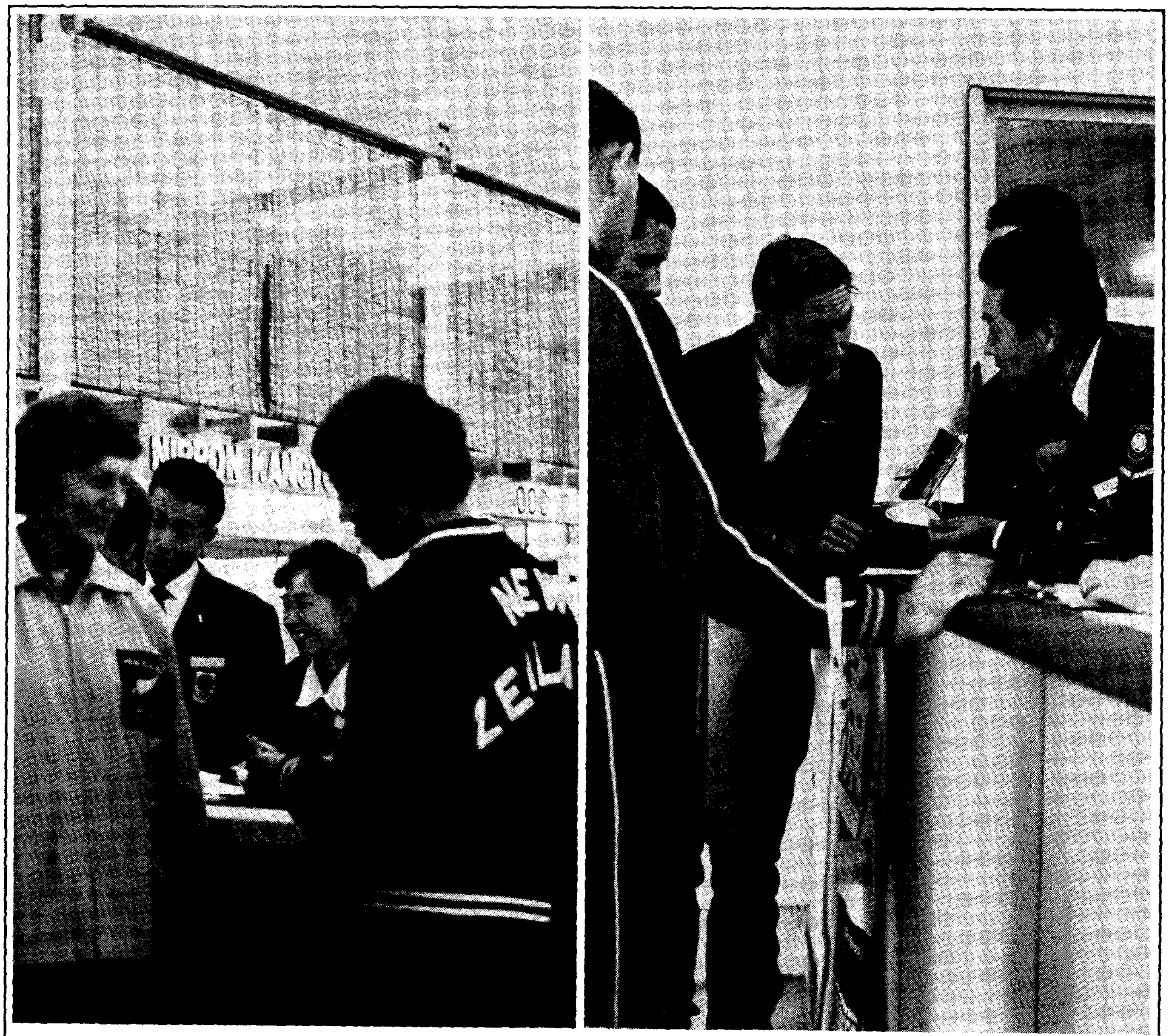

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themselves were veterans—they had gone on a similar mission after the earthquake in Iran on September 1, 1962—and that the people of Skopje had learned how to cope with a civic emergency during a severe flood of the Vardar River on November 24, 1962. For the hospitals around Skopje, the problem was one of quickly classifying patients and seeing to it that they were sent to the proper place for treatment. In Skopje itself, the problem was one of digging out the people buried in the ruins, a remarkable number of whom remained alive for several days. Excavating teams of soldiers and civilians—about ten thousand people all told—were organized under a form of emergency mobilization that fell just short of martial law, and on Sunday they acquired expert assistance when a team of eight French specialists arrived with sensitive sound-detection equipment for locating survivors under rubble (a technique that had proved useful after the earthquake in Agadir, Morocco, on February 29, 1960). Sunday was the day of the rescue that received the most notice in the foreign press—that of a Belgian couple Serge and Suzanne Jacquemaire, who were extracted from the wreckage of the Hotel Makedonija around noontime—but quite a few other rescues were equally spectacular. Twenty more survivors were found on Monday—seven by means of the French equipment and thirteen by diggers uncovering a tunnel below the tracks at the railroad station. The last person to be saved was Mrs. Zivka Anastasova, who was taken out of her wrecked apartment eighty hours after the quake. Losing hope that she would be found, she had tried to cut her veins with a sharp stick but had failed. Her husband and her two sons were dead. No one survived the fifth day.

Over Skopje all that week hung a white cloud of dust. Out of the city streamed the evacuees—more than three-quarters of the population, including all the women and children—carrying what they could of their possessions. Into it came cranes and bulldozers and trucks. No one knows exactly how much assistance was sent to Skopje, or precisely where it was sent from. In the first few weeks, the Macedonians tried to keep a day-by-day account of the contributions, but the job proved too long and complicated to go on with. (For one thing, many gifts were anonymous.) Later, the Committee for the Reconstruction and Development of Skopje published a cumulative roster, country by country, of

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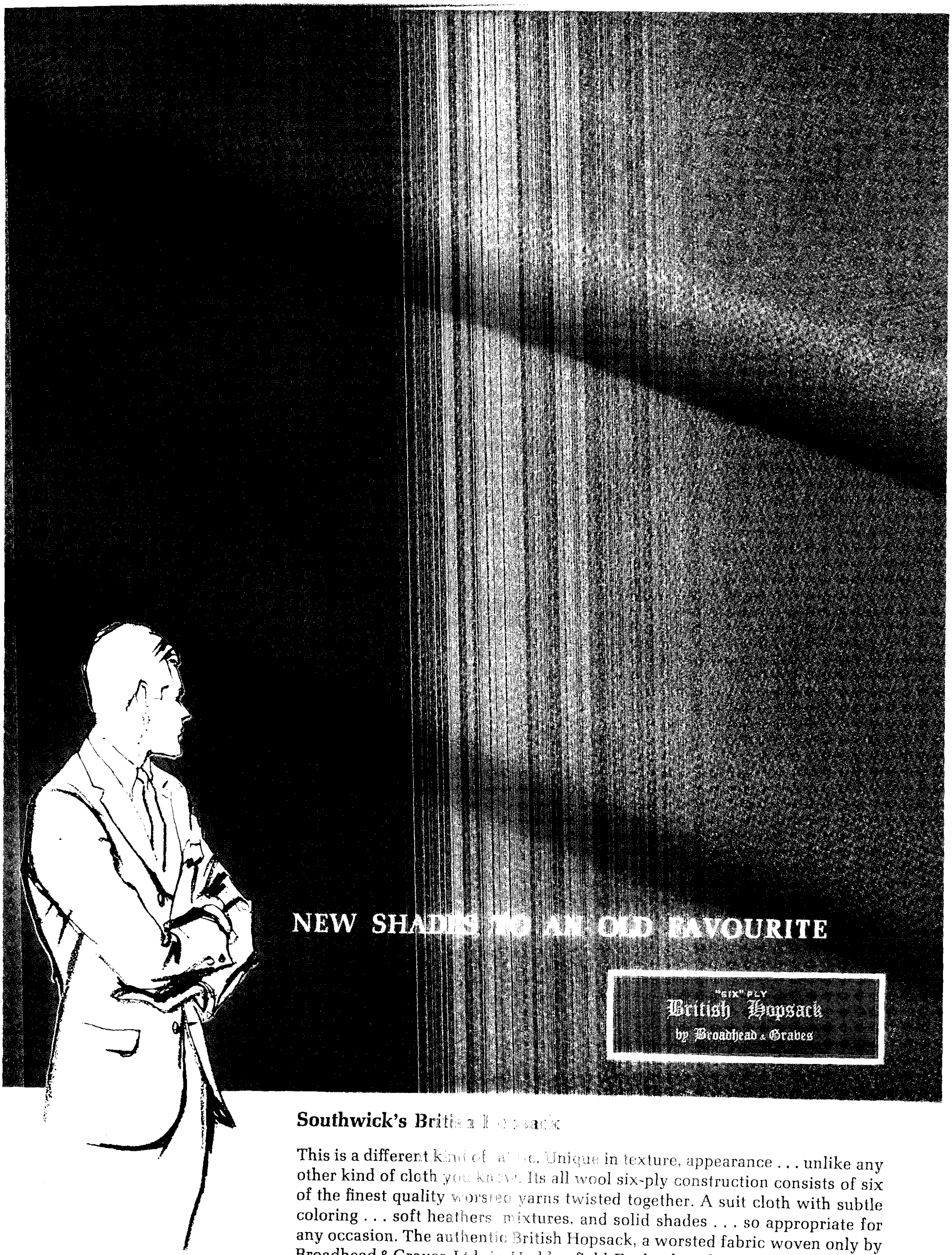
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gifts received through the end of September. For the period in which the two lists run parallel, they do not always agree, but this isn't particularly important; the very existence of the lists serves as proof of the important thing—that a special effort was made to acknowledge contributions gratefully and accurately.

An appeal had gone out through the International Red Cross immediately after the earthquake, and it had immediately been answered. On the first day came two shipments of blood plasma from the Swedish Red Cross, two hundred bottles of plasma and two thousand blankets from the Austrian Red Cross, ten thousand francs from the Swiss Caritas Association, two thousand pounds sterling from the British Red Cross, and three thousand pounds from the Famine Relief Committee of Oxford. The Dutch Red Cross announced that it was sending first-aid kits, twenty-five tents, and a thousand blankets. The Greek Red Cross said that it was sending medical equipment, a mobile hospital, an ambulance, and clothing for two thousand people. The Greek government said that *it* was sending food, antibiotics, fifty tents, and two thousand blankets. The British Save the Children Fund promised to send a thousand blankets and large quantities of medical supplies by air.

And that was only the first day. From then on, the list of benefactors seems endless, and one can pick from it only at random: the Swiss Assistance to Europe organization; the Soviet government; the City of Bonn; the Red Chinese Red Cross; the City of Zurich; the Swiss pharmaceutical firm CIBA; Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith; Lloyd's of London; the City of Florence; the citizens of Milan; the Association of Friends of Yugoslavia in Japan; the Polish Ministry of Health; the City of Beauvais; the government of Israel; the United States tobacco industry. The list of individuals who contributed runs from Premier Ahmed Ben Bela, of Algeria, to the novelist Daphne du Maurier to Governor Edmund Brown of California.

This putting down of names because they are well known or interesting, however, means the ignoring of hundreds of others. Generosity ought not to be competitive; it becomes so, innocently, because everyone likes to hear that his own people have behaved well. It is nice to know that when the United States Army hospital unit departed, it left behind as a gift to Skopje its kitchen, its sterile laundry, its X-ray apparatus, and its entire medical lab-

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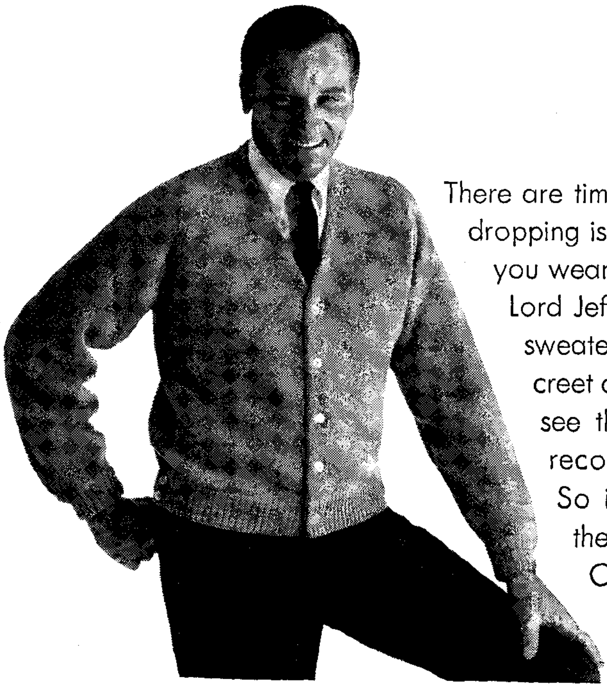

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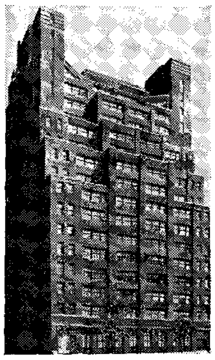

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oratory, and it is nice to know that schoolchildren in the San Francisco Bay area sent three thousand bags of toys, games, toilet articles, and school supplies to the children of Skopje. But people in many other countries sent more than we did, and could spare it less, and in any event comparing sacrifices is a risky enterprise. The United States sent two hundred and fifty-three prefabricated buildings and an Army unit to erect them. The Soviet Union sent an Army engineer battalion trained in demolition to help clear away the ruins. Some Americans in Belgrade pointed out that while we were doing the building up, the Russians were doing the tearing down, whereupon an American who had spent some time in Skopje dismissed the idea with the observation "You could just as well say that we are doing the clean, easy work while the Russians are doing the hard, dirty work—and you would be just as right."

To say with any justice exactly who did how much for Skopje is impossible. Disaster may bring out the best in people, but it also brings out, not least in public people, a desire to appear at one's best—or, to put it more charitably, a desire to symbolize by one's presence the concern of the public one represents. Nikita Khrushchev came to Skopje. So did a group of touring American congressmen. Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman came, to announce that the United States was making fifty million dollars available for Skopje's reconstruction. However, the fifty million was in dinars—money paid us for surplus commodities under the Food-for-Peace Program—so this contribution created something less than a sensation in Yugoslavia.

UNHAPPILY, good will alone would never rebuild Skopje. As the weeks passed, the nature of the city's needs, and of the efforts to meet them, began to change. At first, it had been mainly a matter of getting through the short-term agonies; then it became a question of what should be done for the long haul. Would a new Skopje—or a New Skopje—be built on the same site? How big should it be? How strongly centralized? Should Macedonia's economic strength again be concentrated in its capital city, or should a rebuilding program distribute industry more evenly among nearby towns, like Kumanovo, Tetovo, and Titov Veles? Who would make the over-all urban plan for a new, or a New, Skopje? Until the plan was

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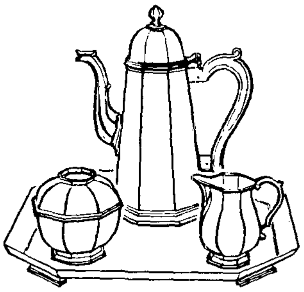

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PROPERTIES

made, how could temporary housing be put up so as not to conflict with it? Who would have the authority to make all these decisions, and once they were made, where would the money come from to put them into effect?

On August 2nd—St. Ilija's Day—just a week after the disaster, the inner circle of Yugoslavia's Establishment (the Executive Board of the Central Committee of the League of Yugoslav Communists) had taken up the subject of Skopje at a conference held on the Adriatic island of Brioni, where Tito vacations, and then issued an appeal to the entire nation to help reconstruct the city within five years. As a result, various plans were made by various official organs of government—the Federal Executive Council, the Federal Assembly, the Macedonian Council. Accommodations would be provided for a hundred and twenty thousand people by the end of the year—fifty thousand in repaired buildings and seventy thousand in new, prefabricated houses. The state would assume responsibility for the education of ten thousand Skopje children, between the ages of seven and fifteen, who had been quartered elsewhere in Yugoslavia, and—a touchy point—the education would include instruction in the Macedonian language. A moratorium would be declared on all debts in Skopje, and new credit would be extended. A national loan would be floated to pay part of the cost of complete reconstruction, and aid would be sought from other nations for the rest. A skeptical economist friend of mine remarked at the time that the Yugoslav economic planners wanted to take money out of circulation anyhow, so a national loan for any purpose appealed to them, but, whatever the reasoning, the device worked, and the loan, first set at thirty billion dinars, soon exceeded forty-two billion.

The Serbo-Croatian phrase for this spirit of national solidarity is "*bratstvo i jedinstvo*," meaning "brotherhood and unity," and it is the Yugoslav Socialist ideal. Under it, as the very existence of modern Skopje testified, the backward regions of Yugoslavia, constituting about a sixth of its territory, had been receiving two-thirds of the national capital investment—most of it from Slovenia. The Socialist Federal Republic of Yugoslavia is predominantly a Serbian invention, but Slovenia pays for it. If there is going to be a reconstructed Skopje, again Slovenia will have to pay. There was, in fact, a bitter joke in the Belgrade cafés not long after the earthquake: "Have you heard about the

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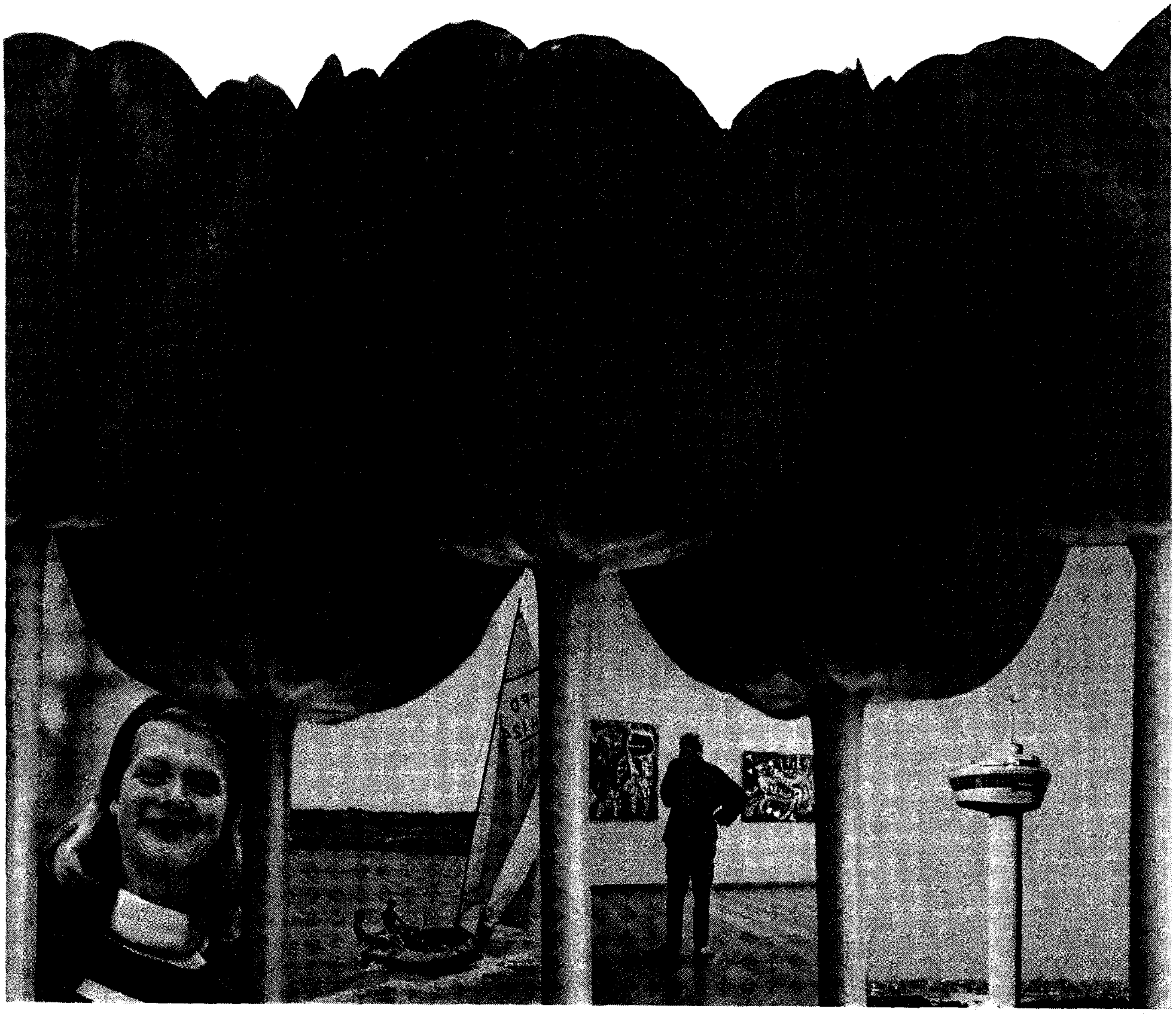

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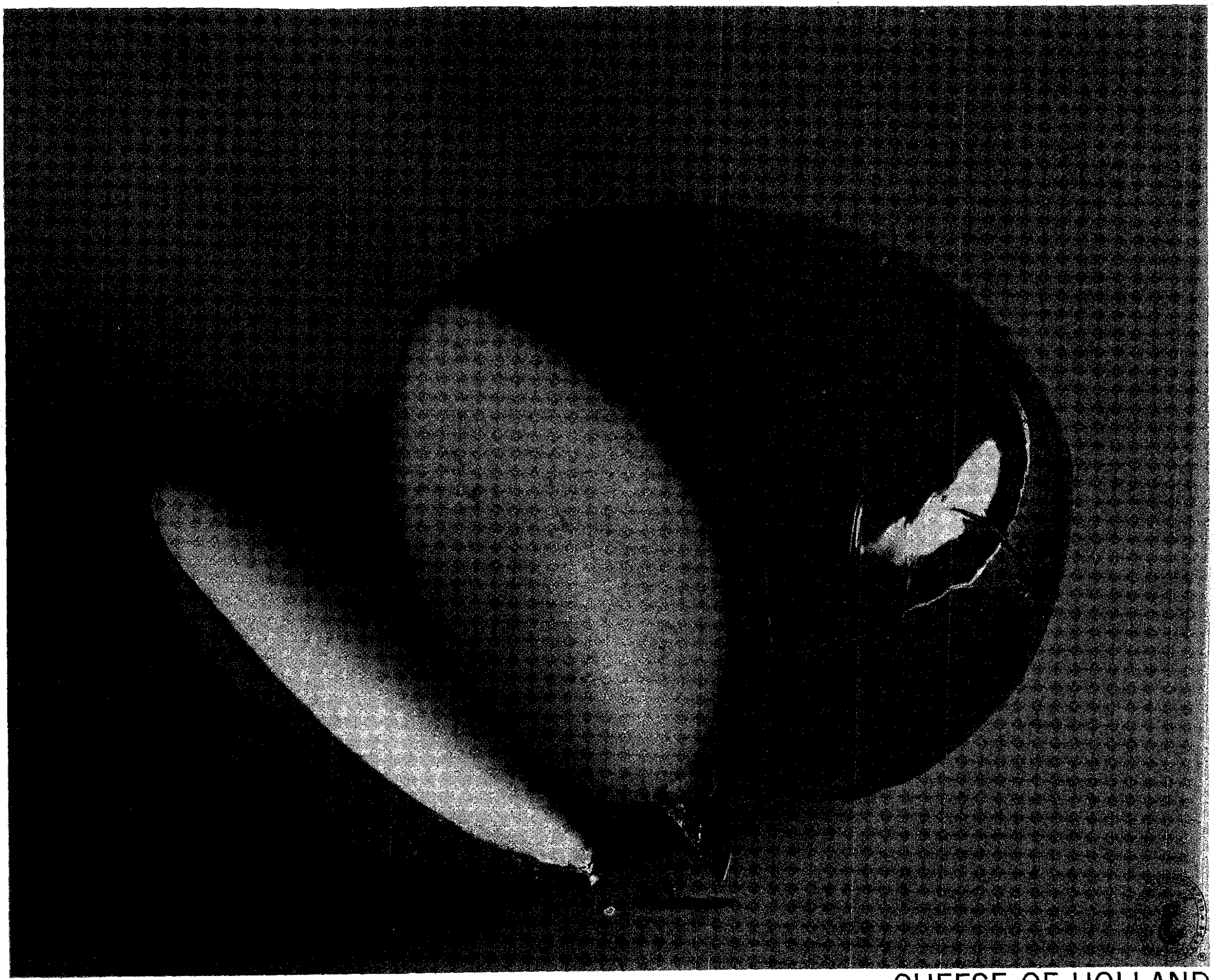

CHEESE OF HOLLAND

terrible disaster in Skopje? Oh, those poor Slovenes!"

Skopje is potentially a drain on the entire country. Whatever arguments arise about Skopje's future, therefore, the federal government is going to have to arbitrate. In principle, and for the record, though, the major decisions will be made by the Macedonians, and when I talked with a member of the Macedonian Executive Council, he explained in detail how free that body was to determine the new Skopje's shape and size.

"Then the federal government will have *nothing* to do with it?" I said.

"*Nothing!*" he answered most emphatically, and then added, with a big smile, "Nothing except money."

What the federal government wants for its money is likely to be different from what the Macedonians want. For one thing, the national authorities may well be less eager to reëstablish Skopje on the same spot. The Macedonians' position is that they decided to do this only after they had been assured by a Japanese earthquake engineering mission, which visited Skopje a couple of months after the disaster, that the site was seismologically sound, but some suspicion has been voiced that the Macedonians arrived at the decision earlier, on less scientific grounds. Also, the national interest might be better served by restricting Skopje's growth in order to build up some of the other parts of Macedonia. As much as a third of Skopje's population has traditionally been "Oriental"—a mixture of Turks, Albanians, and gypsies, whose contribution to the economic productivity of the city has amounted to a good deal less than a third. The federal authorities are naturally unenthusiastic about letting these wanderers crowd back into Skopje (where they lately lived in large part off the state allowance paid for every child in every Yugoslav family).

In a one-party state, questions as fundamental as these are not debated openly in the public prints, but their existence can often be detected between the lines. Enough hints have appeared to suggest that many Yugoslavs who see Skopje's dilemma in a national context are exasperated by the Macedonians' insistence on planning an ever greater and more glorious capital. Some months ago, an article in *Komuna*, a publication that deals with Yugoslav communities and their relationships, argued that "New Skopje must disperse all those numerous agencies and institutions whose activity has no connection with the functions of the main city of the republic." Earlier, at a

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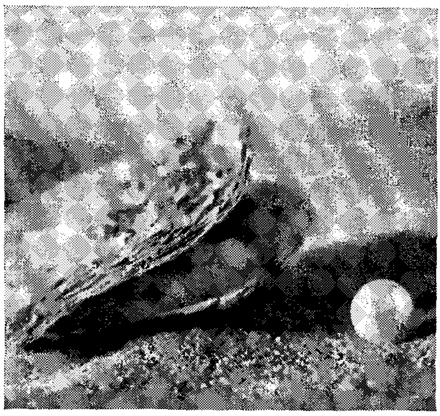
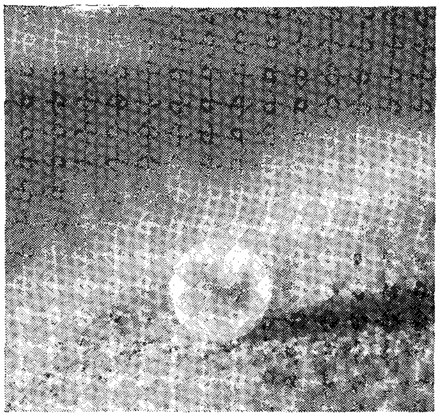


SOME DO



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conference of the Association of Yugoslav City Planners, a non-Macedonian speaker had used even tougher language. After paying his respects to Macedonian aspirations, he said, "It remains, however, an undeniable fact that it is not possible to plan with megalomania and unrealistic wishes." The Serbs and Croats and Slovenes and Macedonians and the rest do not yet think of themselves as a single people, and if a word like "megalomania" can be used in public, the terms used in private must put a serious strain on the thin layer of ideological adhesive that holds Yugoslavia together. Professor Jack C. Fisher, of the Department of City and Regional Planning in the College of Architecture at Cornell, who has an unusual familiarity with Yugoslavia's inner workings, has said that "the rebuilding of Skopje poses one of the most formidable internal developments in Yugoslavia's postwar evolution."

The non-Macedonian Yugoslavs have a further reason for uneasiness. During the late summer and early fall of 1963, the people of Skopje who had left began to drift back. Immediately after the earthquake, Skopje's normal population of around two hundred thousand fell, it is estimated, to sixty thousand. Then it began to rise, and it has been rising ever since. There is some disagreement over how and why this has happened. The Skopje authorities maintain that it was natural and inevitable. If people fled out of primitive terror, they say, something equally primitive and fundamental brought them back—an attachment to their own place, together with the need to be among their own people and, if necessary, to suffer what they suffer. A story is told of children who were evacuated to the seaport of Rieka, four hundred miles from Skopje, and who could see clouds gathering on the mountains in what they thought was the direction of Skopje; soon the children's page of *Nova Makedonija* printed letters they had written asking, "Is it raining in Skopje now?" But there may also have been a feeling on the part of the Macedonian authorities that their young would risk the loss of their Macedonian identity if they were to be brought up elsewhere. Some adults were formally summoned back—office and factory workers, for instance—but Professor Fisher maintains that, informally, a call went out: "Macedonia, come home!"

As the population of Skopje rose, the pressure to provide housing mounted faster than had been expected. Shortly after the earthquake, when buildings

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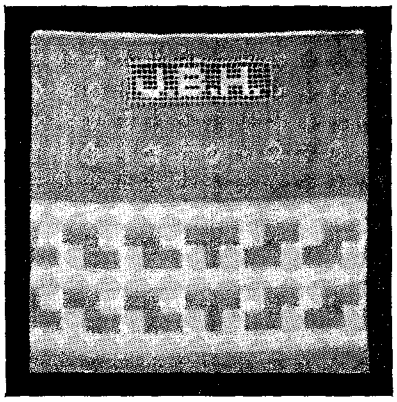

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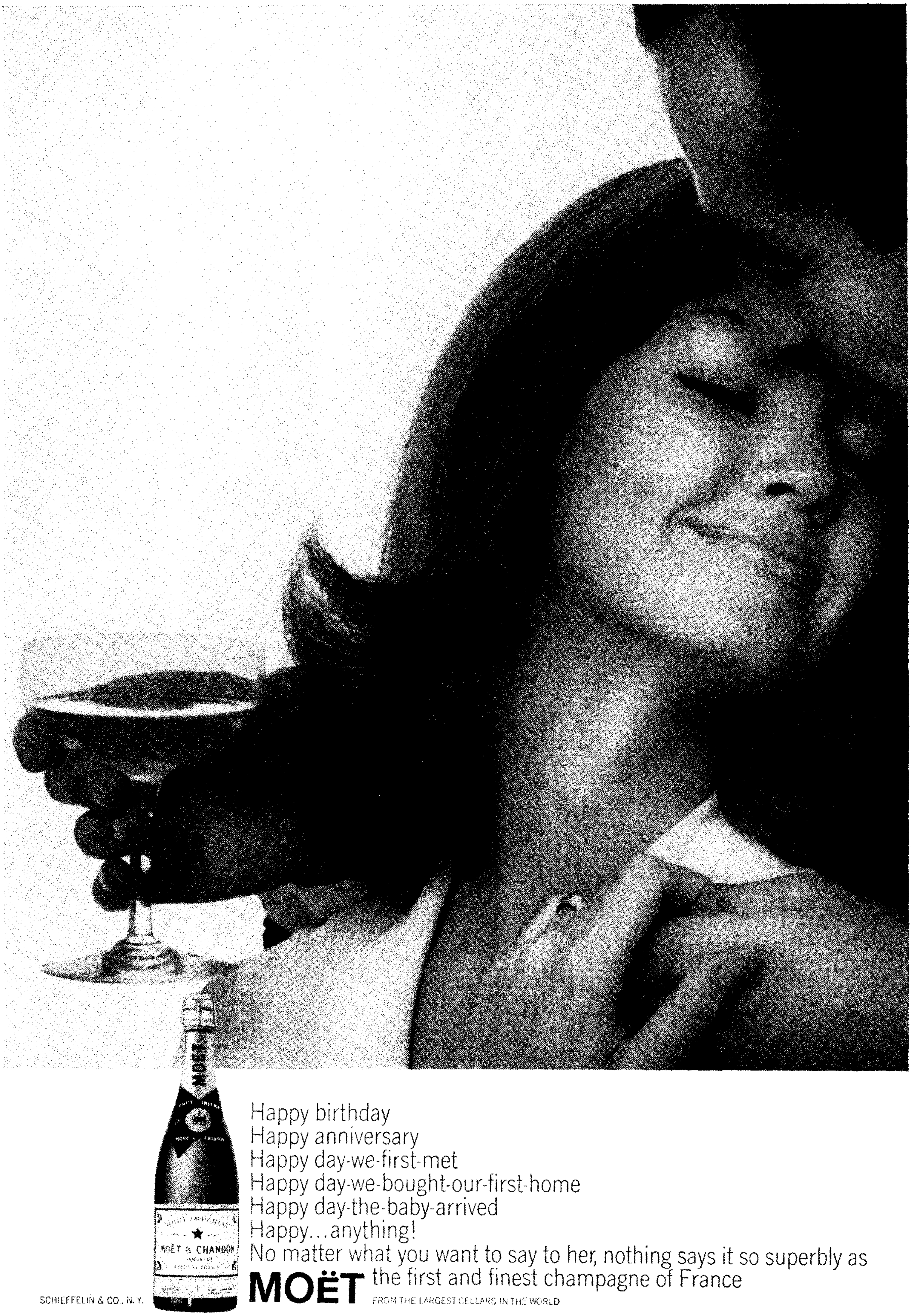

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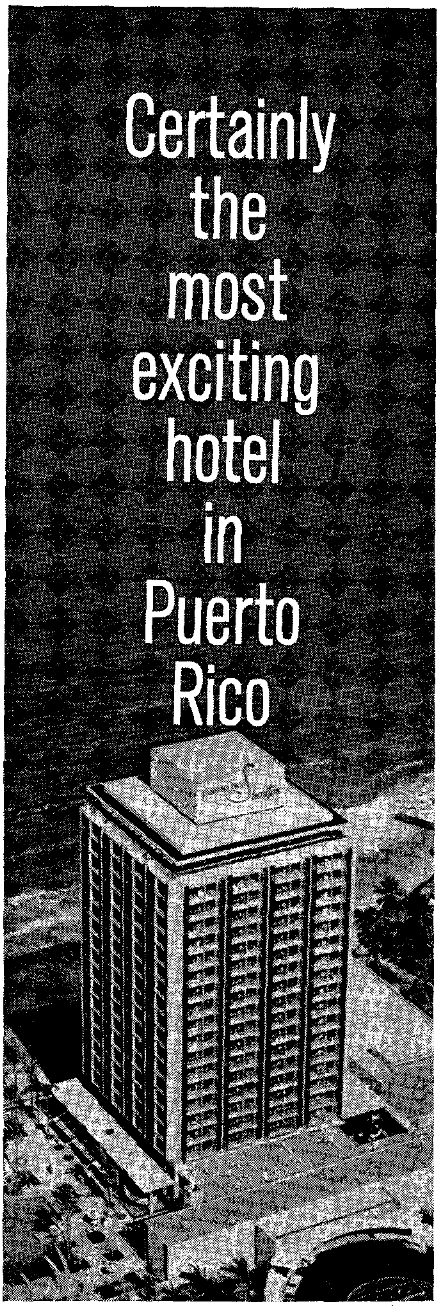

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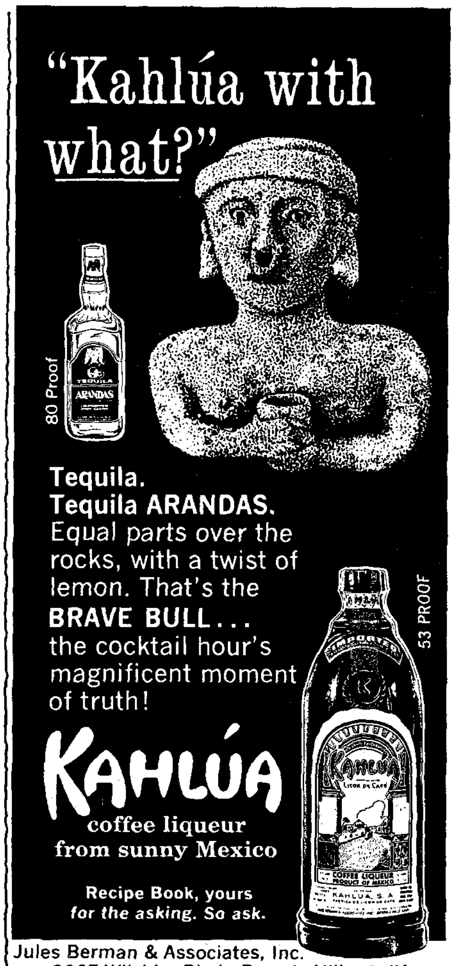
were originally classified according to the extent of the damage they had suffered, the standards applied were severe. One or more colored stripes were painted by the front door. A red stripe meant that the building would have to be torn down. One or two yellow stripes, depending on the amount of repair work needed, meant that the building could eventually be repaired. From one to three green stripes meant that all or part of it could be lived in now. Dragan Miladinov, a young member of the technical faculty of the university, served on the local commission that evaluated the buildings. He inspected around four hundred and was able to see what happened to some of them as they were shaken during five later quakes. "We used a lot of red paint," he says. "At first, the weather was nice, we didn't anticipate further quakes, and no one saw how serious the problem was going to be. We thought the repairs and prefabricated buildings would do the trick. But then the demand for housing increased. People began to protest the destruction of their houses. Some of them even wrote to President Tito." A second commission was appointed, and many of the larger apartment houses were reclassified on a more lenient basis. In addition, individual owners were allowed to make more repairs on their own. Possibly, many of them had been doing so anyway, and the reclassification was in this sense a necessary readjustment of the law to fit the facts.

It is one thing to sit in Belgrade and draw up a plan; it is quite another to sit in Skopje and wonder what to do next. A city has a life of its own, especially when it has to serve a vast hinterland. Even when it has been battered to pieces, it cannot conveniently come to a halt just to allow an interlude for cool and rational reconstruction. To move Skopje to another site while it went on functioning as the economic and political center of Macedonia would have been virtually impossible, even if the Macedonians had chosen to attempt it. As things were, what they discovered with every problem that arose was that they were kept busy merely making do. The Skopje that strikes the eye today is a masterpiece of patchwork. It is being propped and plastered together. This activity is called *asanacija*—the term for repairing damaged structures. A characteristic sight in Skopje now is a building in which heavy timbers have been poked through holes in the walls just below the ceiling of the ground-floor rooms. These have been shored up by



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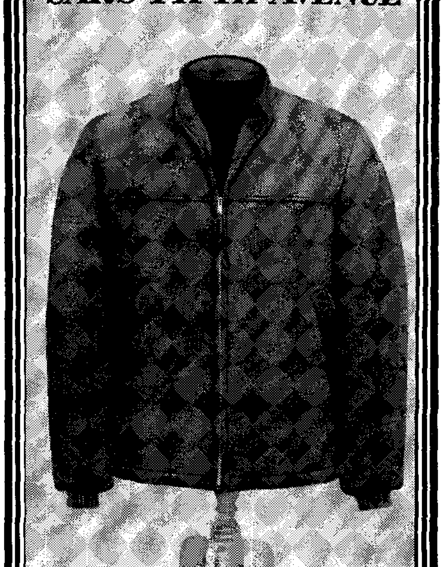
other timbers, making the shape of a soccer goalpost. Meanwhile, the shattered masonry of the ground floor is being chipped away, so that new brick and mortar can be put in its place. The theory is that after *asanacija* the structure will stand a new earthquake shock of an intensity up to grade eight—a theory that may or may not reassure the occupants.

Buildings *can* be constructed to survive earthquakes. The tallest building in Skopje, the fifteen-story Rabotnički Dom (literally, "Workers' House," a sort of club for union members), came through with only minor damage. A structure that has a frame of reinforced concrete and is situated in the center of town, though not in the area of maximum damage, it is the work of a young Skopje architect named Slavko Brezovski, who also designed five or six of the other buildings that have survived, and whose opinions, therefore, are now listened to with respect. Brezovski insists that in planning his buildings he didn't have earthquakes in mind at all, simply sound design, and one reason that he and other young Skopje architects and engineers are so determined to rebuild the city is that they are positive it can be done safely if only it is done right.

Even before the earthquake, a comprehensive urban plan for Skopje was long overdue, and one part of the city that the earthquake levelled—the old quarter, north of the Vardar—should very likely have been torn down anyway. Between 1951 and 1962, more than thirty-five thousand Turks moved through the old quarter—one of the major migrations of recent history—en route to repatriation in Turkey. These transients left a slum behind them, and the Macedonian authorities, instead of razing it, let it fill up again with "Orientals" and underprivileged Macedonians. Skopje was never any monument to planning, nor were many of its buildings monuments in themselves, with the possible exception of the Kuršumli Han, a Turkish merchants' caravansary that had been turned into a museum and seems to have been one of the genuinely irreplaceable architectural losses brought about by the earthquake. Modern Skopje—the Army Club, for instance—apparently lacked distinction; Rebecca West, who was there in 1937, described the Club in her book "Black Lamb and Grey Falcon" as "one of the most hideous buildings in the whole of Europe," adding, "It is built of turnip-coloured cement and looks like a cross between



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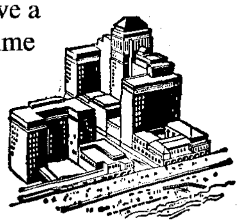

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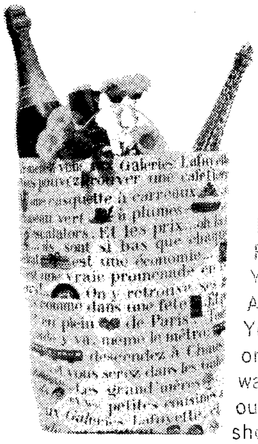

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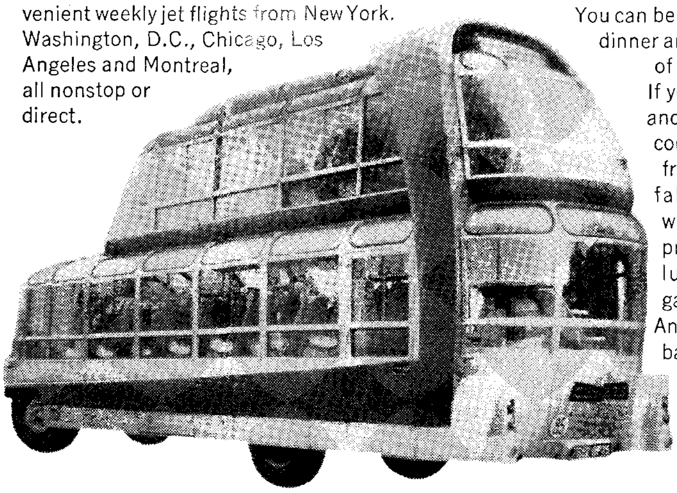

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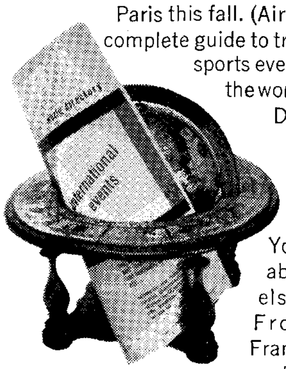

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a fish kettle and a mausoleum, say the tomb of a very large cod."

A new and more beautiful Skopje has yet to appear. What is appearing at the moment is a convincing Balkan imitation of American urban sprawl. The erection of prefabricated housing, some donated by other Yugoslav republics and some by nations of the West, is surrounding Skopje with satellite communities—sixteen of them—that look for all the world like little Levittowns. The villages near Skopje, like Djorče Petrov, which was named for one of the founders of IMRO, are being swallowed up in the city's expansion. As you drive out in that direction—perhaps on your way to Seraj, where there is a sports club with a restaurant much favored by government officials—you pass forty prefabricated houses contributed by the West Germans and a dozen contributed by the Swedes, then a half-dozen Nissen huts that the British Army has provided for use as a school, and, finally, in a settlement called Djorče Petrov II, a group of more than eight hundred houses, being erected by a British organization called War on Want. These are prefabs of a type known as Dexion, from the company that makes them, and someone has put a crude sign by the road conferring on this infant community the unofficial name of Dexiongrad.

An American Army unit composed of about a hundred and fifty officers and men of the Thirty-ninth Engineer Group, from Karlsruhe, Germany, put up two hundred and fifty-three single-story prefabricated buildings. More than a hundred and fifty of these have gone to form a new suburb called Šuto Orizare; twenty-five are for the use of the university; and the rest are to serve as nurseries, elementary schools, and an orphanage. In putting them up, our soldiers had the assistance of almost five hundred Skopje University students, organized into the inevitable "work battalions" like troops of serious Socialist Boy and Girl Scouts, with their banners and their blue fatigues. The job took almost three months. When the Americans passed through Belgrade on their way back to Germany, a government official went to the railroad station to thank them. "You were able to witness how deeply and sincerely the Yugoslav people mourned the death of President John F. Kennedy," he said. "It was all the more meaningful for us that the houses on which you were working were his gift."

The Macedonians were delighted to

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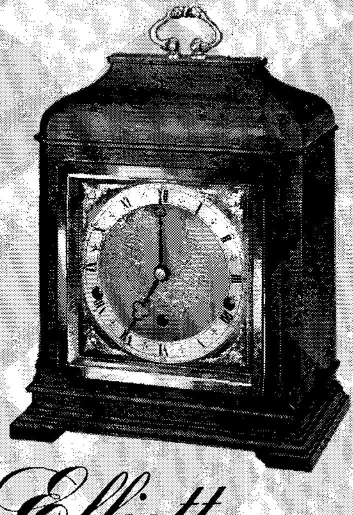

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see Americans and Russians working side by side occasionally, since this gave visible expression to the Yugoslav hope of mediating between East and West, and their own judgments of the various national and international contributions are made without any overtones of bias. Everyone now agrees about who got there first—the Bulgarians, with blankets, tents, and sheets—and who has given the most. "Up to now, the largest aid for Skopje has been British," says Velko Kocev, the Director of Information for the Committee for Reconstruction and Development of Skopje. Everyone also agrees about which of the prefabs are the best—a hundred and twenty-five that are being put up on a hillside in the village of Kozle, near Nerezi, by the World Council of Churches. An American church representative named Harald Hans Lund, who is overseeing the job, points out frankly that they are the best because they are the most expensive; they were bought in Austria for about four thousand dollars apiece. Lund also observes that the planning for his new community was so loose-jointed that he picked its site himself, one reason for his choice being that he thought it would be pleasant to be near the monastery of St. Pantelejmon, with its famous frescoes.

Since it has long been recognized that there is nothing more permanent than a temporary building, it seems obvious that prefabricated Skopje ought to be laid out in conformity with an ultimate over-all plan for the city, whatever that may be. The expectation is that such a plan will be drawn up by the United Nations, which has already done much for Skopje. The World Health Organization, for example, sent a physician, a sanitary engineer, and specialized hospital equipment immediately after the quake. The International Labor Organization helped train workers in construction skills. The Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations has sent a million dollars' worth of food, and the United Nations Children's Fund has allocated a hundred thousand dollars for health centers and the rebuilding of the Skopje dairy. The United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization sent advisory missions of seismologists, urban planners, and earthquake engineers to discuss a long-term U.N. program. The United Nations' responsibilities on the spot fall to the Belgrade representative of its Technical Assistance Board, Sudhir Sen, who is a former Indian civil servant of great urbanity and realism. Sen

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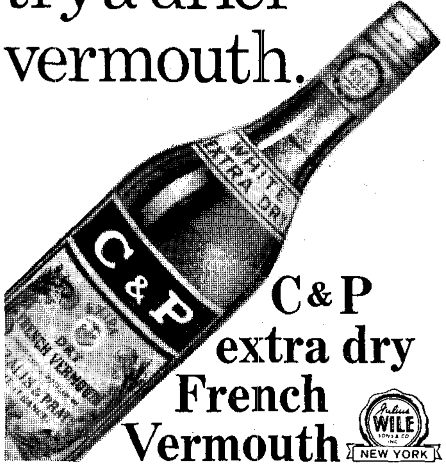

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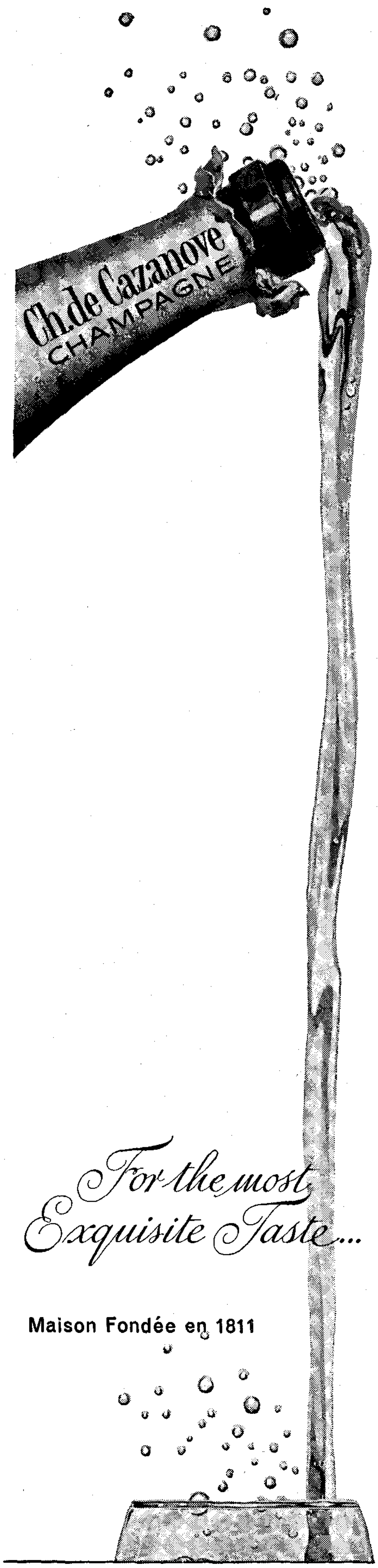

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has argued that Skopje might someday logically become the site of an International Seismological Research Institute, dedicated to the prevention of just such disasters as the one the city experienced. So far, though, the U.N.'s main responsibility has been the creation of a full-scale regional plan for the Skopje area. Acting on a resolution of the United Nations Economic and Social Council, representatives of the U.N. Housing, Building, and Planning Branch in the Bureau of Social Affairs have made extended visits to Skopje, and an agreement has been made between the U.N. and the Yugoslav government that the former will provide and pay the planner (who will be the Polish architect Adolf Ciborowski) and—hard as this is to believe—that the Macedonians will abide by his proposals, even if they don't like them.

There remains the problem of where the money is to come from. U.N. officials in New York who are familiar with the situation have a way of being called out for important meetings when the subject of Skopje comes up, and one gets a definite impression that they know a sack full of fishhooks when they see one. Figures for the total earthquake damage in Skopje vary, probably depending on what you mean by "damage." A sum that is often mentioned in Skopje is seven hundred billion dinars, or about a billion dollars, and even the most modest estimated bill for reconstruction would mean drawing on one per cent of Yugoslavia's national income for ten years. The U.N. also puts the reconstruction cost at about a billion dollars, or a hundred million a year over the next ten years. According to the Skopje committee's cumulative list, the total value of aid received from all foreign sources by the end of June came to only seventy million. If the problem were to be handled mainly by other nations, the U.N.'s figure would require that this rate of contribution be increased, and then maintained for a decade. No one in Skopje can be blamed for wondering whether this is likely to happen—particularly since Yugoslav officials are forever reminding the Macedonians that they themselves will be expected to foot at least part of the bill.

The hectic inflationary prosperity of the moment is no help; Skopje's boomtown atmosphere serves only to fill many of its people with apprehension. More than fifteen thousand construction workers have swarmed into the city, and not only do they add to the congestion but, because a large propor-

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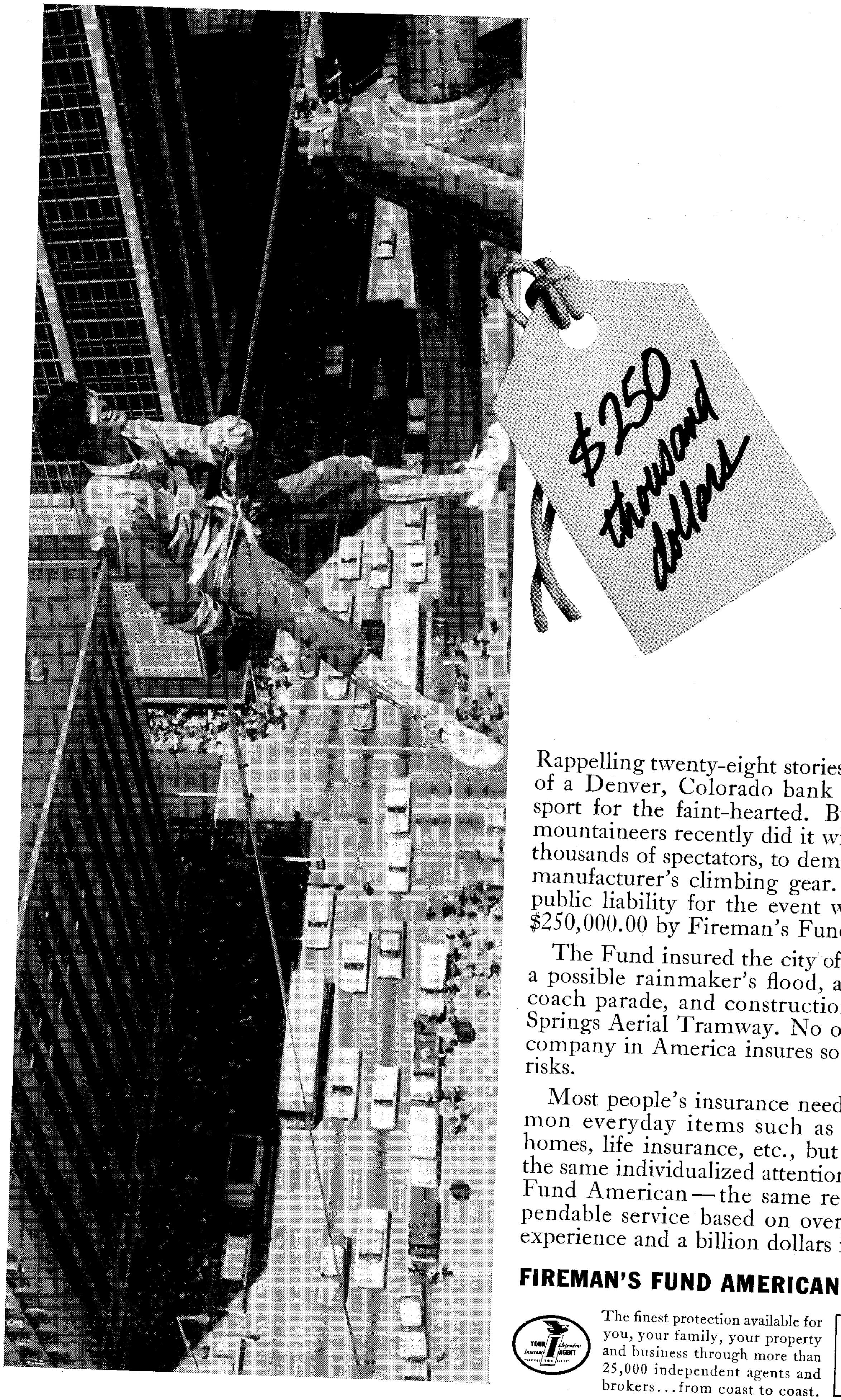

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tion of them come from parts of Yugoslavia where wages are normally higher than in Macedonia, they have been given special bonuses for coming to Skopje, so that some of them are receiving as much as ten times the national average. The predictable result is constant friction between the Macedonians and the new people, who have become known as the *zemljatresni gradani Skopja*, or "earthquake citizens of Skopje." Because quite a few of them have more money than they know what to do with, the city is witnessing sights it never saw before, like a shabby Turk parading down the street in his baggy trousers carrying a portable radio that is blaring Arabic music. I have been told—but by a Slovenian sociologist, so this may be merely intra-Yugoslav gossip—that a thousand as yet undelivered automobiles have been ordered and paid for in Skopje, and a lady whose word I implicitly trust has described going into a Skopje department store and watching women buy extravagant hats in extravagant numbers. Luxury in the midst of want—even under Communism, the word for this is inflation, and it frightens local people who, like the teachers at the university, are on fixed salaries. The Yugoslav government controls the prices only of basic commodities, such as wheat and steel, and, for the rest, proudly claims to maintain a free market. Anyone contemplating Skopje's immediate future is bound to wonder why the Yugoslavs don't indulge in a little capitalistic government interference.

"You see us all here at lunch looking normal," Miss Todorova remarked to me at the conclusion of a splendid official entertainment at the sports club in Seraj. "You don't realize what we go home to. Even the president of the university has only one tiny room to live in."

"The problem is not the damaged houses," said Tome Momirovski after the same lunch. "It is our damaged lives. Our normal, everyday existence is out of balance. We are without our intimate corners, our cozy homes, and we miss all sorts of little things, like the town clock. That is why we try with all our strength to make Skopje again as it was. This is not our normal life; it is a new form of existence—but, to our surprise, we feel a deep enthusiasm for some aspects of it. At my office at this moment no one is taking leave, and no one is asking for it. Perhaps somebody in your family is ill, but you keep right on going to work." Momirovski's own child, I learned, was in a hospital in Serbia, and his wife,

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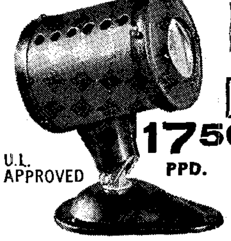

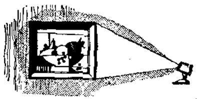

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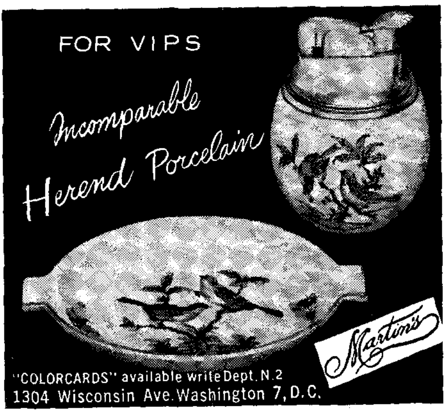

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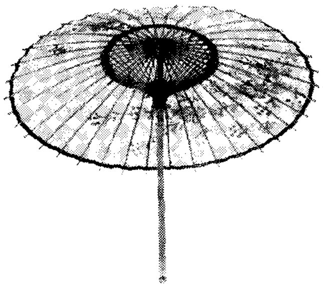

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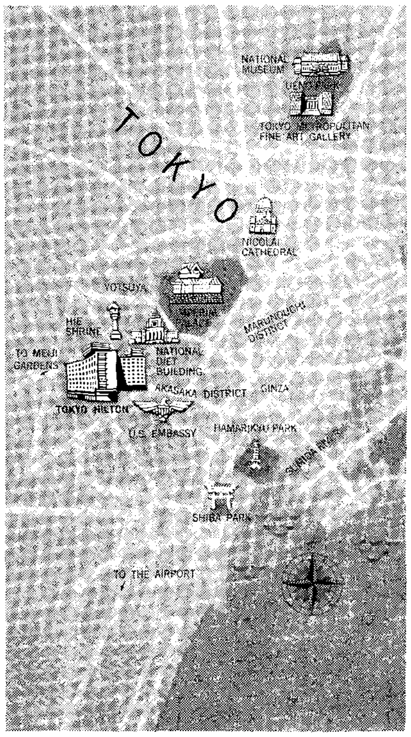
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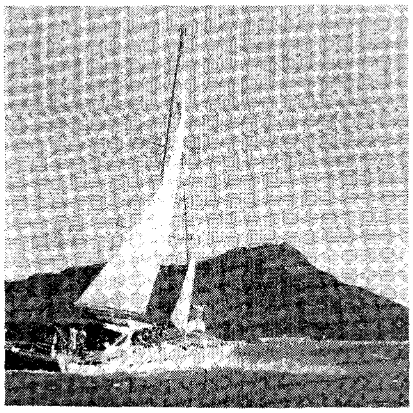

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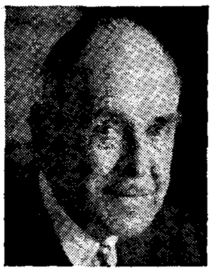

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too, was ill. I apologized for taking his time. "When we meet people from abroad," he said, "it helps us to face our difficulties."

After the lunch, I went with Miss Todorova to her family's apartment, which she was visiting for the first time since it had been "repaired." The lower floors were still being held up by heavy timbers and columns, and we climbed between and around them as we mounted the dusty stairs. In her own old room, the quake had broken a four-foot hole in the wall; it was now filled with bricks and mortar, but the bricks had been sloppily aligned and the mortar was smeared carelessly over them, giving the job an air of haste and indifference. Miss Todorova looked at it for a moment or two in silence, and finally said, in an almost inaudible voice, "That doesn't look very safe, does it?"

The people here try to appear philosophical about the aftershocks, but everyone obviously knows down to the last digit how many there have been and how strong they were. The citizens of Skopje have become conversant with the folklore of earthquakes; they will tell you that the great Lisbon quake of 1775 was followed by another a year later (and this is true, though the second was far less intense), and they judge each of Skopje's new tremors in the manner of connoisseurs. "We now have a game guessing their intensity," Miss Koviloska, the university English teacher, told me. "We've all got so that we get it right every time." Like most of her fellow-citizens, she is more worried about the strain on others than she is about herself. "I don't know what the psychological effect on all these people will be, when any night may be their last," she said.

Momirovski lives in a house on a hillside above the city. "At night, when I come home and look back at Skopje, I see only the lights, and it looks as it always did," he says. "Then, in the morning I come down into the ruins and I say to myself, 'Skopje is a city of illusion.' "

At dinner the other night, Miss Koviloska asked me, "Do you think our lives will ever be normal again? Or are we going to have to go on living forever in prefabs? Are we just fooling ourselves?"—Eric Larrabee

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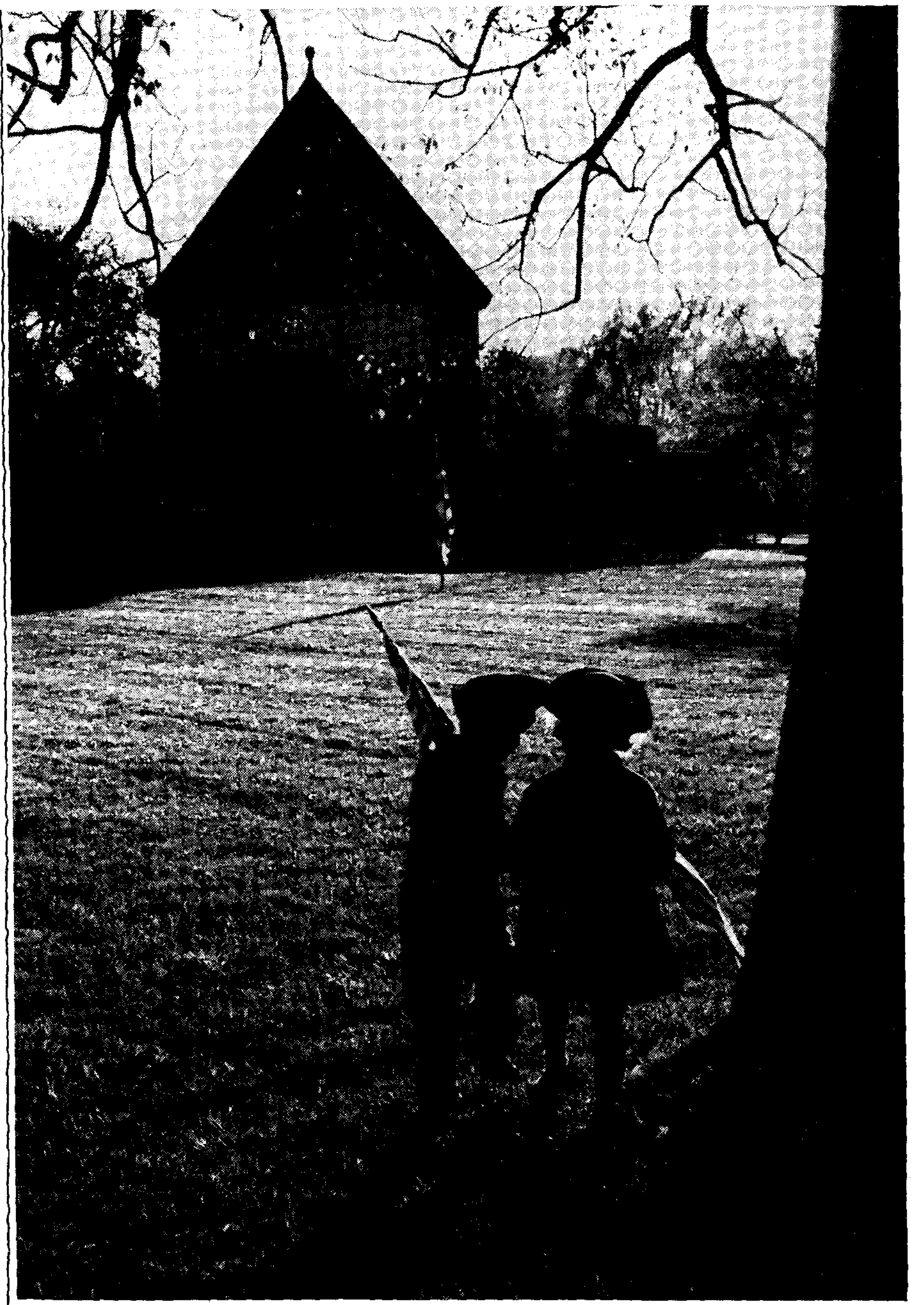
“Only One New York” is a documentary film written, photographed, and directed by Pierre-Dominique Gaisseau, and because M. Gaisseau is the man who some years ago made that fascinating study of Dutch New Guinea called “The Sky Above—The Mud Below,” I was unwary enough to suppose that he could produce a work of at least equal fascination about our marvellous city. I should have borne in mind that, in my ignorance of Dutch New Guinea, I had been impressed with *every*-thing that M. Gaisseau permitted me to behold, down to the merest leaf on the queerest tree; freshness of observation resided in my eye but not necessarily in the camera’s, and I had no means of distinguishing accurately between the skill of the maker and the bounty of his materials, with the result that, unbeknownst to me, M. Gaisseau might have been working within a convention only slightly more respectable than a Fitzpatrick travelogue and presenting not a truth about a certain way of life but a cinematically attractive falsehood. I should also have borne in mind that, truly or falsely presented, open jungles and natives naked except for paint and decorations that rivet attention on what we Westerners take such pains to conceal are far easier to render entertaining on film than the inward-turning labyrinth of New York, with its five thousand miles of unknowable streets and its eight million secret faces. For this new-old city, though it shines by day and night, seems to shed a certain disguising darkness over itself and its inhabitants, as other cities—Paris, San Francisco—famously shed light; on a map, it’s a gridiron regular to the point of inanity, but how often, walking it, one feels lost in the length of a single block! Having paid court to New York for thirty years and being as yet unable to describe the smallest corner of it with authority, I am quick to forgive M. Gaisseau for having failed to secure a valid likeness in the space of a single year; what I can’t forgive him for is that he doesn’t appear to have the slightest notion of the immensity of the problem he set himself, or of the irritating commonplaceness of his solution.

What if I were to go to Paris and at-



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tempt its portrait by accumulating shots of the Eiffel Tower, the Louvre, the *bateaux mouches*, Notre-Dame, the Crazy Horse Saloon, Père-Lachaise, the Bourse, *un snack-bar*, the Bois? Surely M. Gaisseau would protest that my trip was a waste of time, film clips of such scenes being as readily procurable in Hollywood as on the spot. Yet this is approximately what M. Gaisseau has done in "Only One New York" (the perverse banality of the title is symptomatic), starting with the destruction of old buildings downtown, proceeding to the Fulton Fish Market, and then on, clump, clump, clump, to Chinatown, Coney Island in winter, Central Park in summer, a revival meeting in Harlem, a St. Patrick's Day Parade, a belly dancer on Broadway, steelworkers high up in the match game of an unfinished skyscraper, and an Italian street festival in Greenwich Village. M. Gaisseau may not be aware of it, but these are the split-page feature stories that every young reporter in town has served his newspaper apprenticeship writing; to make matters worse, the sound track of the picture carries a narration composed at well below apprentice level. One is told of "a famous Spanish painter, Goya;" one even hears that M. Gaisseau wishes he "could come back to New York a hundred years from now." Well, so do I, but only if I'm allowed to measure the splendor and mystery of it with my own eyes. I'll be too old and cranky by then to put up with any more nonsense about Coney Island in winter and how deserted the boardwalk looks because there are no people on it.

"THE OUTRAGE" is still another telling of "Rashomon," the Japanese story that was once a brilliant movie by Akira Kurosawa and later became a Broadway misadventure by Fay and Michael Kanin. The never-say-die Mr. Kanin has now prepared a screenplay of appalling artificiality, into which many gifted people have tried to breathe a semblance of life—of course in vain. The director, Martin Ritt, has let his small, diverse cast act pretty much as they please, with radically uneven consequences. Edward G. Robinson makes a fine old-fashioned figure of a con man, but Paul Newman is preposterous as a Mexican bandit; Claire Bloom is beautiful and conscientiously ambiguous as the woman over whom all the trouble starts, but William Shatner, as a disturbed young preacher, looks as if he were waiting for lines that Mr. Kanin has neglected to write, and of Laurence Harvey, as the husband and chief vic-

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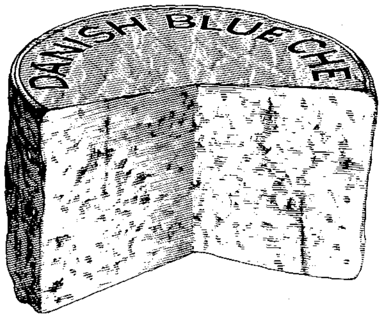

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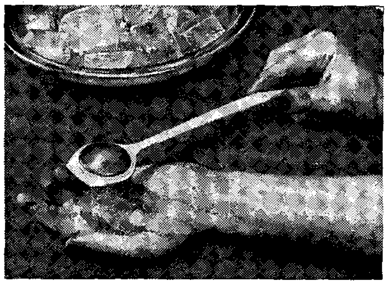

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tim, it's perhaps just, if not merciful, to say that his acting is much improved by his being gagged and roped to a tree throughout most of the picture.

"ALL THESE WOMEN" has been looked forward to as Ingmar Bergman's first picture in color, as well as one of his rare sorties into farce. The color turns out to be tame and pretty and the farce dull, and I'm perfectly willing to let Mr. Bergman go back to tragic nullity in black-and-white. The story concerns a cello virtuoso and the women who thickly populate his life—a wife, an official mistress, and a simpering gaggle of unofficial mistresses. The maestro is dead at the beginning of the picture, dead at the end, and wholly invisible in between, and I suspect it's just as well, because Mr. Bergman, who helped write the screenplay, has a heavy hand with a witticism, and if he and his collaborator have failed with every single one of the lesser characters they have created, what would their failure have been with the big one they lacked the nerve to create?

THE funniest movie I've seen in months is a rowdy, hour-long political satire produced, written, and directed by Robert Downey, at a cost, I'm told, and find hard to believe, of three thousand dollars. The name of the picture is "Babo 73," and it's playing at the Nickelodeon Theatre, down on Bleecker Street. Like most young satirists, Mr. Downey clearly prefers a lot of near misses to a few direct hits, and in the course of his wild tale about the tribulations of a newly elected President of the United Status he takes bold swipes at, among other targets, the Catholic Church, the civil-rights movement, international diplomacy, *Time*, God, shoe-fetishism, psychiatry, the South, the North, the East, and the West. I laughed all around the compass, and offer grateful thanks to Mr. Downey for the not always comfortable trip; to Tom O'Horgan, who wrote the music; to William Waering, who photographed it, possibly on Scotch Tape; and to Taylor Mead, who, as the President, looks like a cross between a zombie and a kewpie and speaks as if his mind and mouth were full of marshmallow. I hope the Bleecker Street set won't put me down for a square when I mention that the picture not only intends to give offense and triumphantly does so but is spattered throughout with the obscenities that are, it appears, as necessary to the heroes of our time as the vapors were to Victorian heroines.

—BRENDAN GILL

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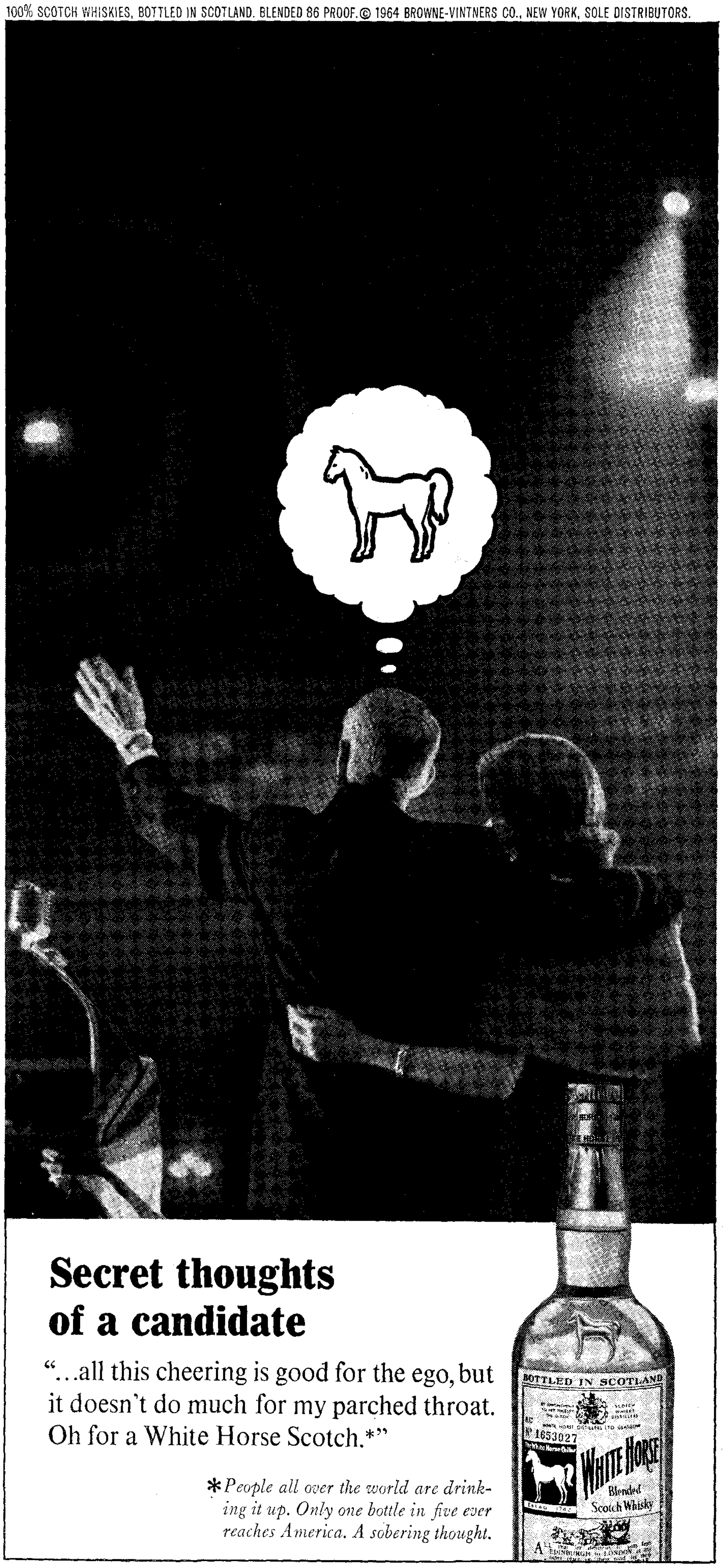

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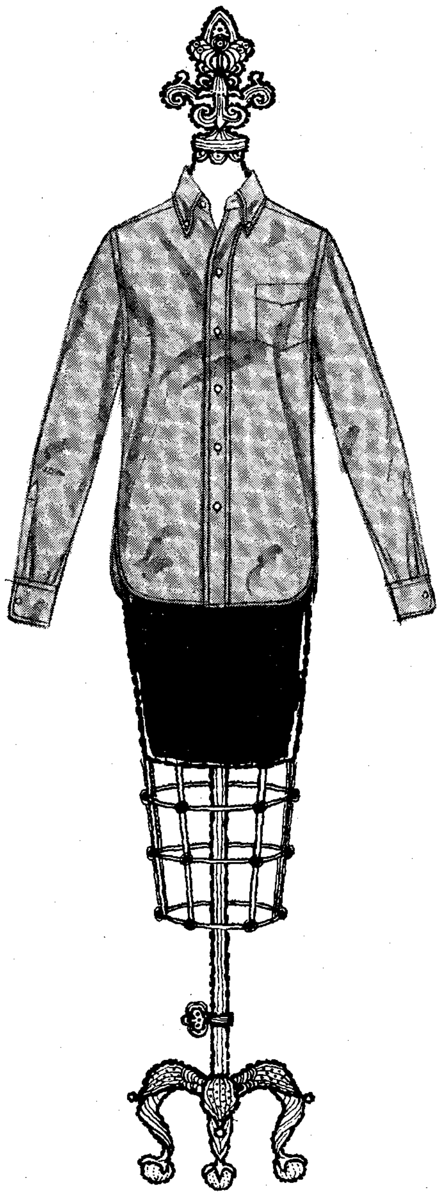

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FOOTBALL

Falling Stars

THE normal processes of attrition—graduation, combat, and so on—have now reduced the cultists of hero worship to squandering their affections upon less than a handful of operatives in this part of the world. They are—not necessarily in order of merit—Army's Stichweh, Navy's Staubach, Princeton's Iacavazzi, and Columbia's Roberts, and even these few are in trouble. Stichweh got ready for his match last Saturday (Penn State 6, Army 2) by doing no practice at all during the week, except for a slight session of ball handling Friday night—a session in which Dietzel, the Army coach, ever watchful of his pet performer, participated himself. Stichweh has an impaired ankle. While Stichweh was dogtrotting through this warmup, Navy was being beaten, 17–0, in a night match with Georgia Tech, quite possibly because Staubach was at home in Annapolis nursing *his* unwell ankle. (To give Florida a look at Navy, the game was played way down South, in Jacksonville; so much for all of us who always thought that Georgia Tech was domiciled in Atlanta.) Iacavazzi, who contrarily remains hale season after season, went to Hanover to help Princeton beat Dartmouth, 37–7. He was not much help, his cultists decided, for he carried the ball only twenty-four yards during the afternoon. Well, naturally; Iacavazzi, by now a marked man, is often felled by a three-ply tackle the moment he reaches the enemy line. The fault in this defensive tactic is that nearly as often the ball is actually in the hands of McKay or Martin, who, coming up fast on the inside, whisks scot-free through the hole made by the self-immolating Iacavazzi. As for the players majoring in the fine art of kicking, the week's, and possibly the season's, prize belongs to Princeton's Gogolak, whose three field goals and four points after touchdown accounted for thirteen of Princeton's thirty-seven points. Second prize belongs to Dullea, who at the last minute (in fact, the last half minute) went into the match between Harvard and Columbia and kicked the field goal that let Harvard win, 3–0. Which brings this reading of the will down to our fourth hero, Roberts, the Columbia quarterback, who is a man even more marked than Iacavazzi, for it is a

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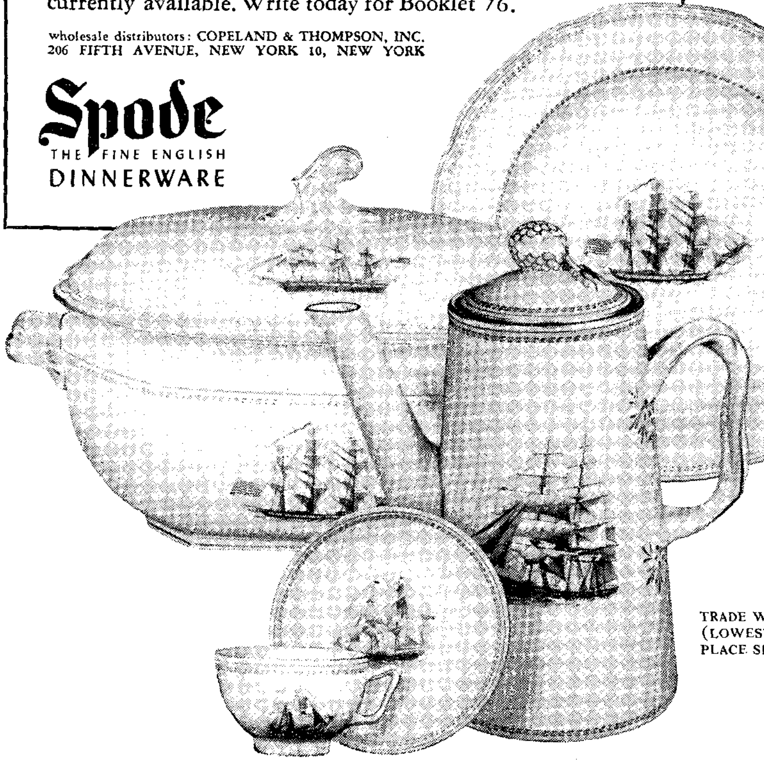
known fact that, because of his team's physical deficiencies, he is very nearly the one Columbian who can run with or pass the ball. Beset by eager Harvards unwilling to let him do either, he did some splendid throwing (he has five eyes, with which to follow the maneuverings of his five catchers), but not nearly enough. The occasion was a social success—Homecoming Day brings out the parti-colored pavilions for the alumni luncheons, to enhance Baker Field's natural setting of hill and dale, river and forest, and remove it as far from the rest of Manhattan as the tournament field of King Arthur's court—but not much else. The players came out to practice before the game and continued to practice during the first fifty minutes of it. Aside from the work of Roberts, and of Harvard's Dockery, who must have run four or five miles with the ball after collecting the innumerable Columbia punts, there was little to keep the eyelids aloft.

Army and Penn State, who met at West Point in a match attended by this correspondent's right bower, were playing for keeps. Stichweh, whose ankle had profited by its week's rest, was just about omnipresent but hardly omnipotent. Penn State's line of defense, two hundred and twenty pounds to the man, was presided (and towered) over by Rowe, a two-hundred-and-sixty-five-pound sophomore, and Penn State's shift, which could have been a deliberate effort to pull Army offside, succeeded in its purpose, if that's what it was. Penn State's safety, which awarded Army two points (making the count 6–2) but pushed it far enough from the Penn State goal to make an eleventh-hour Army touchdown all but impossible, *was* deliberate. This operation, or non-operation (the ball handler simply touches the ball down in the end zone), is not the game's most sporting gesture, but there are times that try a quarterback's soul. Safety first, if I may be permitted a play on words. If Princeton had pulled this trick to get itself out of a like tight squeeze against Dartmouth a year ago, it would today be the holder of the Ivy League championship, instead of merely a half holder (along with Dartmouth). It was Princeton might and main—and a defense that is almost an offense—rather than trickery, that prevailed against Dartmouth last Saturday. On Army's showing against Penn State, it is a reasonable guess that Army's might and Army's main, who is Stichweh, will rise to prevail again, and several times, before this season is out.

—J. W. L.



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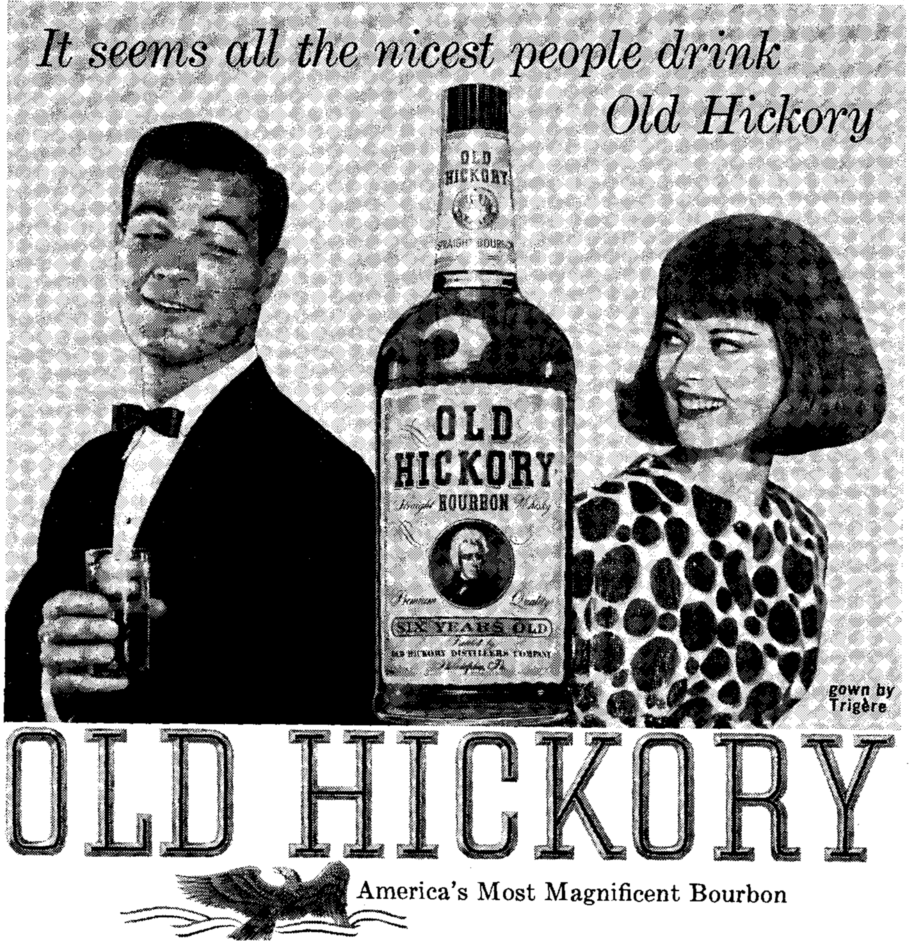

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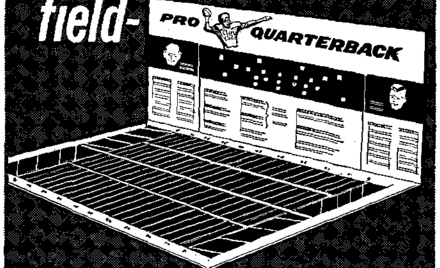

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MUSICAL EVENTS

New Opera

TURNING a great play into an opera is always a somewhat hazardous undertaking, and when the play is something as subtle and ironic as Turgenev's "A Month in the Country," the hazards are much increased. The special problem facing the librettist is whether to cut the thing to the bone and merely use the bare plot as a scaffolding for musical treatment, or whether to give the play its head and let the music provide a sort of commentary on it. Except in the case of a genius like Verdi, who could write music that stood up to a great play *in* every respect, and who found a happy balance between these extremes (though even *his* Shakespearean operas have librettos that are thorough reworkings of the original), the problem has seldom been satisfactorily solved. In general, success comes when little but the plot remains, for in opera the music must dominate the proceedings.

In Lee Hoiby's "Natalia Petrovna," an opera in two acts based on "A Month in the Country," which received its première on Thursday night of last week at the City Center, these considerations were pointed up rather sharply. Since Turgenev's play doesn't have much in the way of a plot but does *have* a great deal in the way of psychological nuance, the drama obviously had to be given its head. It was, to be sure, cut to manageable proportions by the librettist, William Ball, but it retained its main outlines, and also many psychological intricacies of a type that music has little power to illuminate. Under the circumstances, it is surprising that Mr. Hoiby was able to do as well as he did. Although he is still a young man, he is the master of an attractive and expressive style of composition, and if he has almost nowhere succeeded in dominating the play, his opera is nevertheless intermittently moving and otherwise pleasing. The *finest* passages in it are the ones in which the formalities of opera for the moment take precedence over the drama, and the ones dealing with broadly humorous situations. These passages include a song in Act I about a nightingale and a lark (a duet be-

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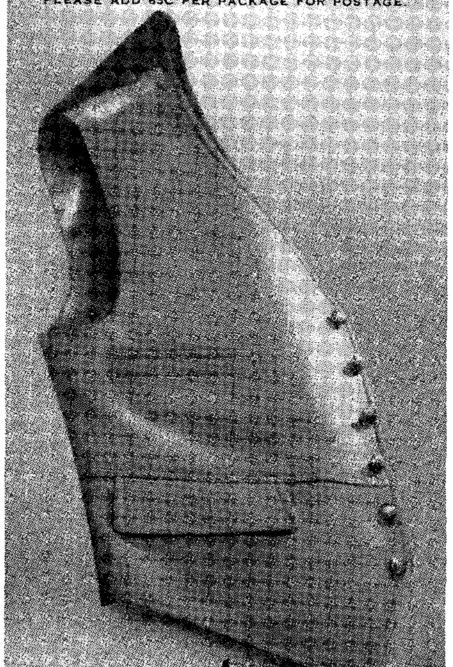

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tween Alexei, the tutor, and Vera, the young niece of the heroine); a farcical contretemps between the attendant, Lisavetta, and the Doctor in the same act; the Doctor's marriage proposal to Lisavetta, in Act II, which is nothing short of hilarious; an *opera-buffa* scene in which the poet Rakitin confesses his love for the heroine to her husband; and a fairly stunning octet, based on an *ostinato* theme, that closes the opera. The passages I have listed, however, have little or nothing to do with Natalia Petrovna herself, and only slightly more to do with Alexei, and these two are, of course, the pivotal characters of the drama. Their big farewell love scene has not evoked from Mr. Hoiby the flight of melodic inspiration that should have come at that point. Nor does he seem to have much understanding of the old operatic device (which anybody from Verdi or Offenbach to Menotti could have taught him) that consists in playing a tragic scene over the distant sounds of light music—something he had good opportunity to use in the party scene in Act II.

Thus, for people who, like me, are always on the lookout for the great American opera, Mr. Hoiby's opus was somewhat disappointing. But I do not wish to slight its virtues. Mr. Hoiby writes extraordinarily well for the voice; his style of writing can, at its best, grip the emotions; and he has a wonderful feeling for comedy, which caused him to cast Lisavetta as a rather breathless coloratura, nearly every phrase of whose music amounts to a cadenza. I am sure that Mr. Hoiby is going on to do more successful things. The talent is there, and it is a talent of no mean order.

The production given the work by the New York City Opera was, on the whole, a fine one. Howard Bay provided a charming set, and Julius Rudel, at the conductor's stand, gave the music an expert reading. Maria Dornya, a handsome red-haired woman with an excellent dramatic-soprano voice and a striking stage presence, sang the role of Natalia quite well, though her enunciation of the words was not always clear. Sandra Darling, as Natalia's orphaned niece, gave a certain agreeable air of fantasy to her role but appeared a little young for it—behaving somewhat as a girl of ten might. Patricia Brooks, as Lisavetta, was the hit of the evening, partly because of her own feeling for comedy and partly because her role is the most effective one in the opera. The other singers—Richard Cross, as Rakitin; John McCollum, as

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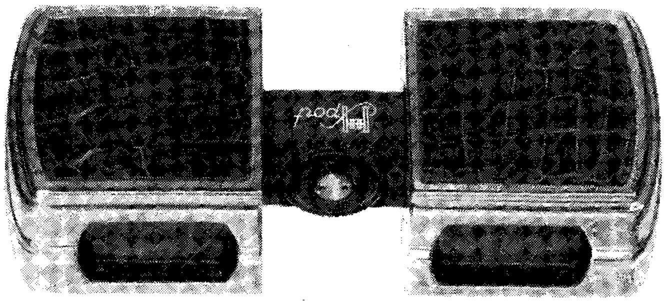

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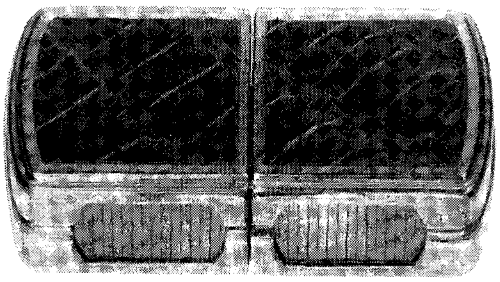

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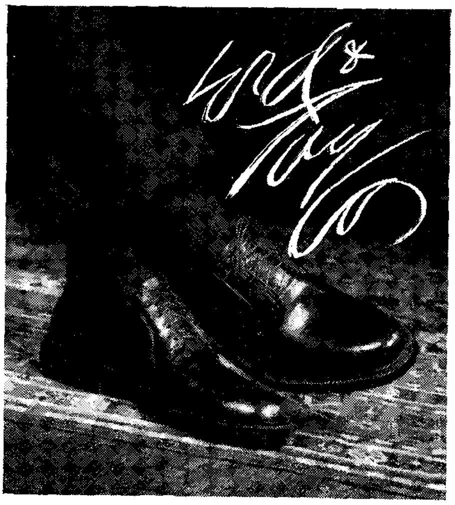

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the absent-minded husband; Muriel Greenspon, as the husband's ferociously dominating mother; John Reardon (who deserved a juicier part), as Alexei; Jack Harrold, as the Doctor; and Richard Krause, in the bit part of Bosilov—all performed with distinction.

ON Monday evening, Leopold Stokowski started his season with the American Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall by presenting an extremely varied program. It included works by Brahms, Handel, and Ravel, which I shall not comment on except to note that they were performed with all the old-time brilliance and some of the old-time exaggeration. The novelties were something called "Meditation on Zeami" (Zeami seems to have been an inventor of the Japanese *no* drama), by Alan Hovhaness, and that old classic of musical Dada, Edgard Varèse's "Ionisation," which uses a variety of percussion plus two police-car sirens, and is just as far out to the ear today as it was thirty years ago—a circumstance that might provide some food for thought. I have always admired the work of Mr. Hovhaness, but it seemed to me that in the "Zeami" thing he was getting pretty close to the point where a composition ceases to be either good Oriental music or good Occidental music.

ON Tuesday evening, Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra came to Philharmonic Hall to open their New York season with an all-Strauss program. It was, as might be expected, beautifully played, though the symphonic poem "Don Juan" is a little overfamiliar, and the "Symphonia Domestica," in my opinion, is hardly worth reviving. The interesting items were excerpts from the operas "Die Liebe der Danaë" and "Daphne," sung with ravishing style by Hilde Gueden. Because the first is a large-scale music drama, the few selections presented from it scarcely did justice to it, but the flavor of "Daphne," a short opera recently heard here in concert form, was more faithfully conveyed. As things were, the "Daphne" excerpts exerted the greater appeal, but both sets were full of the inimitable Strauss magic. This occasion, incidentally, gave me my first opportunity to judge the changed acoustics of the hall, which result from a new orchestra shell of polished hardwood. The effect was splendid, and I think we can now abandon our worries about the sound of the sound in our newest concert hall.

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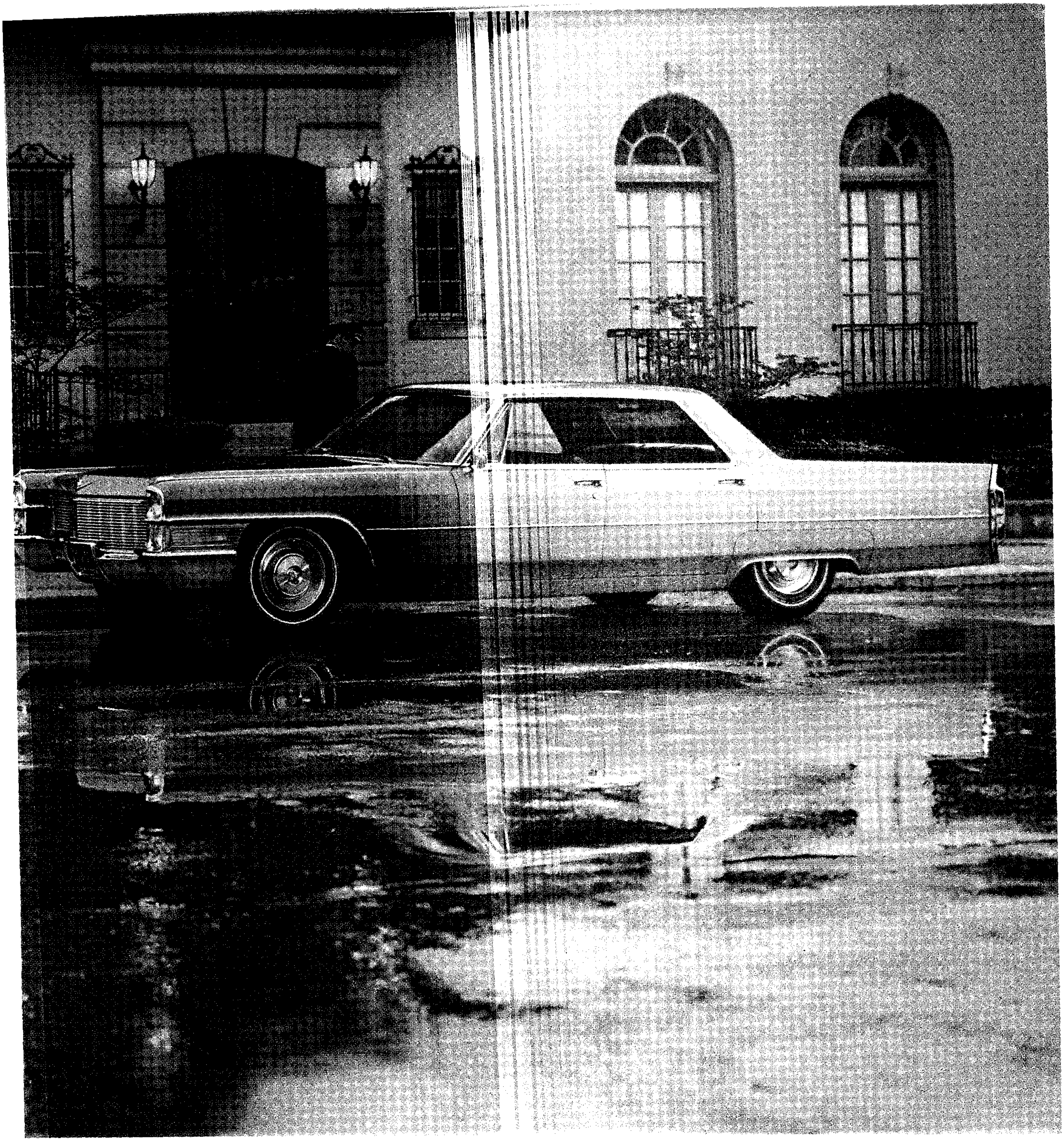

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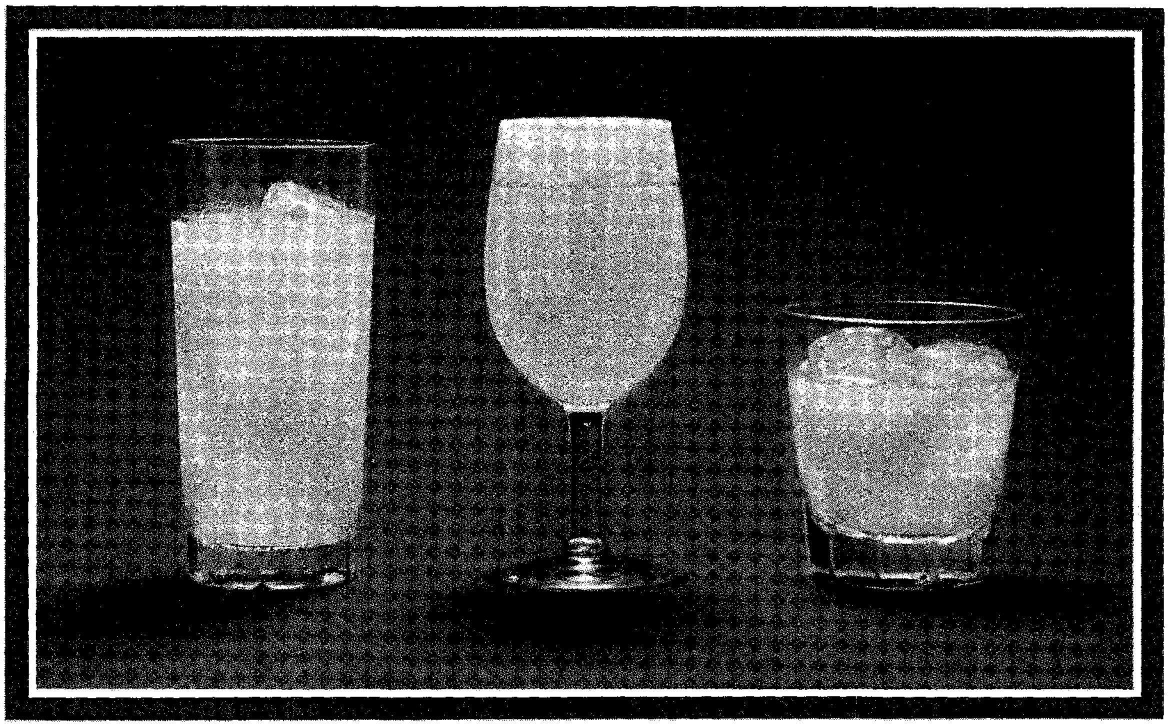

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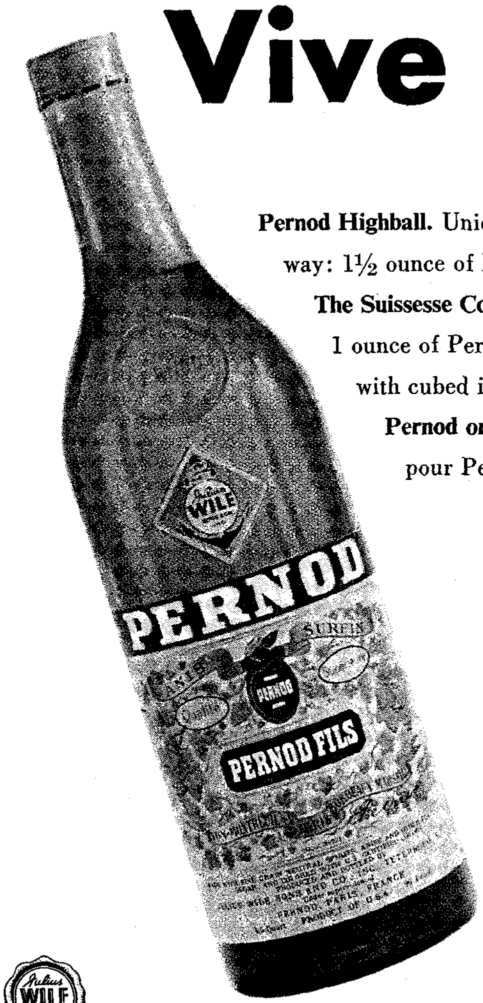

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

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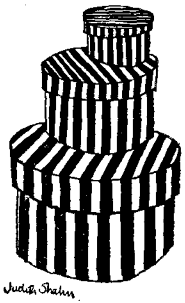
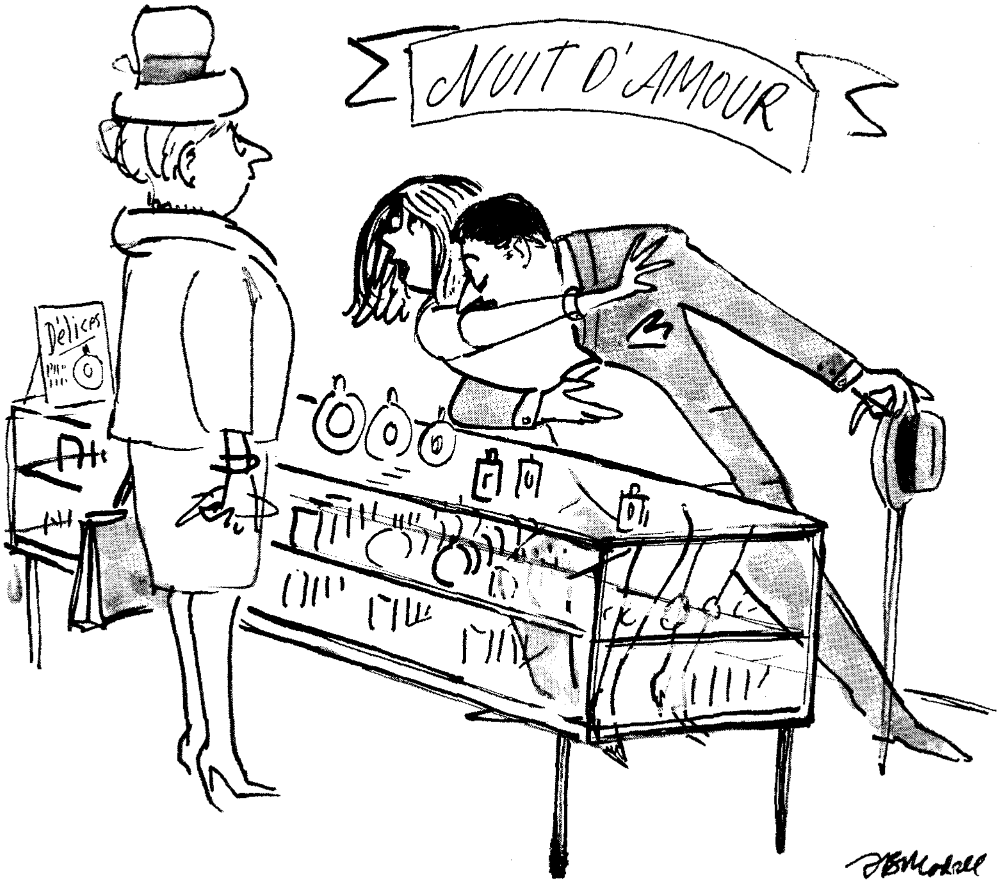


AS the great ramble-scramble of American ready-to-wear for winter, '64, gets going, it is comforting to note that certain aspects of it are constant—meaning that you don't have to throw away any of those '63 outfits, though you may be tempted so to do. Oh, there are novelties. Certain button manufacturers must be declaring extra dividends, for never before have there been ornate buttons like the ones of beads put together in clusters—pale, iridescent assemblages, for those Ben Zuckerman peach-ice-cream wool suits, and ruby and blue-violet numbers, for Mr. Z.'s equally glorious formal dresses and coats, which are either lavender or exactly the color (bright pink) of the only petunias in my garden that survived the drought. These clothes are all over Saks Fifth, De Pinna, Lord & Taylor, and so on. There are jet clusters, too, and knobby brass buttons, most of them in the double-breasted array that occurs on everything, from the most formal evening coats or toppers down to docile tweed suits. The little pointed collar (hardly a novelty, this) is likewise all over the place. This particular fact goes to show that the campus king, Peck & Peck, has lately had its influence on high style. But me, I doubt that many college girls will pay $250 and up for even a good-looking tweed suit.

For outer *outer* garments, there is the officer's-coat all-weather kind of thing, the blazing success being Norman Norell's double-breasted version in Melton cloth. Bonwit Teller has a townish instance of it in charcoal wool with a silver button just above and below the waistline at each side. Zuckerman, who refuses to be topped by anybody in any line, has done just about the dreamiest thing of all time in this category. I saw it at De Pinna, in a gray-green cavalry twill with nubbly brass buttons in double-breasted formation. The little back belt sits high and the high revers are soft, for a change. Originala, very young and perky these days, is also represented at De P. by a coat of bone-colored fleece with a flat band collar. There are, as well, rigorously skimpy coats that *could* be worn as coat dresses. In this department, Originala has produced a real little tootsie for Bendel, in black-and-white hound's-tooth wool with black buttons all the way down the front and a delicately rounded, high-busted young look. Rentner, to prove that he can be just as skinny, shows up at Saks with a coat of olive-drab twill whose lining and scarf are of brown-and-white Paisley. An even more literal tube, likewise at Saks, comes from Pauline Trigère. It's of a meshy red tweed. The standup collar is crossed and buttoned, and the waistline is mighty low. Again, there are fuzzy, muffly coats with mohair in their make-up. Monte Sano is beautifully represented at Saks Fifth by something of this sort with windowpane checks, the dominant color being purple. (If things aren't purple-to-lilac these days, they go from olive green to pale green-yellows.) This coat has an inverted pleat at each side to give it a real swing. Monte Sano is also the perpetrator of some coats of big, rough tweeds involving several colors—turquoise, olive, and tan, in the case of a costume at Bonwit Teller with a pale-yellow lining and a dress of olive tweed beneath. Truly fuzzy-wuzzy mohair things are around, too, and here the prize is by Galanos, in oyster white (it has almost a sheepdog look), with a big square of iridescent pastel buttons in the middle. It's $975—a miserly down payment for the Galanos wardrobe of a lifetime. Evelyn Byrnes and Bonwit, among others, have cottoned to it. There are lots of coats cut like a man's single-breasted topcoat. Bonwit has several, including Mr. Z.'s red silk coat lined with horizontal bands of baum marten and his oyster silk lined with ocelot. Lord & Taylor is a great one for fur-lined coats, and in its superb coat department are an olive tweed job lined with brown American broadtail (Raelson holds the patent on it), and also Lawrence of London's hooded raincoat of brown silk with a buttoned-in nutria lining. This is $395 (not bad, the way I've been going), and so is a wild and wonderful coat by Style Trends—of mustard-colored duck lined with guanaco in its native orange-to-tan colorings. Coat material, while we are at it, also goes into the



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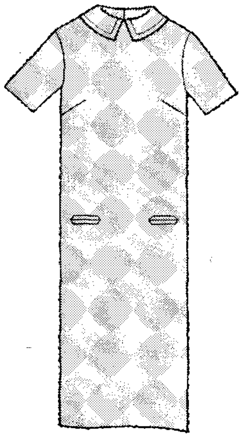

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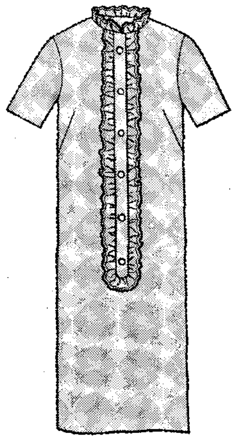

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construction of the jackets of three-piece suits at Lord & Taylor. Fur goes into the linings of other jackets (also accompanied by skirts and over-blouses), as in a Monte Sano box of soft, moss-gray checked mohair-and-wool with nutria inside, and as in Dior-New York's suit of looped oyster wool whose below-hip jacket is lined with fitch. Jackets like these eliminate the need for coats in anything but the bitterest sort of weather. Bergdorf has them.

SUITS are still suits—that is, they haven't changed much—but a couple of new ones did smite me in the eye. The first is a Tiffeau, in a huge turquoise-and-mustard hound's-tooth wool, with a top that is rather lumber-jacket and a stole that is big and matching. (Bonwit's and Lord & Taylor are among its swains.) A craving around town for black suits, immaculately tailored, in hard-surfaced wools is apparent. One great triumph is Norman Norell's, with its double-breasted bone buttons. A simple dress resides beneath, and a single-skin sable is clamped to the neck by the jaws; the paws and all pull through the loop, so you can't make a mess of his arrangements (Saks Fifth, for one). Others, by Zuckerman (that man is pervasive), are at Lord & Taylor and De Pinna. Mimi Tuthill loves the sharply tailored look, whether it comes from Dior-New York or her adored Ben Reig.

THE next sequence is coat dresses, for those who are skipping the double-duty coats I was speaking about—the ones that can be worn alone or over a wisp of a Norell or Trigère jersey dress. Mr. Z. comes to the fore again with what I would like to christen (in honor of his name and the fabric's pattern) Zig-Zag tan-and-white tweed, which is horizontally striped in chevron style—just a buttoned-down shirtfront panel at the top; perfect under your ranch mink. (A classic Zuckerman suit of just about the same stripe is everywhere.) I saw this at Bergdorf, plus several other Mr. Zed coat dresses in mottled tweeds. Dior-New York has done a beauty (Lord & Taylor) in gray flannel with black buttons and short sleeves; $190. A most ingratiating semi-sports dress emerges from the hands of Rentner (Saks Fifth Avenue, Mimi Tuthill, and plenty of other places). It's just a little zippered shirtwaist dress of wool in a tan-and-white check. Pull the zipper up under the chin and a hood clamps

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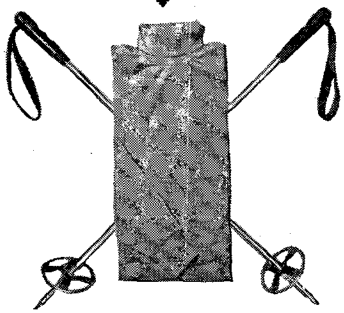

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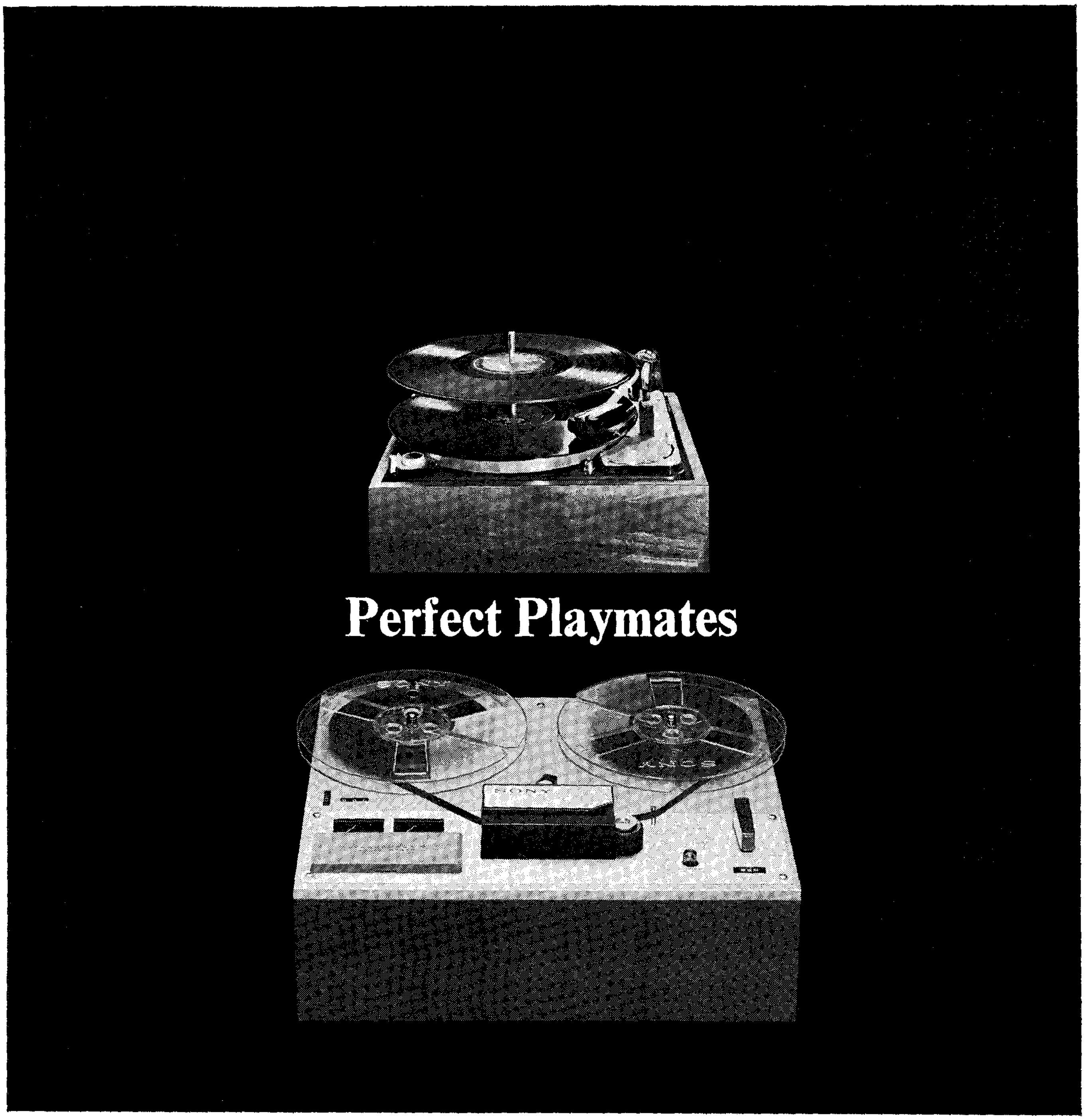

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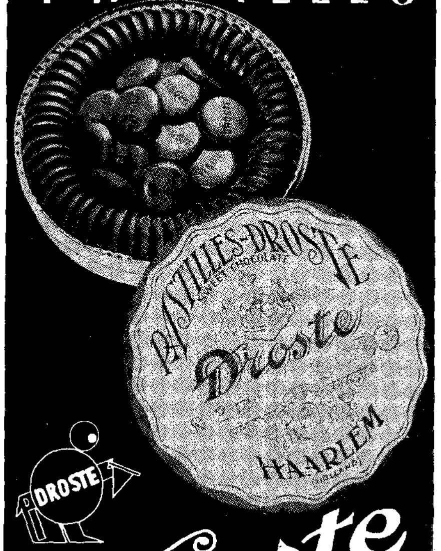
snugly around your head; a deep cowl back is accomplished by pulling the zipper down to form a V of any depth in front, and letting the hood drop backward.

BUT let us now go to extremes, for there are some great ones among the costumes—of the kind that can make a lunch or a dinner more dramatic *merely* by *existing*. There is Pauline Trigère's cape costume—the swirling day-length cape of wool that is charcoal on one side and cream on the other, the dress of charcoal jersey. Everybody—well, Bergdorf and Evelyn Byrnes and Saks and Mimi Tuthill, at least—fell for this one; almost nobody cuts a cape like Miss Poline. Bendel (and no one else) owns a Shetland costume, in off-white, by George Stavropoulos. It has a crossover neck, no buttons at all (those Greeks have discovered snaps), and a black leather belt. Also to Bendel comes the firm of Burke-Amey, with what it calls the delta cut. Everything by this combo is oblique; in this case, the sidling occurs in a three-piece costume of cream fleece. On the jacket, a seam goes in a deep V down to hip level and a black leather sash spurts from one side of this angle to tie in a bow; the skirt has a wide belt of black leather; the blouse is of four-ply black silk crêpe. You've just got to look at it yourself; it's *incroyable*.

There are other things for that all-day-long-and-into-the-evening routine, and not necessarily extreme. For one, there is black, which is not so very *incroyable*. I especially value Trigère's black jersey (De Pinna) with a deep, casual V fold front and back that covers the upper arm in lieu of a sleeve. I also went daft about her sheath of black silk or wool crêpe that has a hem-length stole anchored in back, so that it cannot possibly spill into the gutter when a careless woman bows out of an undersized cab (Saks Fifth, Mimi Tuthill, and many others). As a matter of fact, basic and wonderful things in black are all over town. For $70, Bonwit's will supply a dress its maker, Teal Traina, calls Sympatèque (*there's* nomenclature for you) in a black silk-and-wool fabric with a deep V neck and a swirl below it that looks like a rose. A Geoffrey Beene knockout, the Ford of your Future, is of black wool jersey. A sixteen-inch-wide flounce of black silk faille appears at the base, and—as is true of many, many other dresses this season—there are side pockets in the seams right above where

PASTILLES



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the flounce starts. Lord & Taylor is just one of several Beene fans. It is also infatuated with the flounce on another Beene dress—this time, it is eensy-weensy, only two inches deep. Either dress is $145. From Geoffrey Beene's renowned flounces we proceed to John Moore's renowned tiers. At L. & T. is a beautiful dance dress, in black silk crêpe, that he has absolutely reduced to tiers—the first bias tier just covering the bosom (there are string straps above) and two larger bias ones descending to the dance-length hem. Another Moore beauty at L. & T. is of black crêpe with a deep V fold down the front below the bateau neckline; a third one is a black wool dress that has a shallow V back and what appears to be a furious sidewise flare in the skirt (some trickery here), though the front is princesse and the back is flat. Bergdorf Goodman has the oddest black extant—a slip by Talmack with a full-length overtunic, gathered on an oval neckline fore and aft, that parts in front so that you can put your hands in the pockets on the underskirt seams, with the body of the dress falling away like a cape. Mimi Tuthill makes a specialty of all-purpose blacks. She has a darling in silk by Jane Derby for $125—little round neck, three-quarter sleeves, self belt, and that's all. Tuthill also admires Rentner's work, such as his dinner dress with a savagely slashed V front and back and—a little like an afterthought to cheer the Legion of Decency—an inch-and-a-half band atop the Vs with a rhinestone button to hold everything together. This comes in colors, too, but my thumbs are down in this case. Tuthill finds great merit, as well, in the handiwork of Pattullo, who has constructed a dress that should do Everything for the figure—black crêpe, with wide satin bands slanting down the ribs and curving across the body in back to just above the coccyx.

PROVISION has been made, too, for theatre-*cum*-dancing evenings, and there are any number of covered-up but glittering wonders that will do for these interludes in our lives.

A champion at this kind of thing is Eric Lund, who makes the shirtwaist a siren indeed. Bendel is justifiably nuts about his shirtwaist dress of lamé in a giant hound's-tooth mingling of dull gold and black. It has a round band neck, shirt-cuff sleeves, and a black sash; $385. Another Lund at Bendel is of black lamé with a sort of Glen-plaid pattern and a plastic sheen. This, too, has a band collar, and there are band

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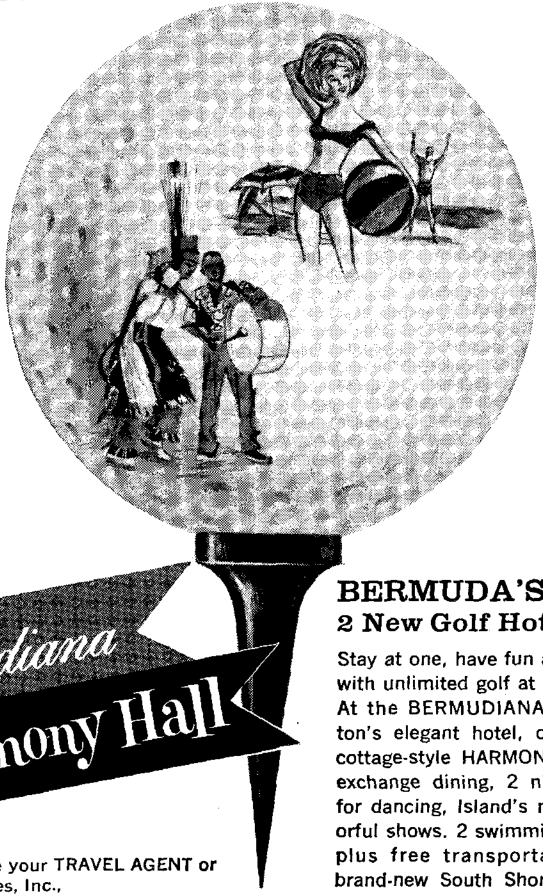

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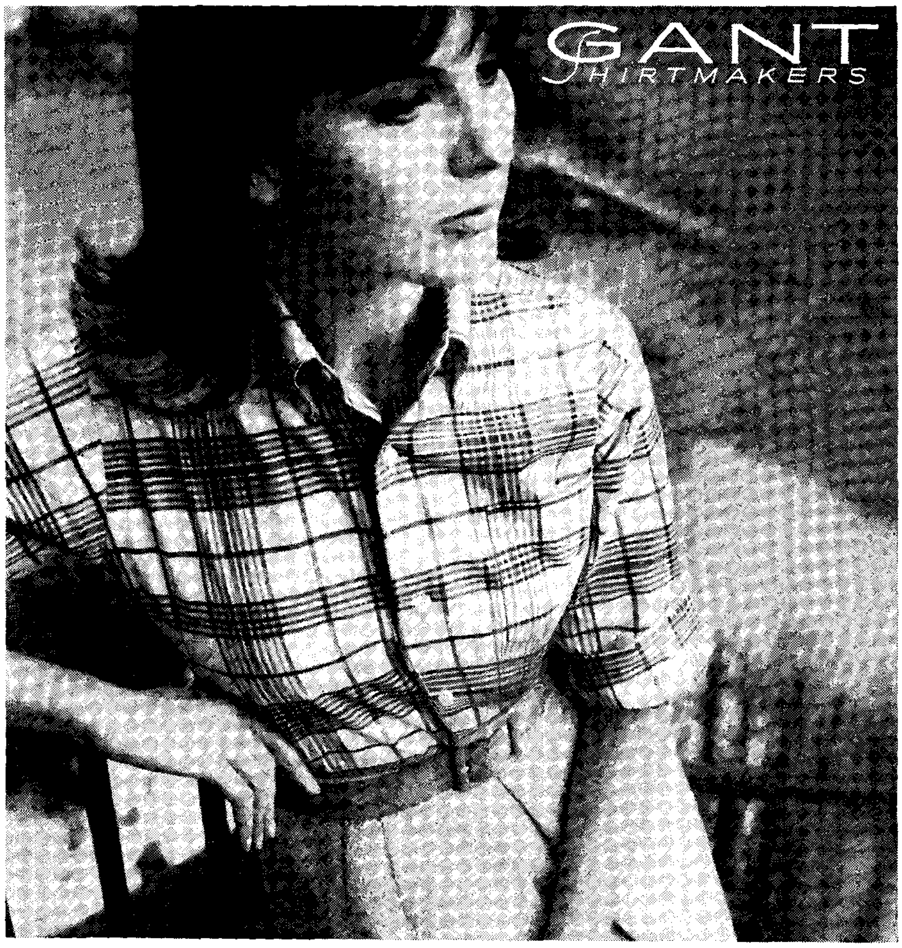

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cuffs on its big sleeves. Hattie Carnegie is likewise addicted to Lund. One acquisition is another shirtwaist type, this in fine black lace with up-and-down arrays of sequins that make the skirt look pleated. The full sleeves may be pushed up. Black satin is the goods for the turnover collar and the tie. Carnegie also stocks his full-skirted, circular dance dresses. If glitter must be more severe, I turn you over to Jean Louis (Evelyn Byrnes is a sponsor), who has designed a jacket of black wool that is striped up and down with sequins, this to be worn with a straight black skirt and an overblouse of white *linen.*

To continue the theme of upcoming designers, like Lund and Jean Louis, with an offbeat approach, let us now revert to Burke-Amey, which has found a home away from home at Saks Fifth Avenue. A B.-A. trademark this season is a pinwheel bow (four loops) near the waistline. If there is anything this firm is against, fundamentally, I *suspect that it is balance.* The pillbox set straight on the head, the stole with the ridge right down the spine are *not* for Burke-Amey. Among the asymmetrical doings sent to Saks is an evening toga dress, which I saw in red wool, with pale-blue satin ribbon emerging from a slash down one side and turning into one of those pinwheel bows. On the right side, the dress falls circular and free, front and back, to *prove* it's a toga. It shows up, as well, in black combined with an off-white now known as Neige. Another real weirdie is of a dark-olive sheer wool called Acorn. How one fastens the bright-purple buttons down one side determines how much of its purple satin slip shows. I turn the same hue whenever I think about the thing.

For late day and evening, brocades are still on hand, but they don't look as good as the marvellous wools I've seen around. Nevertheless, Trigère has concocted a beauty of a dress in a white or black brocade that suggests Russian broadtail—in black, that is. Lord & Taylor has it both ways; Bergdorf likes it in white. It's just a curve down the body with a ferocious twist of the material knotted between the breasts. Hannah Troy has contributed much to Carnegie's well-being. I shall speak only of her bateau-necked sleeveless sheath and an Empire coat with flaps just above and below that high waistline. White or black brocade is the ingredient. Next comes the indefatigable Zuckerman with a perfect short brocade costume in pale beige and white. Bergdorf has it. The coat wears gold but-

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tons, and the dress is a typical Zed—oval-necked, sleeveless, and gliding down the body. It *does*, however, have a string tie across the front.

AS for real, all-out evening and those charity balls, it appears that we must float, slither, or glide through these great nighttime events. In the slither sector is Norell's mermaid sheath of matte jersey that is completely covered by sequins whose hue is Shocking. It is just about weightless, except for its impact. It is at Evelyn Byrnes in apricot, with a square neck that is cut quite deep in back; it is at Bergdorf in raspberry with a halter neck and an open V to the rear. Bergdorf can claim hundred-per-cent ownership of Bernard Newman and his chiffon-weight lamé, over all of which a dull-gold plume pattern is deployed. It's a slender tube with a cowl back, and it's $495, which isn't much for a lot of show these days. All-beaded glister is taken care of at Bendel with two productions. On one, by Mollie Parnis, the beads are frosty crystal. They cover everything but a bit of fringe at the base of the cowl neck; $695. The other is a Donald Brooks gem, long-sleeved, round-necked, and very decorous, even though it's made of a non-stop series of checkerboards of silver bugles mounted on gray chiffon; $550. A lot of sheen enters into wools of the country kind when deep evenings are on their mind. Consider the gold plastic thread involved in a Dior-New York costume of nubbly wool in a mixture of turquoise, grays, blues, and oranges, and in other combinations. The collarless, high-breasted coat sweeps back—in hostess style, almost—and covers a dress that has short, wide shoulder straps and a big fold that goes down the back to swing loose toward the hem (Bergdorf). Zuckerman's dealings with glister are made public in a formal dress of black-and-white tweed into which subtle flashes of gold are woven here and there; three brass buttons ornament the short jacket top of black velvet (Evelyn Byrnes). The familiar beaded top and glossy high-waisted skirts of yesteryear are at Mimi Tuthill, but in a new guise, dreamed up by Rosalie Macrini—a crystal Niagara of fringe to make the bolero-length top, and pale-blue satin to make the skirt, below whose waistband there are soft gathers; $295, for which one gets quite a splurge.

There's nothing wrong with plain old white, either, especially when it comes to Teal Traina's modest dress

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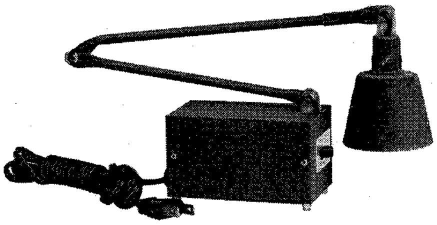

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(at a modest $160, and at Bonwit Teller) of white silk crêpe that has a nun's cowl neckline; three little self buttons occur above the gathers at the Empire waist in back, but, gathers or not, the whole effect is of slimness indeed. Another Bonwit pleasure is an evening costume by Talmack—a sliver of a cape and a dress with a camisole top and gathers below the deep U in back; white brocade is the stuff. This is dance length, just for variety. But no matter what the color or the color scheme, it is always terribly hard to outbid a long, slim, grand-evening outfit in black, and Galanos has put forward one that makes almost anything else look overdone. I saw it at Evelyn Byrnes, in a heavy wool crêpe, with a narrow oblong décolletage in back down to the waistline and a high front that suggests a halter. String straps manage to keep it part of you, and $495 is the price. Gliding is certainly the act to be put on with this one.

Floating at night is to be done, naturally, in chiffon. The first thing that comes to mind is the anything but childish trick played by Galanos with smocking on chiffon. The resulting necklines are high front and back, but the shoulders are completely exposed. Smocking makes a three-inch band below these necklines and again above the self belt of twisted chiffon at the natural waistline. Galanos, in general, wants the hems of these to be eight and a half inches off the floor, which makes sense; women don't like tattletale gray showing on the hems only halfway through the evening. Olive green haunts Galanos, and everyone else. I saw one of his dresses at Bendel (two layers of olive chiffon interspersed with steel blue) and another at Bergdorf (black cut velvet on olive chiffon). Any mention of chiffon these days makes me think, too, of Sarmi. His stunt this year is a white chiffon dress with a band of white mink straight around the chest and tiny puffed sleeves of mink set way out on the shoulders (Bergdorf, Byrnes, and all over), but I loved even more Macrini's insidious dress of champagne chiffon shirred around a deep, oval neck. This wears a sash and cape of gunmetal satin (Bergdorf). My affection was just as ample for a couple of the Sarmi creations I encountered at Byrnes. These have wide satin straps going outward in a V from the center of a straight-across décolletage. One is of black-brown chiffon with a panel in front that comes up to the bow of brown satin at which those V straps begin; in back, the neckline is deep and square, with fishtail fullness starting

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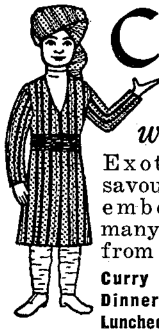

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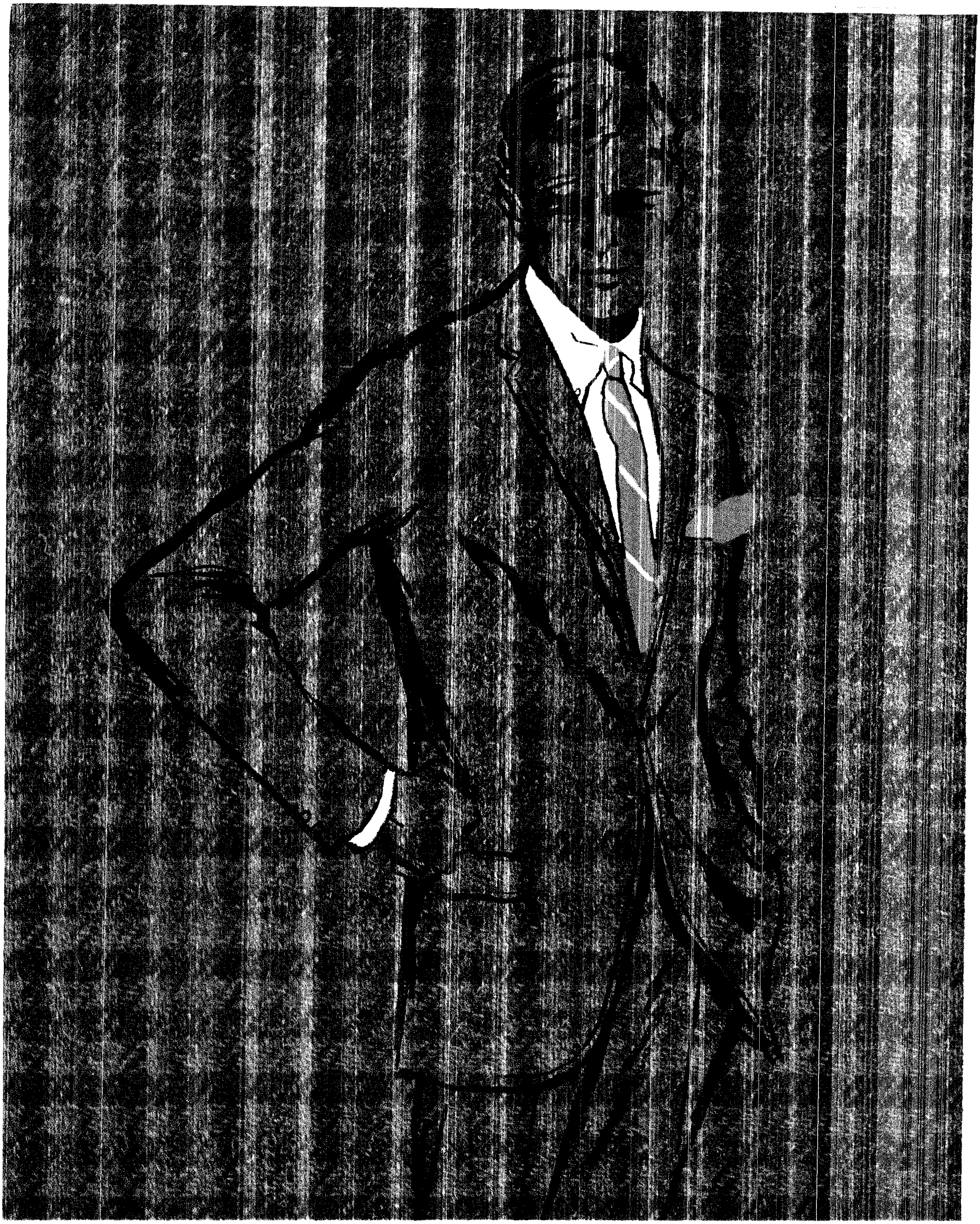

"DUSTY RUST"
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The newest fashions so often come from the oldest companies. Reason? If a company isn't on top of most that's new, it doesn't live to grow old! H. Freeman of Philadelphia, famous since 1885 for fine men's clothing, is now first with exciting "Dusty Rust"—in the granddaddy shetland tweed—Folkweave. One patter is shown here; others in jackets fro $69.50, and in suits and topcoats from $95. Available at mos of the better men's shops and department stores . . . or writ

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at the center, right where your skin leaves off. This is $495. The other is a costume that commences with a collarless coat of taupe-brown brocade; five faceted bronzed buttons descend the front. This covers a white chiffon dress with brown satin straps in that V formation.

The full-skirted ball gown, once a uniform, is fast disappearing from the scene, but I must bring to your notice three *robes de style* I have seen. One is by Bernard Newman (Bergdorf), of black velvet, with a deep square neck in front, a V back, and a lovely flow below that. It also comes in ruby or dark-green cut velvet; I think, though, that this kind of thing cries out for black velvet, left alone. Two other full-skirted dresses employ fantastic fabrics. The first (Bergdorf) is of a reversible warp-printed puckery silk that Trigère has made up into a long-sleeved sweater top (with a black ground, pale-green leaves, and lilac flowers) and a skirt with all that lilac and greenery on a *white* ground. Then, Mr. Stavropoulos (Bendel) goes wayward with a strapless evening gown made of olive and pale-green lace dotted with ruffled organza roses in olive green and pale pink. There's an easy, outward skirt.

THIS whole list takes in only a few of the many, many ready-to-wear outfits around town that I wish to parage, inasmuch as I find them sipid and full of ertia. —LOIS LONG

•

NIGHT THOUGHT

Trying to fall asleep
is like trying to catch
yourself unawares, or trying
not to think of something,
or trying to fall
in love or out of love.
Some things will not yield.
Trying not to think of something
is like trying to fall
asleep, or trying to catch
yourself unawares, or trying
to fall in or out of love
with someone who will not yield.
Yielding is like not thinking
of something or someone,
and without yielding
there is no catching yourself
unawares, and no falling
in love or out of love,
and trying to yield
is like trying to fall
asleep, or trying not to.

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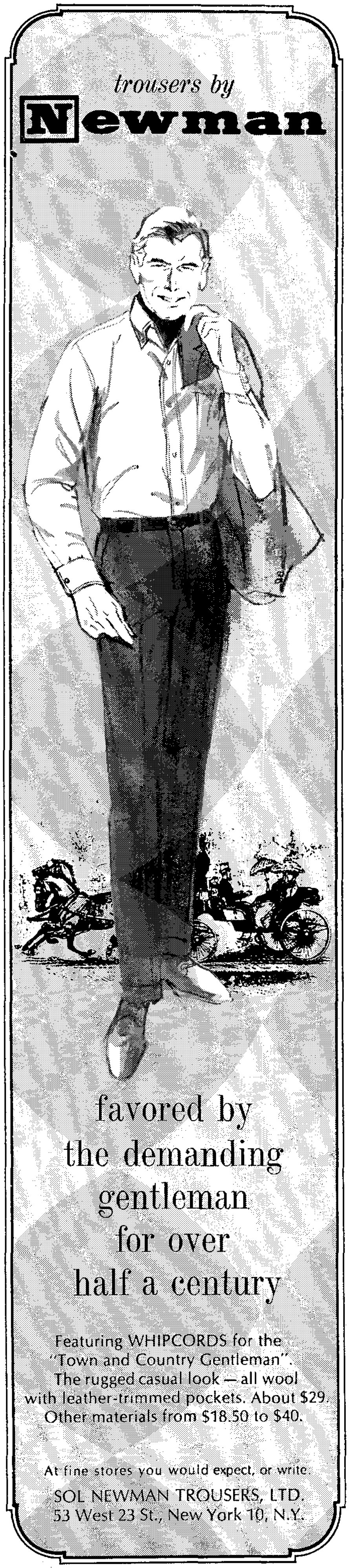

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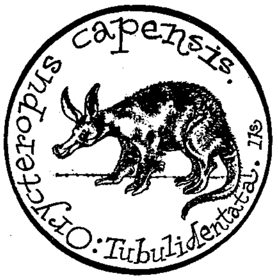
NOTES FOR A GAZETTEER

XLVIII—SANTA FE, N. M.

ALT., 6,950. Pop., 33,394. The favorite sport of the residents of Santa Fe is acculturation. Any number can play, and everybody does. "This town is composed of human vacuum cleaners," a Santa Fe ceramist recently told a visitor. "They go around sucking up elements of all the different cultures that are jumbled together out here." The result is a new species, known to observers of the Santa Fe scene as Santa Fe Man. Santa Fe Man exhibits the results of many layers of acculturation. He may have originated in, say, Toledo, Ohio (a high proportion of Santa Fe Men are transplants), but after a few months in the heady tribal ambience of Santa Fe he has shed most of his former characteristics and assumed entirely new ones. He lives in an adobe house, with thick, rich-brown mud-treated outer walls. Even at the height of summer, it is cool within; the whitewashed interior walls do not absorb the heat of the New Mexican sun. A small, Spanish-style wooden gate may separate his house by a quarter of an inch or more from the street. He wears sandals, eats from earthenware bowls, and lives in the midst of what might be mistaken for the site of a busy archeological dig. In the adobe, artifacts abound—Zuñi pots, katchina dolls, Pueblo plates, photographs of grim-faced Indians (many in profile), bright-colored blankets, bits of silver jewelry shaped like squash blossoms, and so on. A guitar or two may be leaning against a wall. He and the dirndled Santa Fe Woman with whom he shares the adobe speak an argot part Conquistador, part Po-Pe, part Abstract Expressionism, and part Toledo Holdover. Their speech is studded with references to MAY-sahs (mesas), poo-EB-lohs (pueblos), REE-ohs (rios), VEE-gahs (vigas), de-KOON-ings (de Koonings), KEE-vahs (kivas), La Fonda (La Fonda), Los Alamos (Los Alamos), and free-HOH-less (frijoles). Frijoles are beans.



Orycteropus capensis.
O: Tubulidentata.
Ill.

Modern Santa Fe Man is inclined to spend a considerable amount of time on and around Canyon Road, a steep thoroughfare that rises behind the center of town—behind the plaza, the La Fonda hotel, the post office, and the cathedral—and, for its first mile or so, is crowded with shops, art galleries, and restaurants. The road twists upward in the general direction of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, past what are referred to by Santa Fe Man as "piñon-studded foothills." Merely to call these foothills "foothills," and let it go at that, would be considered extremely bad taste; they are "piñon-studded." It is part of the culture. Art predominates along Canyon Road. "Everybody is expressing himself, all over the place," a Santa Fe resident remarked the other day. "People feel free to let themselves go on Canyon Road. Nobody is being held down on Canyon Road." Not long ago, a visitor to Santa Fe, eager to absorb as much of the intellectual stimulation as his system could tolerate, drove his car part way up the hill, parked it, and walked around for a while. In a trice, he found himself dizzied by the variety of cultural outpourings. He passed Pamper House ("Poodle Grooming, by Appointment"), Taos Contemporary ("Massive Medieval Character in Contemporary Furniture for the Interior"), the Studio at 717½ Canyon ("Art for the Moderate Modern"), Trash and Treasures, Interior Accents, and Santiago's Market (serving tamales, cool drinks, and desserts, to the accompaniment of recorded guitar music). Pushing on, he was all but floored by the countless displays of abstractions and pop-art efforts in adobe studios (the artists, mostly bearded, hovered nearby, scrutinizing him with expressions compounded of suspicion, disdain, pride, and dishevelled avarice), and by the vases, the small wooden giraffes, the small carved Buddhas, the small wooden cavemen, the carved angels, burros, oxen, and pioneer figures, the bracelets, candlesticks, plates, chairs, dolls, bird cages, bowls, spoons, and teakwood stands, the gas lamps, the paperbacks, the china frogs, the dugout canoes, and the Good Luck Trolls. He bought a Good Luck Troll, as a hedge against inflation.

LOS ALAMOS, with its closely guarded nuclear secrets, lies only about thirty miles northwest of Santa Fe, but Santa Fe Man is not much affected by its proximity. He is dimly aware that "something is going on up there" that might either preserve his particular layer of civilization or blow it to bits, but

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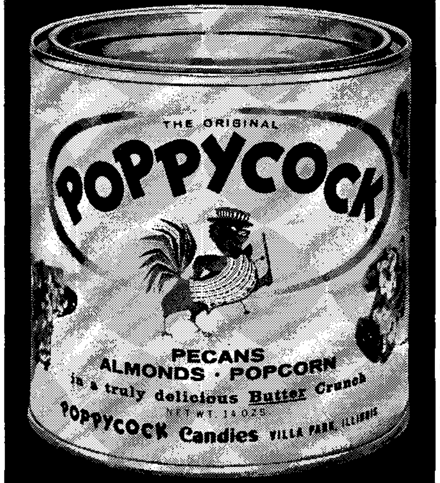
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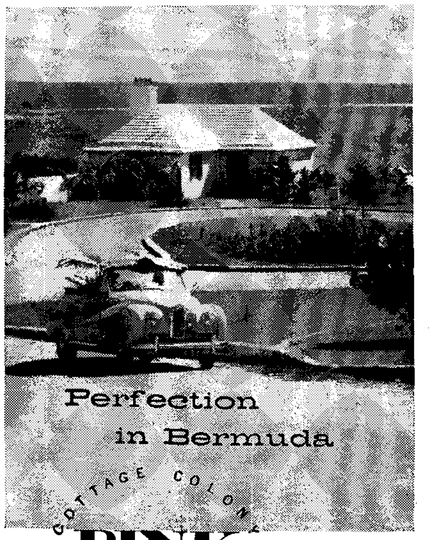
he is too busy tending his adobe, and keeping it culturally *au courant,* to bother much about nuclear refinements. Santa Fe takes pride in its outdoor opera house, strikingly situated on a hilltop outside town, in the direction of Los Alamos; from the site, on clear, crisp nights, the lights of Los Alamos can be seen shimmering in the distance. On occasions when "Don Giovanni" has been presented, there has been a noticeable stirring in the audience at the close of the opera, when the Don goes to Hell amid steam, fire, and assorted explosions. People twitch restlessly, then stiffen in their seats and ask their neighbors, "Anything go off up at Los Alamos?" For the most part, Santa Fe Man has come to live with the idea of having Los Alamos next door, and now hopes, without giving the matter much thought, that nothing will jiggle the delicate pottery displayed in a long line by strangely silent Indians in front of the Palace of the Governors, or shake up the Navajo sand paintings in the Museum of Navajo Ceremonial Art, not far from Canyon Road. A nuclear explosion would inflict considerable damage on a Navajo sand painting.

Santa Fe and Los Alamos come together at the Interstate Industrial Laundry, which occupies a cluster of modern cinder-block buildings on the outskirts of Santa Fe and specializes in the washing and decontaminating of garments that have become radioactive while being worn by employees at Los Alamos and similar installations. Interstate Industrial does not press garments; if it is sent a classified pair of overalls, it feels it is doing enough in returning them decontaminated, so all radioactive clothing attended to by Interstate Industrial comes back rough-dry. Interstate claims that it operates the longest laundry route in the nation; its lead-lined trucks travel thirty-two hundred miles a week to pick up wash from ten major installations—from Albuquerque and San Diego and Los Angeles as well as Los Alamos. The Los Alamos authorities got out of the laundry business seven years ago; they had been laundering for eighteen years, and had worked out a system whereby garments could be decontaminated over and over, and the waste disposed of. Interstate's radiation-washing activities (it also does industrial washing for service stations and soft-drink companies, in a separate area, where a spot is just a spot) take place in a specially designed and constructed building. Signs on the door to the contaminated-wash section read, "KEEP OUT. RADIATION AREA." People who enter slip



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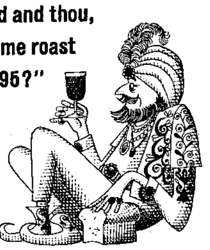

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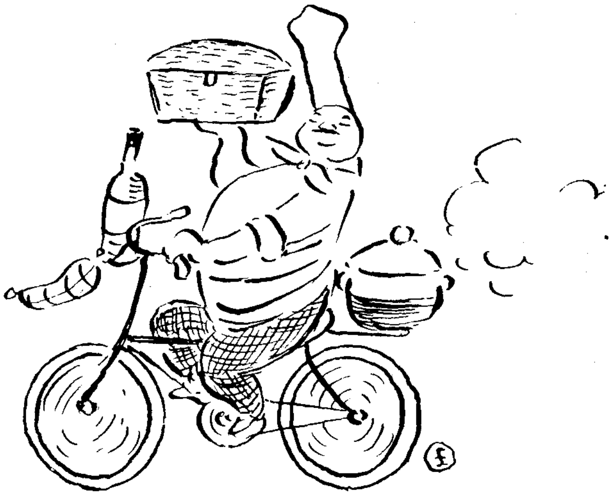
into floppy canvas shoes, rubber gloves, and laboratory coats; small badges attached to their laboratory coats contain pieces of film to register degrees of radiation. Employees wear respirators when they are putting laboratory clothing in washing machines. Floors are washed three times a day; all employees shower once a day, some twice. "Los Alamos deals with plutonium, which has a half life of twenty-four thousand years," a man at the laundry recently told a radiation-free guest. "We get a good deal of clothing down from Los Alamos, and we are concerned with alpha, beta, and gamma." He smiled. "Funny thing," he said. "Uranium doesn't hold a candle to plutonium when it comes to radiation, although its waves can jump farther." His guest, who was standing near a table piled high with white jackets, jumped farther. The problem of decontaminating garments has to do less with actually washing them than with disposing of the water in which they have been washed. Interstate has risen to the challenge with a series of diluting processes and a series of filtration operations, the water first being diluted to laboratory-approved levels and then being discharged into pits. Interstate waves Geiger counters over piles of laundry before eventually placing them in polyethylene bags, which, in their turn, are placed in fibre drums, which are then shipped back in the lead-lined trucks to the nuclear installations, where, presumably, the clothes become contaminated all over again. The Interstate people are outwardly casual about their work, but they are fully aware that they are not washing bibs.

TODAY'S Santa Fe Man does not have to travel far to see remains of civilizations created by earlier Santa Fe Men. Everybody has been gone for more than four hundred years from the nearby site now known as Bandelier National Monument, on the Pajarito Plateau, in the deep and awesome Frijoles Canyon, but sufficient ruins are visible to make it clear that Canyon Road had clear-cut antecedents. Pueblo Indians lived on the Pajarito Plateau from approximately the thirteenth century until the middle of the sixteenth century. They had originally moved there from the Colorado Plateau (where they had lived for a millennium), because of harrowing droughts; they found the noncontaminated waters of the Upper Rio Grande Valley suitable for their purposes, and washed their clothing in clear water without the aid of rubber gloves. Some built



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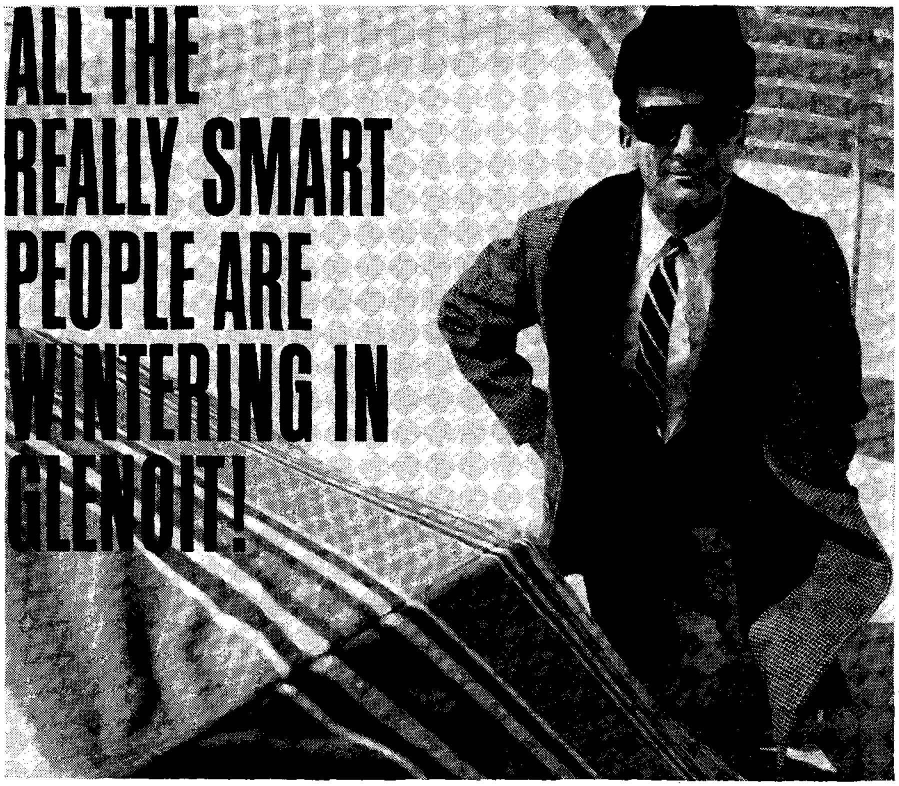
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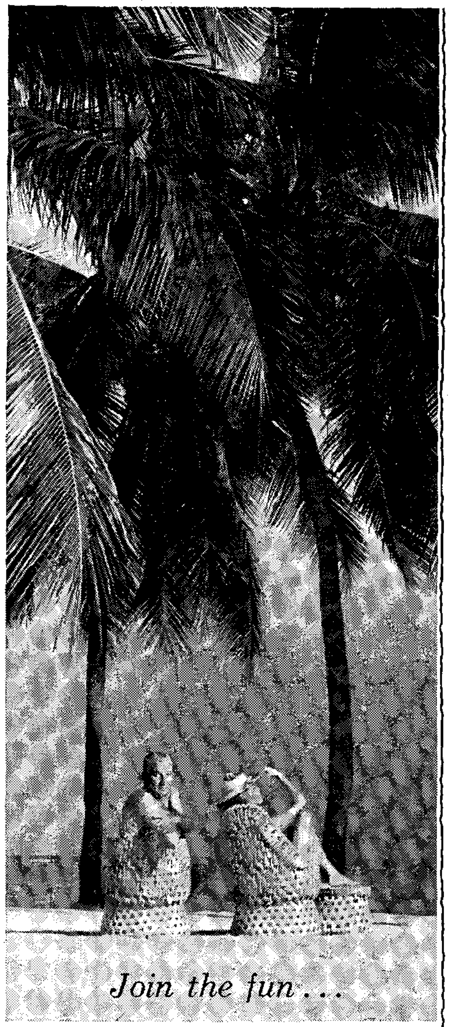

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huge, circular three-story structures, on the order of apartment houses, with as many as four hundred rooms. Others went up and lived in the caves that line the canyon, either holing into one-room and two-room suites or taking space in immense connected canyonside dwellings with as many as three hundred rooms. Scattered throughout the dwellings were kivas, or ceremonial rooms, used for the most sacred religious rites, for healing the sick, and for school purposes. Life on the side of the hill afforded some of the pleasures and pains of living along Canyon Road; people ate, slept, carved petroglyphs, painted pictographs, and watched other people amble by (when they weren't farming) either to admire or to criticize the artwork. It was no place for the fastidious; everybody was too close to everybody else. Everybody is gone now. There are those who say that the Pueblo Indians moved away because of overpopulation, and there are those who attribute their departure to crop failure or ravaging diseases. In any event, by 1580 all the apartments were for rent. Modern Santa Fe Man, tearing himself away from Canyon Road, visits Bandelier in stunned, reflective silence. He tends to preserve much the same silence when he visits one of the five or six modern pueblos, or Indian villages, that are less than an hour's drive from Santa Fe. He carefully avoids the kivas, and says absolutely nothing as he stands looking around at the dusty central plaza, surrounded by dusty adobe houses. The pueblos themselves, on ordinary days, are as silent as cave dwellings, and, except for an occasional Indian child playing quietly outdoors, might be deserted. Many Santa Fe Men make frequent trips to San Ildefonso Pueblo (on the road to Los Alamos and Bandelier) to admire the pottery of Maria Martínez, universally known just as Maria, a strikingly handsome woman in her eighties who is internationally celebrated for the beauty of her bowls and jars and plates, and especially for her burnished black pottery with designs in dull black. Maria's black-on-black work is treasured by many museums. About forty-five years ago, she and her husband, who has since died, rediscovered an ancient method of making black-on-black pottery, and she still uses it, working without the aid of a wheel and fashioning everything with her hands. Her son, Popovi-Da, puts the designs on the pottery. Maria still occasionally travels throughout the Southwest to attend trade fairs, and is likely to show up almost anywhere in Ari-

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zona or New Mexico with her stunning products. Back at the pueblo, all is quiet.

Modern Santa Fe Man often seems to visitors to the area to be vaguely uneasy and disturbed, as though the weight of living so close to so many things older than he, and basically alien, had jarred his footwork. "A large number of people come out here, toward the close of their lives, or to 'do a little creative work' or to 'find themselves,' " a Santa Fe resident said not long ago. "Many who are trying to find themselves feel that they have lost something somewhere else, and that perhaps down in Indian country they can connect with stable values. They have a marked tendency to identify with Indians; in fact, the Indians seem to have a mystical hold over them. Lots of these people just look at an Indian and say they feel better. Very few people ask the Indian how *he* feels when he looks at *them*." Most Santa Fe Men make a point of attending at least one Indian ceremonial dance each year, at some nearby pueblo, to refresh themselves and reëstablish their values. Among the most popular of the dances is the Corn Dance at Santo Domingo Pueblo, about thirty miles south of Santa Fe along a road that skirts the nuclear laundry. On the day of the dance, the Indians collect as much as four thousand dollars in parking fees. This makes the *Indians* feel better. For days beforehand, they have engaged in private religious services in their kivas, and now they crowd into the long rectangle that is the center of the pueblo, and, if they are not dancing, climb onto the roofs of the adobe houses around it. Visitors stand wherever they can find space or sit wherever they can snare a seat. The spectacle follows patterns laid down centuries ago. The white man's time sense is soon lost, and he is cast adrift in something deep and strange. The dance continues throughout the day, with men, women, and children dancing in steady rhythm, breaking up into new formations, and falling back into old ones, as drummers maintain the ancient tempos. The women are barefooted and wear wooden tablets on their heads. Choruses cry out for clouds to bring rain; tall, willowy banners with eagle and macaw feathers attached are waved back and forth; more Indians emerge from the circular subterranean kiva at one end of the rectangle; elders sit under a shelter of boughs, silently watching; strange painted figures called Koshari race in and out among the dancers. Some white men say that the Koshari are clowns; others say that they represent the spirits of the dead. Who

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"Lonely?" he said, almost defiantly. "Why should I be? I have the sea, my books, a string quartet almost finished." He paused. "I lack only one thing," he added softly. "And that is . . . ?" she asked, turning from the wind, the fine sea spray leaving glistening droplets on her Cos Cob dress, a pure mohair in blue and white with red piping. Junior Petite sizes 3-13. About $18 at fine stores.

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knows? White men can be seen standing for hours at a time observing and absorbing the dance, which flows on and on. Sooner or later, the white man's feet begin to beat time to the drums. His unease rises. Nothing that is being done can possibly be made clear to him. Tiny Indian children join in the dance. Dust rises in the rectangle. The Indians continue to dance, the drums continue to beat. White men often find themselves feeling choked, and wander outside the ceremonial rectangle for a hot dog or a cool drink or some potato chips, or to buy some Indian bread or pottery or jewelry being sold by local and visiting Indians. There is a brisk trade in souvenirs around the edges of a Corn Dance; everybody seems to be selling something or other on a horizontal Canyon Road. Wherever the white man goes in the pueblo, though, he can still hear the incessant beat of the dance as it moves toward its climax. He may wander over to a carnival that has been set up in a nearby field, with dart games, Ferris wheels, sideshows, and an improvised dance pavilion in the form of a canvas-topped wooden platform. Here, a short distance from the ceremonial dance itself, young Indians are absorbing something from the white man; acculturation is a two-way street as they strum rock-'n'-roll tunes on electric guitars, and young Indian girls in cotton dresses dance with other young Indian girls. "Yeah, yeah, yeah!" cry the guitar-strumming Indians, and the girls swing into a speeded-up version of the ceremonial dance. Hands and bodies seem to be seeking the ancient rhythms but to be unable to find them in the shrill music. "Yeah, yeah, yeah!" cry the boys with the guitars, and the girls twirl in their cotton dresses. The cries of the barkers occasionally drown out the steady, wavelike sounds from the big tribal dance in the rectangle, but only for a moment. Then one hears once again the steady beat of the ancient drum. The white men eat their hot dogs and wander back. The dance is still going on, and goes on as though it might continue until the end of time. At the close of the day, though, the dance does end, and the white men climb back into their cars, leave the parking lot, follow the dusty road to the main highway, and go home to their adobes, looking as sad as sad can be.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*Headline in the Christian Science Monitor*]

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(Bracing, yes. Invigorating, yes. Refreshingly fragrant, yes. But Miracle Water? Come now.)

On October 8, 1792, one of the monks gave his closest friend an unusual wedding gift: the secret formula for Aqua Admirabilis. The friend was a young banker named Mülhens, from the city of Cologne.

Soon young Mülhens began preparing the formula in a little house on Glockengasse (Bell Lane) across the street from the Cologne stage coach station.

Travelers used to drop over for a bottle or two, and soon word spread all over Europe. The monk's gift became Europe's favorite cologne; an honor it still holds.

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In fact, in Europe, both men and women have used 4711 since 1792; with an amazing concurrence of opinion.

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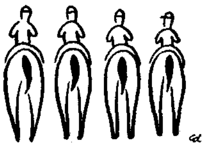
THE RACE TRACK

The Younger Set



AMONG the easier triumphs of the Wheatley Stable's filly Queen Empress was winning the Frizette Stakes at Aqueduct last Saturday. At the start, Marshua popped out of the stall gate and in a dozen strides established a lead that seemed unassailable, but on the turn for home she tired (the race was at a mile), and Queen Empress, who had been galloping along smoothly, swept past her to win by a length. Money to Burn was third. Presently, there was an inquiry, and Marshua was disqualified for having crowded Money to Burn in the run down the backstretch, so Money to Burn was moved up to second place and Marshua dropped back to third. It was Queen Empress's seventh victory—and her fifth in a stakes race—in twelve starts, and she has earned $188,190 in prize money. She heads the list of two-year-old fillies now that Candalita is out of the picture. As for Candalita, put her down as a victim of the stall gate She swerved sharply at the start of the Astarita Stakes a fortnight ago, struck the machine, and chipped a sliver of bone from her right knee. The injury isn't serious, but Jim Conway, who trains her for Darby Dan Farm, says she is through for the year.

AS I've noted before, our two-year-old colts are not a vintage lot; in fact, you can count on the fingers of one hand those who are within seven pounds of Bold Lad. However, earlier last Saturday afternoon I saw a first-time starter who impressed critical observers as having great potential. This was Eurasian, by Swaps out of Manihiki. A chestnut colt with four white feet, he's a handsome, powerful fellow—bigger than some three-year-olds—and he radiates quality and well-being. Though he broke greenly, he settled down quickly and won easily over the seven-furlong route from a dozen runners of his age. Whether George Widener, who owns him, will start him against Bold Lad in the Champagne Stakes on Saturday or depend entirely on Cornish Prince, who also won the other day, is still uncertain as this is written. Whatever the decision, Eurasian is certainly worth re-

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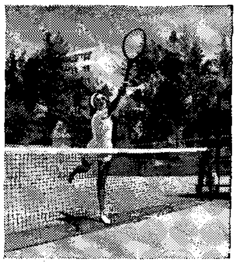

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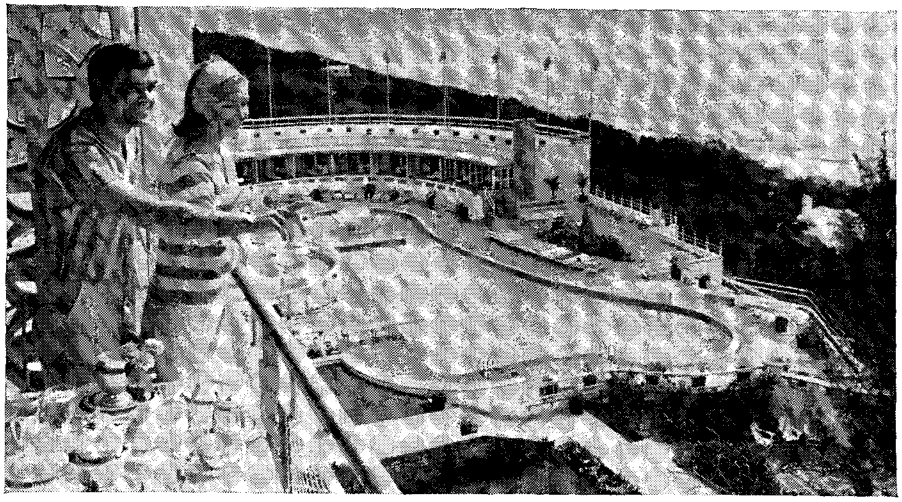

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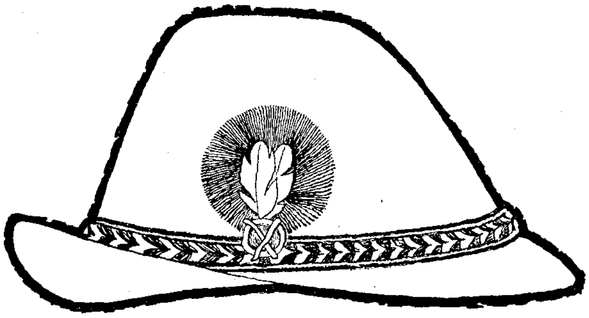

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TRIBUNO Vermouth

membering. At any rate, Tom Rolfe, who picked off the Cowdin Stakes early last week—and that was a smart performance, too—will pass up a meeting with Bold Lad in the Champagne. He won't run in Florida this winter, either. Raymond Guest, his owner, feels that since Tom Rolfe is on the small side, he should have every opportunity to grow and develop. The colt, as you may know, is by Ribot, Europe's wonder horse, and so, as you might guess from his name, is Ribot's Fling, another winner that afternoon.

SPEAKING of Ribot, still another of his sons won the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, France's richest race, two weekends ago. This was Prince Royal II, who is owned by Rex Ellsworth. Twenty-four animals ran, and it was a rowdydow scramble over the mile-and-a-half course at Longchamp, Prince Royal II winning by less than a length from Santa Claus, with La Bamba third. Timmy Lad, an American-bred, sired by Tim Tam and owned by Mrs. P. A. B. Widener, was fourth. As usual, there was a spate of disappointments—among them Le Fabuleux, the winner of the French Derby. He was the favorite, and he came in fourteenth, just ahead of Ragusa, who was the best three-year-old over there last season. Mr. Ellsworth, who has an eye for foreign-breds, bought Prince Royal II three weeks before the race, at a reported price of $350,000. Since the winner's share of the purse was roughly $223,000, the colt was something of a bargain. He's a three-year-old bay, and, as I say, his daddy was Ribot, who won the Arc in 1955 and 1956, and who also sired the 1961 winner, Molvedo. Prince Royal II's mother is Pange, an English mare.

ALL the high-priced yearlings aren't sold at Keeneland and Saratoga. At E. P. Taylor's sale at Windfields Farm, near Toronto, last week, Jean Louis Levesque, a Quebec industrialist who is also the president of the Blue Bonnets track, in Montreal, gave $100,000 for a full sister of Northern Dancer, who, in case you've forgotten, won the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness, and the Queen's Plate. The price was tops for Canada.

THIS department is delighted tha Don Meade, a top race ride twenty years ago, has been granted license to train. Racing has missed him.

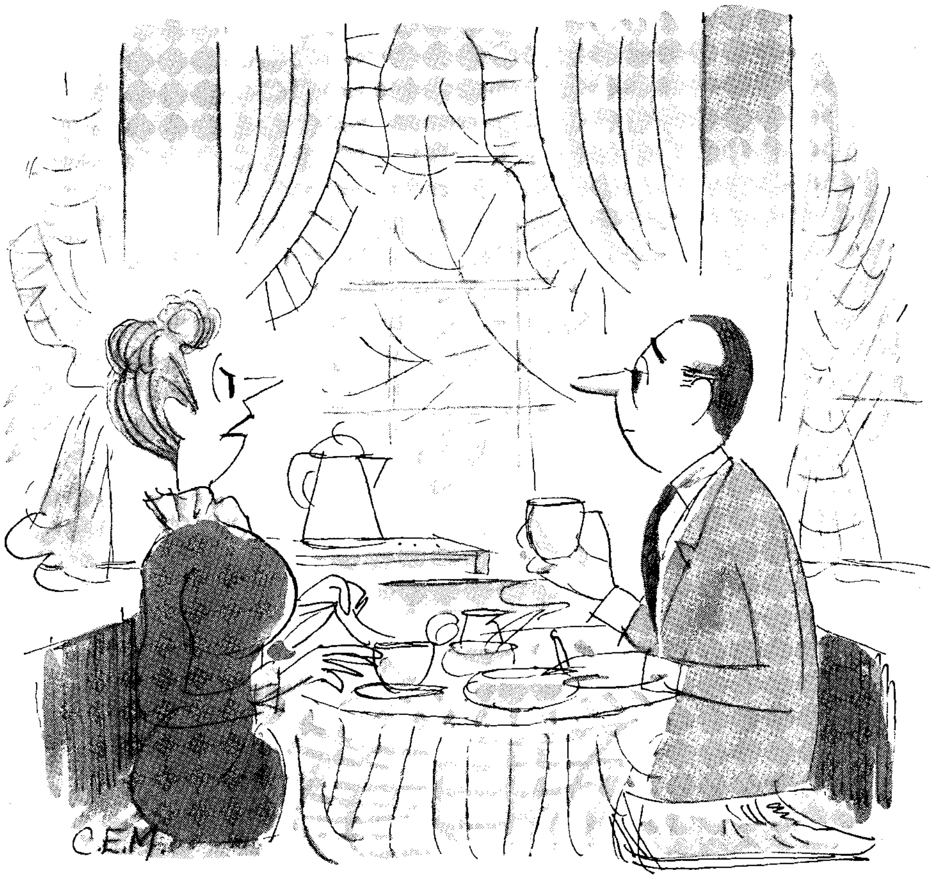
—AUDAX MINO

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE CAMPAIGN: JOHNSON

EARLY this month, I spent several days in the Middle West and the upper South observing President Johnson as he campaigned in municipal plazas and on street corners, in auditoriums large and small, in banquet halls elegant and shabby, at airports and parking lots, on public-school playgrounds and university campuses. It was his first sustained tour, and the first in which he acknowledged that he was doing "political business" and no other kind. Everywhere he went, he appealed to Democrats, Republicans, and all other enfranchised Americans to put aside their differences, abide by the Golden Rule, and keep him in the White House, where, he said, he could be counted upon to do "anything that is honorable" in order to avoid "mashing that button that will blow up the world." He would, he said, pick up the phone whenever it rang at his end of the "hot line" and commend to Khrushchev, or whoever else was calling, the late Sam Rayburn's first rule of statesmanship: "Just a minute—let's have a look at this and think it through." There were times on this trip when one could not avoid speculating about what might happen if the "hot line" chanced to be ringing at the moment. The crowds had torn the antennas from the rolling bomb shelter that has been made of the Lincoln Continental in which John F. Kennedy died, and as often as not Lyndon Johnson, to the horror of local policemen, was far out in the crowd, working it like a popcorn vender seized with a mad passion to make a fortune in a day. There were times, too, when it seemed as if he were determined to render himself physically ncapable of "mashing" anything, or even of lifting a phone from its cradle. Human hands have seldom taken such punishment as his have taken in recent weeks. He apparently wants to turn he entire United States into one great ranscontinental reception line. Several hours of each working day are devoted o clutching the hands of all within haking distance. His boarding-house each enables him to make it over three r four bodies for midair rendezvous with the upstretched hands of wellwishers. Those whose hands cannot onnect with his may find his fingers ghtly touching their scalps or their houlders, or at least fluttering close o their eyes. Where crowds are kept behind barriers (a restraint on freedom that he seems to deplore and may someday abolish), he covers about a hundred yards of crushed humanity in a little over a minute—with a grip and a smile, and now and then a word for those who came early enough to make the first few rows, and with a faith healer's touch for the slugabeds toward the rear. I have seen him with four hands in his own right one and another four in his left. He wishes to shake even the hand that is not proffered. On a dark, raw night at the airport in Louisville, I stood behind a line of eminent Kentucky Democrats who had come out to greet him as he deplaned from Air Force One. My eyes and ears were absorbed by the rite I was witnessing, and my hands were enjoying the relative warmth of my topcoat pockets when, all of a sudden, a long Presidential arm shot toward me, removed my right hand from my right pocket, clasped it, and returned it to me. Kentucky Democrats are a feuding lot, and he could have thought, seeing me as I stood back in the shadows, that I was some kind of dissident who might be brought into line by his friendly gesture. I doubt, though, whether he had time for such reasoning. I rather think that the gesture was purely reflexive—a reflex conditioned by the conviction that no hand can possibly have a good reason for secluding itself when a President's eager, affectionate hand is near. Bruises, swellings, and lacerations are the price he pays for this and related convictions. At each day's end, which is generally the next day's beginning, late callers are treated to a display of the stigmata not yet concealed by bandages. They signify, though, not suffering or sacrifice but accomplishment.

The President's quest is for votes. He would like about seventy million of them from the people and five hundred and thirty-eight from the Electoral College. It has been suggested that if he learned on the morning of November 4th that he had lost ten states, he might decline to serve, saying that he just didn't want to be President unless he could be President of *all* the people. The jest says something about his temperament. He delights in large crowds, because he sees in them a large popular



"Franklin, if you tell me one more time how many shaves you get out of your Wilkinson Sword blades, I'll leave you."

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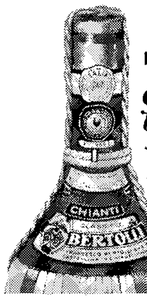

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vote. The reasoning may be faulty—though it is hard to find wherein it may be flawed when in a place like Springfield, Illinois (pop. 83,000, and largely Republican), he saw twenty-five thousand people, or more than Barry Goldwater encountered on the same day as he campaigned and motorcaded all the way from Atlantic City to Teaneck, in New Jersey. Johnson, though, does not measure success merely by the size of the turnouts. He is eager to demonstrate to others, and perhaps to himself, that he has with the masses of the American people what he has lately taken to calling "rapport"—a word that has often been used in articles and speeches to describe something he lacks. It is said that he is short on charisma and has yet to win a large, secure place in the hearts of his countrymen. Scholars, journalists, clergymen, and fellow-politicians have compared his standing among the people with that of Dwight Eisenhower, John Kennedy, and others, and the comparisons have seldom favored Lyndon Johnson. He has found this displeasing, and one of his purposes is to see to it that more favorable comparisons will henceforth be drawn. To this end, he has not been above contriving the kind of display he wants. No determined candidate is ever above this kind of contrivance, and on the score of determination no candidate has ever surpassed this one. Orders go out from the White House to deliver bodies for rallies as well as votes for election—and the bodies are to be happy, full-throated, placard-bearing vessels. The President, who is the mastermind of his own campaign, is attentive to details of every kind. Impressed by the effect created—on him, at least—by placards crudely hand-lettered with slogans coined by their makers ("TWENTY PER CENT FEWER CAVITIES WITH JOHNSON" and "SELL TVA? I'D SOONER SELL ARIZONA"), he recently, according to the sworn deposition of an eavesdropping correspondent, instructed an assistant to "get a lot more of those homemade signs made."

No amount of contrivance, however, could bring out crowds of the kind he was getting when I travelled with him. The best that the best of politicians can do is to round up the city-hall and courthouse hangers-on and pensioners, their friends and families, and schoolchildren whose teachers and principals have been persuaded—with perhaps a little talk about bond issues and the need for higher salaries—that seeing a President or a Presidential candi-

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date is a civics lesson in itself. Pressure can bring out the nucleus of a crowd but not a true crowd. The Johnson crowds I have seen have been gigantic—often totalling, by the most skeptical of estimates, better than fifty per cent of the population center in which they have formed. (The estimate accepted by most newspapers for Des Moines, which has a population of 209,000, was 175,000.) By almost all indexes of support and enthusiasm of which I am aware, they measured up to any crowds I have ever seen. Some admirers of General Eisenhower or Adlai Stevenson may not be altogether happy when their ears are assailed by the fourth chorus of "Hello, Lyndon!," but one has the impression that they are moved to greater efforts this year than any they made in 1952 or 1956. Patently, the sight of Lyndon Johnson does not produce the raptures in teenage girls that the sight of his predecessor produced four years ago. Johnson is, after all, a father figure, as Eisenhower was and as General de Gaulle is, and those who respond to him seem to want to gain his approval and to hear his counsel. They give him their own approval even when he appears to be scolding and issuing orders—when he is telling them it is time to "quit our big talk and our bragging" and get on with the serious business of electing "Lyndon Johnson and Hubert Humphrey by the greatest landslide." To all outward appearances, he has as much "rapport" as any candidate in the postwar period. And he is determined that everyone shall believe this and spread word of it. Once, after he had already gone the length of a screaming crowd behind an airport fence, he spotted a journalist who had lately expressed doubt about the popular esteem in which the President was held. "Come over here," he said. "I saw what you wrote about my not having rapport, and now I'm just going to show you something." Propelling the journalist along, he went back to the roaring crowd, allowed his hand to be mangled a bit more, and said, "Now, how about that?"

It is generally considered good form for incumbent Presidents to campaign from the White House. They can get as much publicity there as they can get touring the provinces, and the electorate, it is believed, feels that a sitting President ought to sit. For a time, in late summer, the word from the White House was that Johnson planned very little in the way of active campaigning. He would attend to pressing affairs

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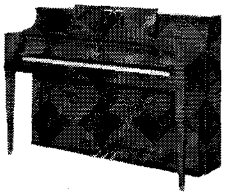

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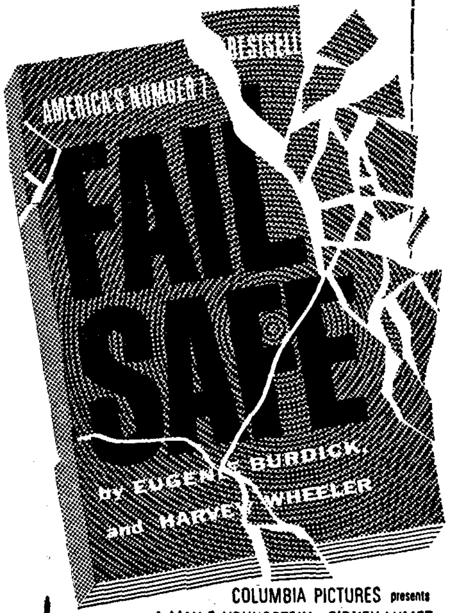
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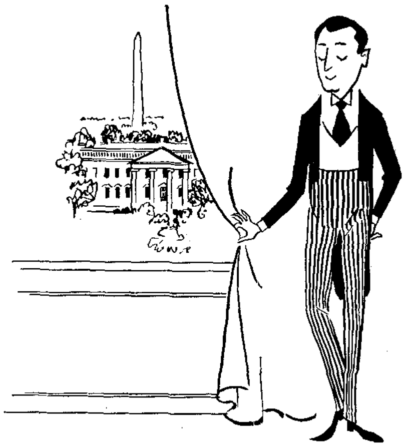
of state and let that indefatigable talker Hubert Humphrey do most of the talking for the Democratic side. Now he has mounted a travelling campaign of unparalleled ferocity. Kennedy worked long hours in 1960, talked himself hoarse day after day, and often went to bed with aching, bloody hands. It was an impressive performance, but not as impressive as Johnson's. Kennedy flew about in the family Convair, which in any given period of time was able to cover only about a third of the distance that Johnson covers in the *Presidential Boeing 707*. Kennedy's handshaking was mainly done where the clusters of humanity were small and reasonably manageable—picnickers along the road, children turned out from country schools, families gathered to watch at minor traffic intersections. Johnson plunges into whopping, surging, frightening crowds. A half-hour speech was an uncommonly long one for Kennedy. Johnson's speeches are rarely that short, and he now and then runs on, almost in the Latin manner, for an hour and a half. He is campaigning as if he were an almost hopeless underdog—an attitude that leads his travelling companions to shudder at the thought of what lengths he might go to, what prodigies of combat he might perform if he actually believed that Barry Goldwater had much chance of winning. He does not in fact believe anything of the sort. Although he occasionally warns of the perils of overconfidence, he more often talks as if an enormous victory were assured, and as if the only remaining questions were the magnitude of the impending triumph and the uses to which it should be put. He wants it to be as large as possible, but this does not altogether explain his present behavior. He can have little reason for thinking that he is really broadening the base of his support by turning up everywhere; the most he is doing is demonstrating how broad it already is. But that demonstration, according to him, is most effectively made in the opinion polls he is always feasting his eyes on (in the White House, he has them graphically translated into bright-colored charts on huge pieces of pasteboard) and is pleased to discuss with every friendly visitor. The victory he hopes to duplicate—Franklin Roosevelt's reëlection in 1936—was won at very little cost in Presidential energy. No doubt the explanation for Johnson's feverish campaigning lies partly in his desire to confound his critics by displaying, to their chagrin and his own gratification, his "rapport" with the people.



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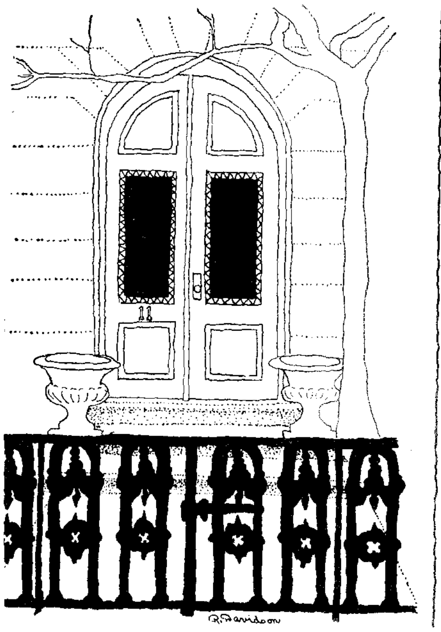
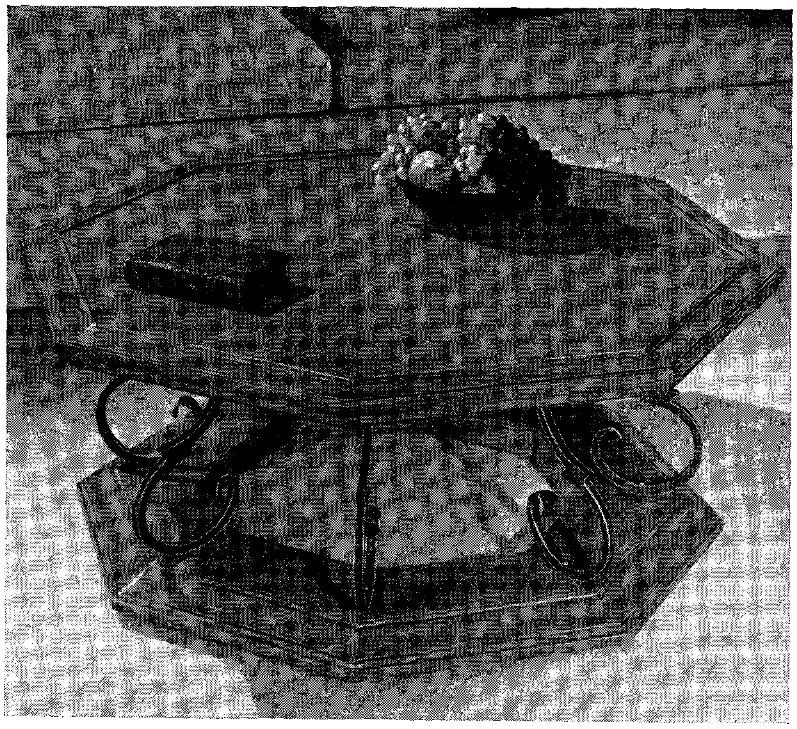
Partly, too, it may lie in a feeling of political deprivation. He did not win the Presidency but inherited it, and now he wishes not only to be elected in his own right but also to experience for himself the transports of a national campaign. Harry Truman may have felt something of the sort as he prepared to stump the country in 1948, but Truman, of course, had more compelling reasons for taking to the road. His party was split—there were defections on his left to Henry A. Wallace, and on his right to J. Strom Thurmond—and the polls showed him running behind Thomas E. Dewey. In any case, Johnson's campaign is reminiscent more of Harry Truman's than of any other within memory.

The resemblances between the two men are mainly superficial. Johnson is an infinitely more complicated man than Truman; his political instincts are surer and subtler than Truman's ever were, and are informed by light-years more experience and accumulated knowledge. Where Truman was blunt, Johnson is cunning. Truman is an authentic provincial, while Johnson is a worldling who sometimes masquerades as a rustic. But both have back-country manners, and each, unlike anyone else who has sought the Presidency in the last three decades, can claim to be a true man of the people. For this campaign—or at least the parts of it I recently observed—the Johnson who is capable of being deeply hurt by complaints that he lacks John Kennedy's "style" has shucked his enormous sophistication to make the kind of homely appeals that Truman made in 1948. At times, even the language of the Truman campaign is echoed. "I don't want





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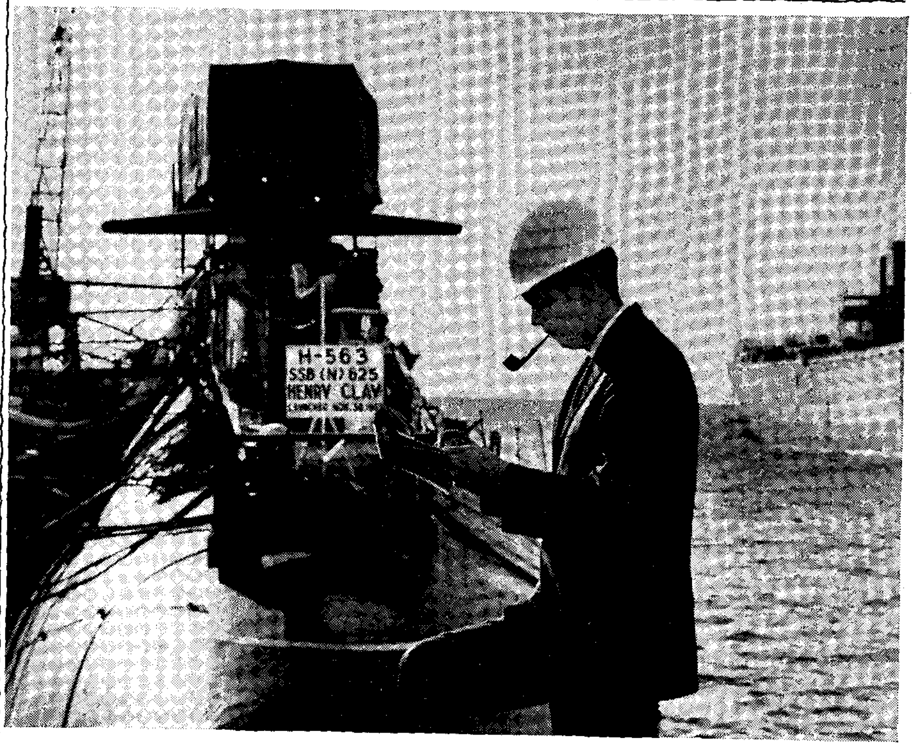

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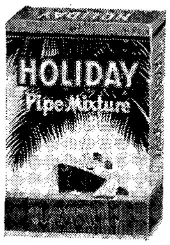

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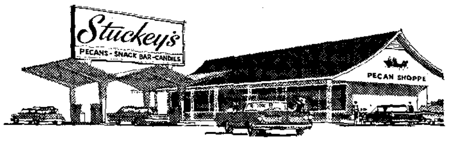

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you to vote for me," Truman was saying sixteen years ago, at county seats and railroad division points all across the country. "I want you to get out on Election Day and vote for yourselves. Vote for your own interests, your own part of the country, your own friends." It seemed at the time a rather parochial approach for a man who, as sponsor of the Marshall Plan and a number of other schemes for postwar recovery, had a large claim to recognition as a world statesman, but he made it anyway, and it worked, and Lyndon Johnson is making it now. "Don't you vote for Grandpa or Brother-in-Law or anything else," he says. "You vote for yourself. And get your friends and your uncles and your cousins and your aunts to the polls to elect Lyndon Johnson and Hubert Humphrey."

"Don't let them take it away!" was Truman's cry, and it is Johnson's, too. "Is there anyone here who really wants to shift the gears now, to go into reverse?" he asks his audiences. "No, I don't propose to do away with Social Security. And I don't intend to make it voluntary. I want to keep it, and I want to keep all the other good things. And I want all of you to carry this message to the people. They have to know that all these things that they believe in, all these things that they fought for, all these things that they treasure and that they want to pass on to their children so that they can have a better life than they have had—they have to know that they can all go down the drain on November 3rd if you just sit in your rocking chair at home and don't vote." When Johnson is on tour and speaking to local audiences, his manner differs from Truman's mainly in his treatment of his opponents. Truman followed to the letter his friends' suggestion to "give 'em hell, Harry." To him, all Republicans were "mossbacks," and he never spoke of the national legislature, which was then dominated by Republicans, as anything but "that good-for-nothing, do-nothing Republican Eightieth Congress." Johnson, who would like to be an ecumenical President, unfailingly takes the line that he has at heart the best interests of all Republicans as well as of all Democrats and, as he sometimes puts it, of all the "whatnots." Of his opponent as an individual, he speaks in friendly terms—"I think well of him"—and of those around Goldwater he will say no more than "Some of them are pretty tense people. Some of them have blood in their eyes. They're impulsive." In the

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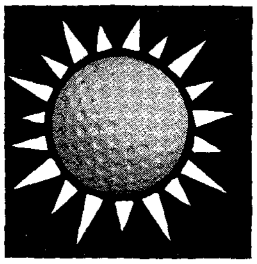

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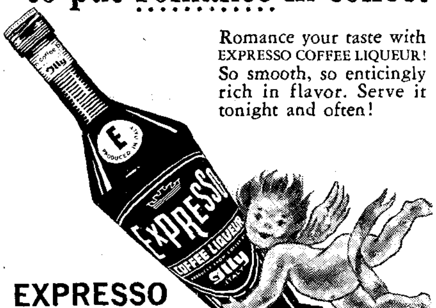

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MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION circumstances, it seems quite enough to say, since there is nothing about himself that he is more eager to prove than that he is calm, clear-eyed, circumspect, and—as he implausibly maintains all other Americans are—incapable of hatred. "We're a nation of lovers," he says in almost every speech, and "We know we're not going to win for America by talking about each ther, and using a lot of ugly names, nd slinging a lot of mud, and chewing n each other." In Indianapolis, he ade an impassioned impromptu plea or Christian forbearance and forgive-ess, saying, "Let's try to find the areas hich can unite America instead of the ew, petty things that divide America. Let's teach our children to love thy eighbor instead of hate each other, nd let's say to those men of little aith—let's say to those doubters and hose critics and those who are dis-ressed and those who are frustrated, nd those who are bitter—'Let's turn he other cheek.' Let's look up there nd say, 'God, forgive them, for they now not what they do.' " With a loody hand, he directed the attention f the crowd to the spire of Christ hurch.

AN incumbent President has many advantages, but one advantage hat his opponent generally has is in the election of campaign issues. In theory, he administration's record is always the rincipal matter under discussion, but n administration's record is never one hing but many, and the challenging andidate can usually decide what part f the record will be discussed. In for-ign policy, Johnson has taken the play way from Goldwater and made "nu-lear responsibility" the largest issue—r, at least, the issue that seems to be the rgest one currently in the minds of merican voters. But it is Goldwater ho has decided what domestic matters hall be discussed. The President report-d accurately on Goldwater's decision hen, in a speech in Cleveland, he said, The issue in our domestic affairs is hether the whole course of American evelopment up to this time is right or rong," and he went on to say, "I am st going to visit with you like you were ome folks, and I am going to talk with ou a few minutes about this domestic is- ue." The "few minutes" turned out to e approximately sixty, and he offered, s he had said he would, a defense of ocial Security, the T.V.A., minimum-age laws, the Federal Deposit Insur-nce Corporation, the United States ousing Authority, the Wagner Act,

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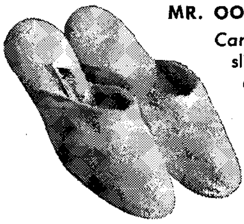

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the Securities and Exchange Commission, the Full Employment Act of 1946, the G.I. Bill of Rights, the Civil Rights Act of 1964, and the Kennedy-Johnson tax program. Goldwater is not on record as opposing all of these, but they are all part of the record he is challenging. The President's defense of them was spirited but hardly stimulating, and, except perhaps on civil rights and taxes, wildly irrelevant. He put in another half hour defending his favorable view of "nuclear responsibility," which was relevant, all right, but which in a saner time would seem a needless assurance by a President of the United States. He rambled on about it anyway, made his point, and got back to domestic affairs—the Area Redevelopment Act, the Manpower Act, the Trade Expansion Act—and then, close to the end of a seemingly endless evening, said, with what at the time seemed brilliant clarity, "I regret one thing deeply, and that is that this senseless argument about what has already been decided defeats what ought to be the purpose of this campaign. This campaign's purpose is to decide what our course is for the future. The argument shouldn't be between the present and the past. The argument ought to be about the present and the future." It was good to know that he would like to be playing in a better show.

—Richard H. Rovere

•

Q. I have always wondered why both the buyer and the seller have to pay commissions in a stock exchange transaction. In every other type of transaction I know of (real estate, for instance) only the seller pays the commission. Why are things different in the stock market?

A. Things aren't really that different. The theory behind it is relatively simple.

When agents for both the buyer and the seller perform services for their clients, *both agents are entitled to be paid for their efforts.*

That's what brokers are in stock exchange transactions—agents.

The buyer pays his agent a commission and the seller pays his brother a commission.—*Albany Knickerbocker News.*

You see? Simple.

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Kansas City Star*]

The farm home of Mr. and Mrs. John R. Pitt in Olathe was the scene August 30 of the marriage of their daughter, Suzan, and Mr. Alan E. Kraning, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ross H. Kraning of Winona, Minn. The ceremony was held at sunset and took place between two cottonwood trees, framed by white fence posts and slat gates. Tied to an ivory-ribboned stake was the Pitt family's white gelding, Champ, his mane and tail tied with ivory ribbon.

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE MONKEY WATCHER, by Robert Towers (Harcourt, Brace & World). Mr. Towers dispenses neither pity nor blame as he calls upon us to see how easy it is for a man to wreck his peace of mind forever and ever, with never a chance in this life of an exonerating "Amen." At fifty-two, Arthur Brubeck is an extremely nice, well-to-do, distinguished-looking American gentleman who has always known only the right people and done only the right thing. After twenty years of serene marriage, Arthur is still in love with his cold, loyal, wistful English-born wife, Olivia. Now Olivia is dying, and Arthur is so repelled by her illness and so terrified by the prospect of his approaching loneliness that he embarks on an affair with his secretary, a common, good-hearted girl of Italian parentage whose pathetic brassiness does not disguise her sullen sense of inferiority. Arthur's infatuation with his new-found mistress leads him, for once in his life, to do what he wants to do instead of what he ought to do, and, of course, this once, what he wants to do leads him, all unsuspecting, into total disaster. There is a great deal of suspense in this story of rather ordinary people in a commonplace situation. The portrait of the secretary often verges on caricature, although she is perfectly real and believable, but the portrait of Arthur Brubeck could not be better, although it could be more detailed. This is a New York City story. The most important scenes are played in the Brubecks' posh, comfortable apartment on the upper East Side, in the secretary's grubby Greenwich Village apartment, in the Central Park Zoo, and in the austere Stryker Gallery of Fine Arts (at Fifth Avenue and Sixty-eighth Street), where Arthur is the revered director.

N INFINITY OF MIRRORS, by Richard Condon (Random House). A second-rate piece of fiction based on what happened in France and Germany between 1932 and 1944. Mr. Condon, who deals so expertly with monstrous figures, does not seem to know where to look or what to do when he is confronted with the human being inside the monster. Here he props up his heroine, a beautiful,

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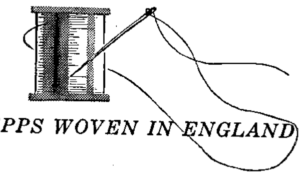

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𝐈 NASH, OGDEN, *Marriage Lines,* Notes of a Student Husband, p. 20, Little, Brown (Boston, 1964), $3.95

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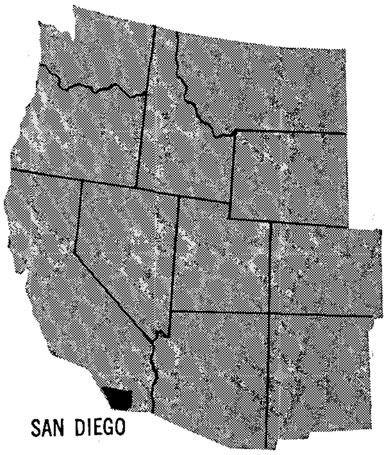

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*San Diego ABC Zone newly described as of October, 1964

**Facts Consolidated Market Survey

The San Diego Union
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rich Parisienne of Jewish parentage, and his hero, a handsome clockwork German of Prussian birth and persuasion, and then abandons them to their easily foreseeable fate in order to devote his own attention to the development and variety of Nazi methods of oppression and torture. Reading Mr. Condon, one might imagine the entire history of that recent era to be merely a disagreeable and quite accidental matter of bad temper and ugly whim, and his attempt at an ironic dénouement makes a mockery of his talent.

NOTE: Harper & Row has published "The Brigadier and the Golf Widow," a collection of sixteen stories by John Cheever, all of which originally appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . . "Bad Characters," by Jean Stafford, a collection of ten short stories that mostly appeared for the first time in this magazine, has been published by Farrar, Straus.

GENERAL

NOT UNDER OATH, by John Kieran (Houghton Mifflin). An autobiography. Mr. Kieran covers the salient facts of his life as a conscientious memoirist must—his birth and bringing up in a rural New York City setting, his first jobs (one was in a West Side sewer, another was running the rowboat concession in Central Park), his breaking into sportswriting, his marriages, and the rest—but he always seems to have one eye cocked on the sideshows, the delightful irrelevancies of life. For instance, during the First World War his regiment was the first American military unit ever to be reviewed by a British monarch; it was quite an honor, but Mr. Kieran was not paying much attention, because there were some skylarks overhead, and he had never before heard an English skylark. His book is at its best when he gets to talking about how he likes to fool around in old cemeteries, watching birds, reciting poems to himself, and acting like no other man alive. Photographs.

SOVIET SCIENTIST IN RED CHINA, by Mikhail A. Klochko (Praeger). Professor Klochko's book is fascinating not only for what it reveals about science in contemporary China but also for what it reveals, sometimes inadvertently, about him. Until 1961, he was an important Soviet chemist, but that summer, while attending an international conference in Montreal, he asked for, and was granted, asylum in Cana-

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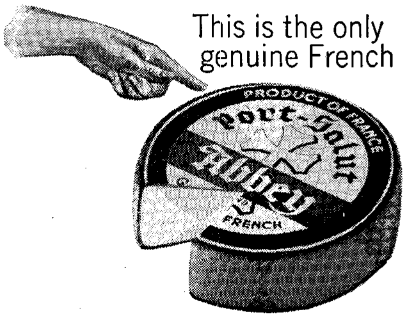

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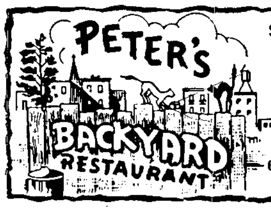

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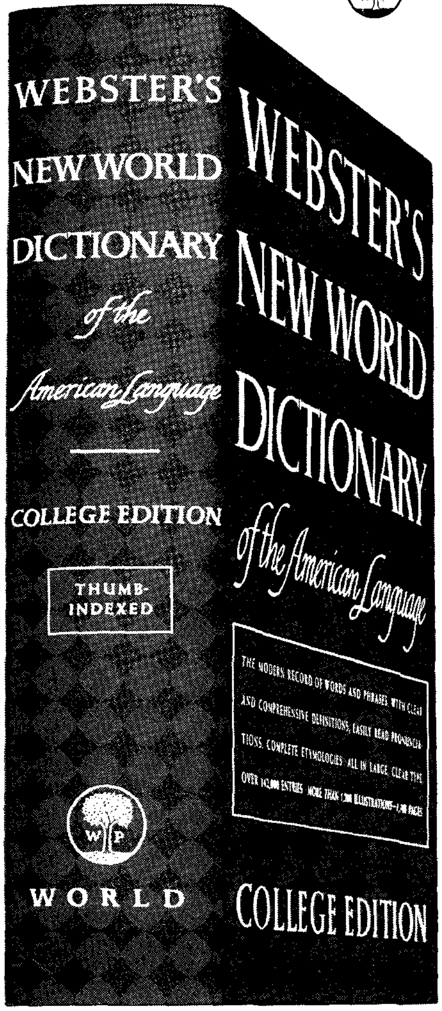

da. As one might imagine, his book exudes bitterness toward Russia and Russian science, which he says is entangled with unnecessary bureaucracy and irrelevant political ideology. China, on the other hand, which Klochko visited in 1958 and 1960 as a Soviet technical adviser, appeared much more sympathetic, and he would have welcomed an opportunity to stay there—something that became impossible after the ideological split between Russia and China. How much of his attitude is a consequence of the flattering attention given him and his ideas by the Chinese is hard to say; he certainly reveals himself in his book as an almost naïvely vain man. But he also shows himself to be a courageous and stubborn one; for instance, he had no hesitation in pointing out to the Chinese the deficiencies in their scientific policies—principally an obsession with instant practical results. Not very much is known in the West about the precise status of Chinese science and technology today, but the things in Klochko's book that can be checked seem quite consistent, and the rest have the ring of plausibility.

POPULAR MUSIC, AN ANNOTATED INDEX OF AMERICAN POPULAR SONGS, VOLUME I, 1950-59, edited by Nat Shapiro (Adrian). A unique listing of twenty-eight hundred and sixty-five popular songs that were published in the United States from 1950 through 1959 and were heard on records, on film, on television, in theatres, in concert halls, in jazz clubs, and among jazz and folk singers. The songs are listed alphabetically for each year and are identified by copyright date, name of author and composer and publisher, and other pertinent data. There is a cumulative index of titles, and one of publishers. The editor plans to bring out a similar volume for each of the four earlier decades of the century, and one for the 1960-65 period. Thanks are due him from all singers, musicians, libraries, television programmers, movie-makers, theatrical producers, historians, and pop artists, and from all writers, especially novelists. Sixteen dollars.

NOTE: "Alone Through the Dark Sea," by Thomas Whiteside, three accounts of isolation—on a sinking freighter, on a remote island, and in space—has been published by George Braziller. Two-thirds of the book first appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . . A collection of poems by Ogden

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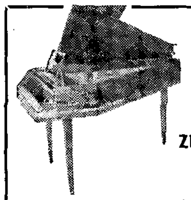

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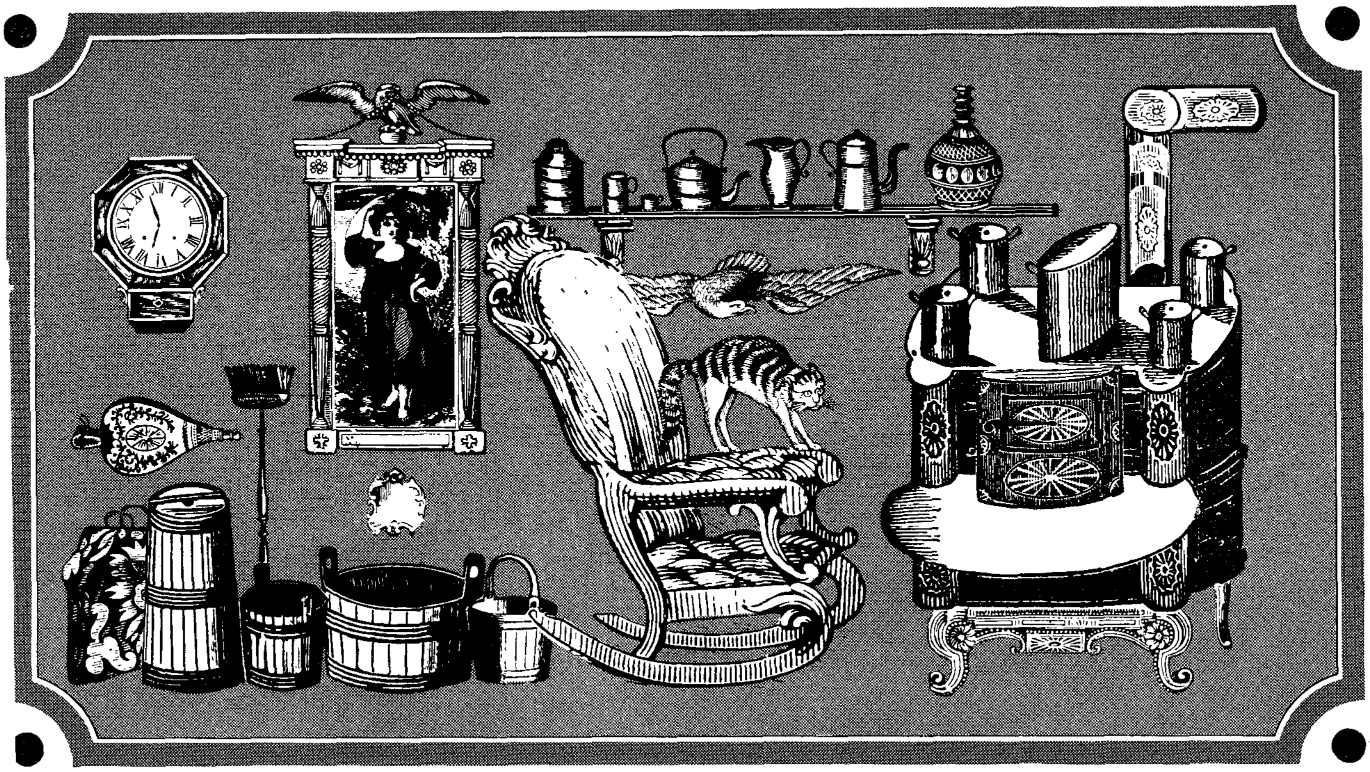


When essential kitchen furniture included a coal range and a rocking chair, it also included the FANNIE FARMER COOKBOOK. *It's still essential.*

oday I bought a book. A brand new ook, colorful and up to the minute. It's shower gift for the young Johnson girl ext door.

But it took me back – back over the ears to a sunny kitchen, a coal stove, a ocking chair, wonderful aromas, marvelus things to taste, and the familiar ad-onition, "Don't eat too much and spoil our appetite."

The book is labelled, impressively, "The annie Merritt Farmer Boston Cooking chool Cookbook – Tenth Edition."

Tenth edition! Which one was it that ad an honored position in the kitchen of y childhood? The first or one of the eight at appeared between that classic and is version? The copyright statement in-cates that sales have passed the three illion mark from 1896 to date. A seventh lition has been in use in my kitchen for er fifteen years and I'll bet that many that first printing (only three thousand pies) are still in daily use.

"Fannie Farmer says –" was the preface authoritative statements about cooking d housekeeping in my youth. Miss nnie's book was a vital part of any ide's hope chest. It's probably safe to say that no other book, except the Bible, exerted such an influence on American home life.

Miss Fannie wrote her book with a terse, sensible New England approach. She had cooked for her own family and for her living. She was director of the Boston Cooking School and later of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery. She knew what could be found in the American kitchen, and she shunned recipes that called for hard-to-find ingredients or elaborate equipment.

Because she was lame, she had learned how to make every move count, and passed on this hard-won knowledge to her readers. Single-handed, she raised our standards of cooking and eliminated (through the introduction of "level" measurements) those confusing recipes that called for "butter the size of a walnut" and "a heaping teacupful."

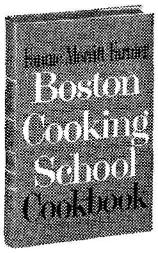
But these are the technicalities. What I wanted to know was whether this new edition included my old favorites. How about Rhode Island Clam Chowder – a concoction so wonderful that just thinking about it can bring back long, happy days at the seashore a generation ago? It's still there – right between New England and Manhattan Chowder, where it belongs.

I checked a few more recipes, taking a few more trips into the past. My thoughts followed the same pattern: "A new Fannie Farmer? Say, I wonder if it still has –" But happily, all the old favorites were found: Dutch Apple Cake, Boston Baked Beans, Brown Bread, Roast Duck stuffed with orange slices. I was never disappointed, each discovery was met with a nostalgic sigh.

There are a lot of new recipes among the more than three thousand in this modern version of Miss Fannie's work. New recipes, new ingredients, new illustrations, and a new approach to the menu-making for both everyday and party fare. But in spite of the wealth of new recipes, very few old ones have been removed and some from earlier editions have been brought back.

When essential kitchen furniture included a coal range and a rocking chair, it also included the Fannie Farmer Cookbook. As far as I'm concerned, it's *still* essential. It's time I retired my old edition . . . this copy stays home. I'll phone the bookstore and have another copy for the Johnson girl's shower set aside for me to pick up tomorrow.

THE FANNIE MERRITT FARMER BOSTON COOKING SCHOOL COOKBOOK, 10th Edition, is on sale at all bookstores and book departments, $5.95.



LITTLE, BROWN
BOSTON

Skeleton Key

Napoleon's Egyptian campaign of 1799 was not an unqualified success from a military standpoint, but it had one fortunate side effect on history. One of Bonaparte's officers stumbled across a tablet inscribed with curious characters — and had the good sense not to throw it away.

That tablet was the Rosetta stone, and it was the key that unlocked the heiroglyphic language of early Egypt for subsequent generations of archeologists.

If Wall Street has a Rosetta stone, we like to think it's an advertisement that we first ran about fifteen years ago and have been updating and reprinting in booklet form ever since. It's called *"What Everybody Ought to Know About This Stock and Bond Business,"* and it was written to take the mystery out of investing and to define the vocabulary of the stock market in words anyone can understand. It must do the trick, too, because there are at least 5,000,000 copies in print, and the demand goes on and on.

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Nash, a number of them from this magazine, has been published by Little, Brown under the title "Marriage Lines."

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE RIVER OF DIAMONDS, by Geoffrey Jenkins (Viking). Mr. Jenkins is an adventure writer whose stories are built around exotic natural phenomena—so exotic, in fact, that he must document them as one does an academic work. The phenomena on view this time include the lemming-like mass suicide of a multitude of springbok, an area of oxygenless sea, and an undersea diamond hatchery, and the plot they support involves an indestructible young man and a lovely girl and a half-crazed diamond prospector. The setting is Mr. Jenkins' usual South West African coast, and the writing is in Mr. Jenkins' usual hyperbolic manner: "There was no penetrating the zariba of his secret, no way into the fastness of his desert-tempered mind."

THE LAUGHTER TRAP, by Judson Philips (Dodd, Mead). The settings—New York City and a swanky ski resort in Vermont—are attractive, and the story, which starts with an account of a year-old murder and jumps immediately into a series of new murders, is puzzling enough to hold one's attention, not because it is so ingenious but because the characters involved are well drawn and handsome and, on the surface of things, fortunate in the circumstances of their lives. This book would go splendidly on a train journey.

•

In a speech at Cincinnati Tuesday night, Mr. Goldwater for the first time in the campaign made the charge that the Johnson Administration was "soft on Communism."

The next afternoon at Lima, Ohio, he was asked why he had not followed up on his charge.

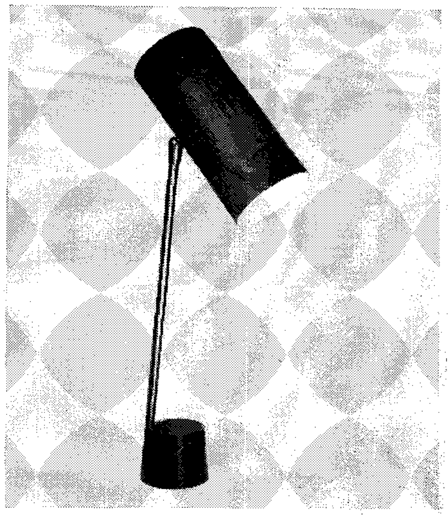
"Actually," he answered, "that charge was suggested by Nixon and Herbert Hoover Sr. We're going to wait and see what the reaction is before we push it."—*The Times.*

Hmm! Soft on Johnson, eh?

•

As the first Westerner to marry in the 500-year-old Sikkim royal line the American-born Gyalme, a convert to Buddhism, ranks higher than the Duchess of Windsor or the Princess of Menace.—*Ann Geracimos in the Herald Tribune.*

If you mean that sweet Kelly girl, you mind your manners!



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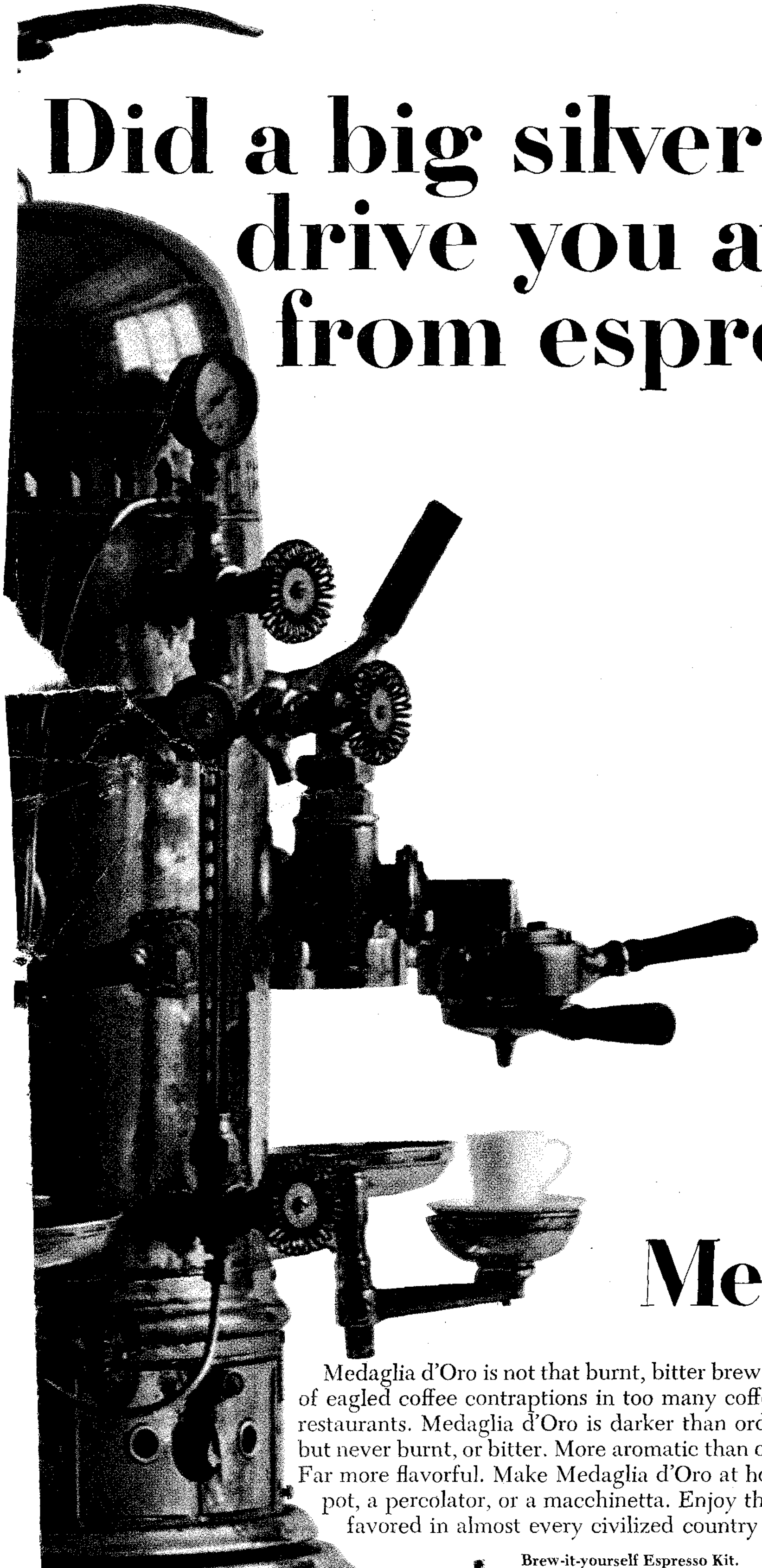

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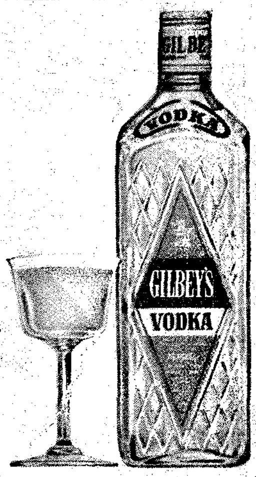
by the makers of Gilbey's Gin



Gilbey's Vodka dramatizes th flavor of your mixers. It imp delightful spirit and deliciou smoothness . . . yet it never, n imposes itself on your drink. No wonder Gilbey's has bec the newest fashion in vodka. Sensibly priced, too.

GIMLET*—4 parts Gilbey's V*
1 part prepared lime juice.
Stir with ice and strain into gl